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Monica "A Dozen of roses The right 1"

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With a dozen roses, such would astound you The joy of children laughing around you These are the makings of you It is true, the makings of you

Boy, you remind me, remind me of my Gucci shoes Every time you walk past, all the girls be lookin' at you You got style just like a Bentley Coupe And I be losin' my mind every time I get next to you

I think I'm fallin' in love with you Baby, caught up in somethin' that's movin' so fast Never been with nobody else You and I tighter than the jeans on my ass

You remind me of this thing Somethin' like R. Kelly singin' 'bout a jeep Boy, you're everythin' to me And you're my, you're my, you're my property

Boy, you remind me, remind me of the ice on my rings Boys, you remind me of this These are the makings of you It is true, these are the makings of you

You remind me of the very first time You remind me of the time we made love Just like the 25th day of Christmas Waitin' for Santa Claus to show up

You got a heart of gold, baby, you should know Baby, you remind me of so much And baby, you always stay on my mind You're just like my rims, you shine

Boy, you remind me of 26's on my car Complete spinnin' around, lookin' like a superstar Boy, you remind me of how our life's supposed to be This is what you remind me And you're my, you're my property

Lookin' at you look at another

Baby, I don't need another brother Satisfy my mind to the fullest of my body There's no pressure, baby

And now I keep it so real And I can't help it, you got that whip appeal What's the deal? Tell me how you feel Could it be me, me? [incomprehensible]

You like the ice on my wrist, it's like kick on my hip Mac on my lips, armor oil on my whip Butter on my shrimp, I'm the Gladys, you the Pip I keep my hair flip, the way you like to see me strip

Keep a money clip, you remind me of a tip Like a pair of jeans from Abercrombie when they rip Like a glass of wine every time I take a sip It's you (You, you, you, you, you, you)

Boy, you remind me, remind me of my Gucci shoes Every time you walk past, all the girls be lookin' at you You got style just like a Bentley Coupe And I be losin' my mind every time I get next to you

With a dozen roses, such would astound you The joy of children laughing around you These are the makings of you These, these are (It is true, the makings of you, you)

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