

# Bonnie & Shyne

## Shyne

[Shyne]

Uhh, uhh

In front of Gucci in the winter, I seen ya witcha girl  
Just walkin uh, in your chinchilla fur  
I was laid up in the Coupe, back shade up  
Lookin at cha face just pure wit no makeup  
A little bit of Mac lip gloss, hair in a bun well done  
Lookin for a ring, I seen none  
So I hopped out the Coupe in hot pursuit  
to stop and, introduce  
Like I'm Shyne, and you? You my destiny  
And you're diamond cluster, too much just to touch ya  
Perfume, down to ya structure  
Think I'll wait, until the second night to fuck ya  
I want to marry you, nah I'm just playin  
But we can start wit a few nights, out in Malibu  
Surfin, be layin up on Persians  
Here's my number; put in ya purse and call me  
[Chorus: Barrington Levy]  
On the telephone, she heard my voice  
Tell me to pick her up in my Rolls Royce  
If my Rolls Royce, is not for ladies  
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Mercedes  
If my Mercedes will not fill up wit the disease  
Then girl I'm gonna take you in my Firebird  
If my Firebird cannot take the curve  
Girl put your ass in the damn Metro bus  
[Shyne]  
I'm gettin clo-ser, my player days is o-ver  
Well maybe not completely  
But still and all, come here, rest ya head on my bed  
And let me get between ya legs  
Lay on ya back, uh - take it from the back  
like a bad girl suppose to, I know you like that  
Scream, wake the neighbors from they sleep  
Grab the sheets witcha teeth, wiggle ya butt cheeks  
Quarter styles over ya body, lick you up  
Treat you like a convenience store, stick you up  
Take you to the balcony, pick you up

So you can look at the city, while I'm diggin ya kitty  
Then we drive into the sunset, pull over  
Get up on the hood ma, I ain't done yet, uhh  
[Chorus]  
[Shyne] (Barrington Levy)  
We've been together for a few months now  
Did it all, Four Seasons to the Trump  
Beverly Hills bungalows in ya underclothes  
In Paris, Eiffel Tower bubble baths and showers  
In a silindo sheen, sincere is what you seem  
See me flip a couple things, load up magazines  
And I - I think you might be the right one, whoa (the right one)  
Wait press the brakes, gotta investigate  
What I do know - to you it don't matter  
Whether my pockets is slim or fatter  
Whether it's BBQ's or Mr. Child's platter  
Even if I slip off the success ladder  
Even if the paragraphs, didn't hit the charts and smash  
If my car was a train on the surface or back  
I think you'd be right there (know you'll be right there)  
Cause we right there, no Cartier charms  
Just you in my arms, no Sean don  
Just a bottle of Evian; see'mon, uh  
[Chorus]  
[Barrington Levy]  
So I draw from my tonic and I take one sip  
Should've seen me cause I gallop like a horse'll get whipped  
Come quick yeahhhhhhhhh, come quick whoaaaaaaaaa  
Cause you I love, and not another  
Although some may change, girl you know I will never  
I'ma love love love love love love you forever, oh-ii  
Always be there - for me  
Always be there  
Be there for me  
Ohhhhhhhhh, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah  
Ohhhhhhhhh  
For me, for me..

Songwriters

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