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Game "Special"

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Ah man game don't tell me you love her I mean I like the bitch I don't love her Next thing you know you gun be all Boogo upped with her and shit, fuck that

Girl I'll do anything to make you feel special Man it's easy to see you special to me Weather we lovers or friends we'll always be I want you to know, your special

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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 withcha girls I was in that aftermath chain, you was in pearls It was me against the world, baby girl you had dreams of startdiling

The Prince of Compton meets the Queen of Harlem First date at Mr. Choas it was Cushier? I would coach ya La Pearl, Gucci's, Lou, Finde, Prada, Douche

Runnin' circles in my living room, tearing up sofas McLaren or Rover, fuck it ma let's tear up the highway Let the sprewells spin till the plates fell off Then we could go 1 on 1 at Dre's house Jeans painted with the waist cut out You rockin' the fly way that lil' bit of Compton Mixed with bed sty way and girl I'm not trying to excite I'm tryna wife you, bamboo earing, white air Nike you,

ya

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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 licken 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

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Let me tell you bout the birds and bees How I stand on the block all day and flip birds and keys 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 gotta chrome four four on my jeans you got Gucci frame

Covering 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 the CLK, I know he treating you like

K-Cli did Mary J I wanna ease ya pain, kick off your Lou sandles

Let me, whip your tears with my G-unit bandanna Make me wanna peal you out them jeans when you rockin' 'em It's 'Me and my girlfriend' like Tupac and them Jay-z and Beyonce or Bobby and Whitney We the oh 5 bonnie and Clyde, you feel me

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