

# De La Soul, Special

[Chorus]

It's gotta be you, it's gotta be right  
No time for games, it's gotta be tight  
I just want this to be special, special  
If it's gonna be you, it's gotta be right  
No time for games in my life  
I just want this to be special, special

[Verse 1]

This is like the third time ya said you was through  
I'm beggin' ya back, we loud in the parking lot causin' a scene  
Campaignin' like the love ain't have no resident here  
Still I stay all in the cabin  
Although I know we've seen enough of good days and dirt  
You cut me just to nurse me back but damn I'd understand it  
You gave ya all and I just gave it up  
Put the truck in ya name  
Damn ya should've known I was liability  
Ignorin' the ways you would dress for a nigga  
Express to a nigga I heard jibber and jabber  
My apologies I left the wrong man to conduct  
Take these jewels for the inconvenience and neglect  
You expect the worst of it  
But I realize that I owe you more than explanation  
I got my life in a box, what I'm supposin' is a joint account  
It's cash on it, let's take our lil' business and incorporate it  
It's me and you girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

First of all love, your soul caller  
Before me helped create and shape your distorted image  
See every man don't play or even scrimmage  
That's a lie but I'm try to be that only one  
You look to, to make you smile  
First you need to check my files  
Understand I play the partners sterotypical man  
An regret the pain I may have left to flame  
My people say "Yo that's a fine girl ya mess with"  
But I told em' we havin' a mess  
Ya charm must have calluses from the grip  
That it has on my heart that I ain't tryin' to rip  
But by now we both should know  
That it's no longer where ya at but where we tryin' to go  
So do ya background checks so I can pass through these borders  
And stamp my name on a lil' man or a daughter  
Come on girl

[Chorus to end]