

# Keep Your Hands Off My Girl

Good Charlotte

Let the record play  
Let the record play  
Let the record play

The way that you dance  
The way that you move  
The way that you stare at me across the room  
You carry Dior bags,  
And you got your Chanel  
You wear Louis Vuitton, HG, and YSL  
Now I got Bathing Ape  
I got DCMA  
I got brass knuckles hanging  
From my neck in my chain  
I got a model 26  
But she stays in her place  
I got a Kershaw neatly  
Tucked inside in my waist

And the record keeps playing  
The same old song  
The hipster keeps mugging on me all night long  
They say "Ah ha, ah ha"  
Keep your hands off my girl  
Keep your hands off my girl  
They say "Ah ha, ah ha"  
But the record keeps playing  
The same old song  
They say "Ah ha, ah ha"  
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Now she sweating my friends  
And my hurricane shoes  
She likes the records I spin  
My Adam Barton tattoos  
But she can't say "what's up"  
So what does she do  
She just stays posted up  
The other side of the room,  
I got AMC tattooed on my hand  
I got Black Wall Street on a black bandana

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She, she, she don't wanna talk about it

He, he, he wants to fight about  
Me, me, I don't wanna fight about it  
I just wanna be up out it  
I'm just trying to stay up out it  
Step out the wagon  
You know the boy starts to hate  
The girl that came with him  
They like that's not the boy she dates  
They get to fighting and swearing  
And now the boyfriend is staring  
The disco ball on the ceiling  
Looks like the chain that I'm wearing  
But the music keeps playing  
I got brass knuckles hanging  
From my neck in my chain  
I got brass knuckles hanging  
From my neck in my chain

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