

## Nate Dogg

### "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  
you  
I'm tryna wife you, bamboo earring, 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 lick 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 peel 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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