

Bonnie and 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..

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BARROW, JAMAAL / THOMPSON, CHUCKY / LEVY, BARRINGTON AINSWORTH /

GUGLIELMI, LUIS GUGLIELMO / GASSION, EDITH GIOVANNA / DAVID, MACK

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, TAFARI INCORPORATED,

Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>