

## Monica "A Dozen Roses"

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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)

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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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