

Clarke Gilby

"Special"

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Aww man! Ay Game, don't tell me you love her
(I mean I like the bitch, but I don't love her)
Next thing you know you gon' be all boo boo {?} and
shit
(Fuck that!)

[Chorus 2X: Nate Dogg]
Girl I'll do anything to make you feel special
Man it's easy to see you're special to me
Whether we lovers or friends, we'll always be
I want you to know, you're special

[The Game]
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 wit'cha girls
I was in that Aftermath chain, you was in pearls
It was me against the world baby girl; you had dreams
of stardom
The Prince of Compton meets the Queen of Harlem
First date at Mr. Chao's it was kosher, I wore culture
The fur, the Gucci, Louis, Fendi, Prada, Dolce
You're runnin circles in my living room, tearin up sofas
McLaren or Rover, fuck it ma let's tear up the highway
Let the Sprewells spin 'til the plates fall off
Then we can go one-on-one in Dre's house
Jeans painted with the waist cut out, you rock 'em the
fly way
That lil' bit of Compton mixed with Bed-Stuy way
And girl, I'm not tryin to excite you, I'm tryin to wife you
Bamboo earring, white Air Nike you, yeah

[Chorus]

[The Game]
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 lickin 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

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Let me tell you 'bout the birds and bees
How I stand on the block all day and flip birds and ki's
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 got a chrome four-four in my jeans
You got Gucci frames coverin 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 his CLK
I know he treatin you the way K-Ci did Mary J.
I wanna, ease your pain, kick off your Louis sandals
Let me, wipe your tears with my G-Unit bandana
You make me wanna peel you out them jeans when you
rockin them
It's "Me & My Girlfriend" like 2Pac and them
Jay-Z and Beyonce, or Bobby and Whitney
We the oh-five Bonnie and Clyde, feel me?

[Chorus]

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