

## Coccianti Richard

### "Special"

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Aww man! Ay Game, don't tell me you love her  
(I mean I like the bitch, but I don't love her)  
Next thing you know you gon' be all boo boo {?} and  
shit  
(Fuck that!)

[Chorus 2X: Nate Dogg]  
Girl I'll do anything to make you feel special  
Man it's easy to see you're special to me  
Whether we lovers or friends, we'll always be  
I want you to know, you're special

[The Game]  
L-A-X to J-F-K, that's where it all happened  
Caught you walkin out that Gucci store in Manhattan  
I was in chains and cuffs, you was wit'cha girls  
I was in that Aftermath chain, you was in pearls  
It was me against the world baby girl; you had dreams  
of stardom  
The Prince of Compton meets the Queen of Harlem  
First date at Mr. Chao's it was kosher, I wore culture  
The fur, the Gucci, Louis, Fendi, Prada, Dolce  
You're runnin circles in my living room, tearin up sofas  
McLaren or Rover, fuck it ma let's tear up the highway  
Let the Sprewells spin 'til the plates fall off  
Then we can go one-on-one in Dre's house  
Jeans painted with the waist cut out, you rock 'em the  
fly way  
That lil' bit of Compton mixed with Bed-Stuy way  
And girl, I'm not tryin to excite you, I'm tryin to wife you  
Bamboo earring, white Air Nike you, yeah

[Chorus]

[The Game]  
I like your style, like the way you move, the way you talk  
The way you smile, the way you swingin them hips  
when you walk  
The way you look, the way you ride when you workin  
them thighs  
The way you lickin your lips when you look in my eyes

You down for me? I'm down for you  
You go down on me, I'll go down on you  
I wanna do all the things that your man won't do  
I'm from the hood, so I know how to handle you  
Keep you in pink rocks and G-Unit canvas shoes  
Show you how to gangsta lean when the Lambo move  
I'll take you to New York City, Atlanta too  
Show you how to fly them birds and them hammers  
through  
And you know

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Let me tell you 'bout the birds and bees  
How I stand on the block all day and flip birds and ki's  
Your boyfriend don't like me, cause he don't get a  
fourth of my cheese  
And you can take back the Porsche and his keys  
Hop in the Range Rover, you ain't gotta force him to  
leave  
I got a chrome four-four in my jeans  
You got Gucci frames coverin the mark on your face  
Cause he don't want you to leave, and I don't want you  
to stay  
Sometimes I wanna snatch that nigga out his CLK  
I know he treatin you the way K-Ci did Mary J.  
I wanna, ease your pain, kick off your Louis sandals  
Let me, wipe your tears with my G-Unit bandana  
You make me wanna peel you out them jeans when you  
rockin them  
It's "Me & My Girlfriend" like 2Pac and them  
Jay-Z and Beyonce, or Bobby and Whitney  
We the oh-five Bonnie and Clyde, feel me?

[Chorus]

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