

Something Special

Pop Smoke

I think you are (You are) something special
I'll take you on a shopping spree (Oh, yeah)
'Cause I'm so into you (Oh)
I'm so into you (I love you, baby)
I'm so into you (Oh, my)
I'm so into you (To you), baby (Baby)

What you like? What you wear?
Say the name, say the price, put them diamonds on your ear
Shinin' like a chandelier
What's your thoughts? What's your fears?
Yeah, I need that real love (Real love)
Talkin' Bobby and Whitney (Whitney)
You don't gotta worry 'bout nothin' as long as you with me (With me, look)
'Cause shit could get sticky, that's why I keep a glizzy
Ride around through my city (Woo)
Fuck Kassandra, Kanisha, Kanika and Tisha
Lisa and Tisha (Fuck them hoes, uh)
Fuck them hoes 'cause I don't need them, all them bitches treeshas
They ain't in the field, they on the bleachers (Treeshas)
On your back, I start applying that lotion (Yeah, lotion)
So deep, I'ma go in, pullin' all on your sew-in (Sew-in)
I'm Pop Smoke, but you know all my governments
All that gangster shit, she be lovin' it
She love how I'm thuggin' it (Oh, you like that)
Shawty brown and petite (Yeah)
Fly and discreet, a demon in the sheets
Mother was a lawyer, her father the police
They be working long hours, so she always had the free
She said I could come with her if it get hot up in the streets
'Cause I'm a 'rilla in the jungle and a shark up in the sea
She like, "Papi, you so fire, but get up out the streets"
I'm like, "Baby, what you mean?" (What you mean?)
Look

I think (Baby) you are
You are (You are) something special (My girl)
I'll take you on a shopping spree
'Cause I'm so into you (To you)
I'm so into you (You are)
I'm so into you
I'm so into you, baby (Baby)

Baby (Baby)
You are (You are) my girl (My girl)
You are (You are) my girl

(I think) You are (You are)
You are (You are) something special (Oh, yeah)
I'll take you on a shopping spree (Oh, baby)
'Cause I'm so into you (Baby)
I'm so into you (You are)
I'm so into you (My girl)
I'm so into you (You are), baby (My girl)