

Special

The Game

Ah man,
Ey game, don't tell me you love her
(i mean I like the bitch I don't love her)
Next thing you know you gun be all boogo upped with her and shit
(fuck that)

[Chorus: x2]

Girl ill do anything to make you feel special
Man its easy to see you special to me
Weather we lovers or friends we'll always be
I want you to know, your special

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 with cha girls
I was in that aftermath chain, you was in pearls
It was me against the world, baby girl
You had dreams of startdiling,
The prince of Compton meets the queen of Harlem
First date at mr choas it was couchier? I would coach ya
La pearl, Gucci, Lou, Finde, Prada, Dolce
Runnin circles in my living room, tearing up sofas
Meclarin or rover, fuck it ma lets tear up the highway
Let the sprewells spin till the plates fell off
Then we could go 1 on 1 at dres house
Jeans painted with the waist cut out
You rockin' the fly way that lil bit of compton mixed with (bed sty way)"?
And girl I'm not trying to excite you,
I'm tryna wife you, bamboo earring, white air nike you
Ya

[Chorus: x2]

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, ill go down on you
I want to 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: x2]

Let me tell you bout the birds and bees
How I stand on the block all day and flip birds and keys
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 gotta chrome four four on my jeans
You got Gucci frame covering the mark on your face
Cause he don't want you to leave and I don't want you to stay
Sometimes I want to snatch that nigga out the C-L-K
I know he treating you like k-ci did Mary j
I want to ease ya pain, kick off your Lou Sandles
Let me, whip your tears with my g-unit bandanna
Make me want to peel you out them jeans when you rockin' 'em
Its "me and my girlfriend" like Tupac and them
Jay-z and Beyonce or bobby and Whitney
We the oh 5 Bonnie and Clyde, you feel me

[Chorus: x2]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by WAKEMAN, RICK / JACKSON, CURTIS JAMES / CAIN, KHARI / TAYLOR, JAYCEON
TERRELL

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>