

Game, The "Special"

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(Ahh man
hey game
dont tell me you love her)
I mean I like the bitch
I dont love her
(Next thing you know
your gonna be
all bo buud up
with her and shit
Fuck That)

[CHORUS] X2

Girl I'll do anything to make you feel special
man its easy to see your special to me
whether we lovers or friends we'll always be
i want you to know your special

[Game (Verse 1)]

L-A-X to JFK
thats where it all happened
caught you walkin out that Gucci store
In Manhattan
i was in chains and cuffs
you was with your girls
i was in that aftermath chain
you was in pearls
it was me against the world
babygurl, you had dreams of stardom
the prince of Compton
meets the Queen of Harlem
First date at Mr. Child's
it was culture our culture
la perla, gucci, louie, fendi, prada, dolca
running circles in my livin room
tearing up sofas
maclaren or rover
fuck it maa
lets tear up the highway
let the sprewells spin

till the plates fall off
then we can go one on one
at Dre's house
jeans painted wit the waist cut out
you rock em the flyway
that little bit of compton
mixed with bedsty way
and girl im not trying to excite you
im trying to wife you
bamboo earring, white air nike yeah!!

[CHORUS] X2

[Verse 2]

i like your style
i 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
im down for you
you go down on me
i go down on you
i wanna do all the things
that your man wont do
im from tha 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 take you to new york city
atlanta too
show you how to fly them birds
and them hammers do
and you know...

[CHORUS] X2

[VERSE 3]

let me tell you about the birds and b's
how i stand on the block all day
and flip birds and keys

your boyfriend dont like me
cuz he dont get a fourth from my cheese
and you can take back the porche and his keys
hop in the range rover
you aint gotta force him to leave
i got a chrome .44
in my jeans
you got gucci frames
covering the mark on your face
cuz he dont want you to leave
and i dont want you to stay
sometimes i wanna
snatch that nigga out his CLK
i know he treatin you
the way KC did Mary J.
i wanna ease your pain
kick off your louie sandals
let me wipe your tears
with my G-Unit bandana
you make me wanna
peel you out them jeans
when you rockin them
its me and my girlfriend
like 2 PAC and them
Jay- Z and Beyonce
or Bobby and Whitney
we the '05 Bonnie and Clyde
Feel Me!

CHORUS X2

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