

## **Barrington Levy** **"Bonnie & Shyne"**

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[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 surfin'  
Playin' up on Persian  
Here's my number  
Put in ya purse and call me

Chorus:[Barrington Levy]

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 you in my Firebird  
If Firebird cannot take the curb  
Girl take your ass on the damn metro bus

[Shyne]

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

Chorus

[Shyne] (Barrington Levy)  
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  
com on uhh

Chorus

[Barrington Levy]  
So I draw from my tonic and I take one sip  
Should've seen me cuz I gallop like a horse and get whipped  
Come quick yeeeeigh, come quick whooooooiiiihCuz  
she'll wild out and not tell on her  
Although someone changed, wanna when I'll be back  
I'ma lov i'll love i'll love i'll love i'll love i'll love you  
forever  
eiyaah  
Always be there - for me  
Always be there  
Be there for me  
whOhhhhhhhhh,ayah  
Ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah  
Ohhhhhhhhh  
For me, for me

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