

# Bonnie & Shyne

## Shyne

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're my destiny  
And you're diamond cluster, too much just to touch ya  
Perfume, down to ya structure  
Think I'll wait, 'til the second night to fuck ya I wanna 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 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 I'm gettin' closer, my player days is over  
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, uh 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 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, c'mon, uh  
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  
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 yeah, come quick, whoa  
'Cause you I love and not another  
Although some may change, well, you know I will never  
I'ma love, love, love, love, love you forever, oh I  
Always be there for me  
Always be there, be there for me  
Oh, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah, ayah  
Oh  
For me, for me

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