

Monica

"Dozen Roses, A (You Remind Me)"

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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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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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