

Bonnie & Shyne

Shyne

In front of Gucci in the winter, I seen ya witcha girl
Just walkin' uh - in ya chin chilla fur
I was laid up
In the coupe back shade up
Lookin' at cha face, just pure wit no make up
A little bit a mack lip gloss, hair in a bun well done
Lookin' for a ring, I seen none
So I hopped out the coupe
In hot pursuit
To stop and introduce
Like I'm Shyne, and you?, you my destiny
And ya diamond cluster, to much just to touch ya
Perfume down to ya structure
Think I'll wait til the 2nd night to fuck ya
I wanna marry you, nah I'm just playin'
But we can start wit a few nights out in Malibu surfen'
Playin' up on Persian
Here's my number
Put in ya purse and call me

On the telephone, she heard my voice
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce
If my Rolls Royce is not wit ladies
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take in my Firebird
If Firebird cannot take the curb
Girl put jah rust and da dime in jah bus

I'm gettin' closer
My player days is over
Well maybe not completely, but stay alarmed
Come here huss ya head on my bed
And let me get between ya legs
Lay on ya back, uh - take it from the back
Like a bad girl suppose to, I know you like that
Scream wake the neighbors when they sleep
Grab the sheets witcha teeth
Wiggle ya butt cheeks
Quarter styles over ya body, lick you up
Treat you like a convenient store, stick you up
Take you to the balcony, pick you up
So you can look at the city, while I'm diggin' ya kitty
Then we drivin' to the sunset
Pull over, get up on the hood ma I ain't done yet

On the telephone, she heard my voice
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce
If my Rolls Royce is not wit ladies
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take in my Firebird
If Firebird cannot take the curb
Girl put jah rust and da dime in jah bus

We've been together for a few months now
Did it all four seasons til the trunk

Beverly Hills bungalows
In ya underclose
In Paris, Eiffel Tower
Bubble baths and showers
In a silindo sheen, sincere is what you seen
See me flip a couple things, go to magazines
And I - I think you might be the right one whoa(the right one)
Wait press the brakes, gotta investigate
What I do know - to you it don't matter
Whether my pockets is slim or fatter
Whether it's BBQs or Mr.Childs platter
Even if I slip off the success ladder
Even if the paragraphs didn't hit the charts and smash
If my car was a train I'd a service it back
I think you'll be right there(know you'll be right there)
Cuz we right there, yo cardier chance
Just you in my arms
No Sean don, just a bottle of avion

On the telephone, she heard my voice
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce
If my Rolls Royce is not wit ladies
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease
Then girl I'm gonna take in my Firebird
If Firebird cannot take the curb
Girl put jah rust and da dime in jah bus

So I draw from my tonic and I take one sip
Should've seen me cuz I gallop like a horse'll get whipped
Come quick yeahhhhhhhhh, come quick whoaaaaaaaaaaa
Cuz she'll wild out and not tell on her
Although someone changed, wanna when I'll be back
I'ma love love love love love love you forever
Ohi
Always be there - for me
Always be there
Be there for me
Ohhhhhhhhh,ayah
Ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah
Ohhhhhhhhh
For me, for me