

## Intro

Charles Hamilton

I'm an uptown boy with soul flava  
Da beat is D minor but I'm oh so major  
I do my own thing so I owe no favors  
Can't do it now then I wont do it later  
Haters wanna see the boy get lost in the sauce  
But it's gravy so boy get lost  
Nah I ain't cocky I'm just statin the obvious  
H.O. the boss and I'm makin his pockets rich  
Hate it or not I am great and about to get greater  
Hit the Peja like I play with Stoyokovic  
I keep it real and my ladies do the same  
High class chicks that be crazy in the brain  
Style so mean, swag is vicious  
Smile O.D, ass delicious  
Stay gettin money no need for e-bay  
My heart is all da world but I'm lovin BK

(Chorus)

I ain't got no problem wit girls out in Harlem but  
(They ain't nothin like a Brooklyn girl)  
See I had a dope fling wit a girl on queens but  
(They ain't nuttin like a Brooklyn girl)  
The Bronx is hot that's where my mom resides but  
(They ain't nuttin like a Brooklyn girl)  
(Damn sure aint nuttin like a Brooklyn girl)  
(Damn sure aint nuttin like a Brooklyn girl)

My girl Angie can't be a groupie or whore  
She bout gettin money in her juicy couture  
Do she get bored with the Gucci of course  
So the Louis she sports til it aint new anymore  
Then she cop another one makin hoes gettin madder  
Gettin more money so the price don't matter  
Ain't seen her in a minute know her ass got fatter  
And if you think she bad then her friends are way badder  
Kendra's a Christian never seen freakin  
In church every weekend she need to be deacon  
Had a model bitch name Viva we aint speakin  
But I had her screamin whenever I was beatin  
She been callin, creepin, crawlin  
Maybe she would chill if I would beat it often  
And Ronsha's fly and she sweeter than Splenda  
Cause no one ever slows her agenda

(Chorus)

As we smoke da la la la  
BK gettin money no 9-5  
Mamase mamasa mamakusa  
It don't make sense but admit it, it's kinda hot  
BK girls down wit that ride or die  
So I always keep one right by my side  
See I love New York I aint gotta lie  
So if you messin wit my ladies it's homicide  
I gotta friend named Shayna  
She like Bill Bellamy and how to be a player  
Shorty is a player can't nobody play her

Can't nobody game her cause she aint a gamer  
Baby girl ballin kinda like the Lakers  
If you would trade her like Shaq then see ya later  
Player she do it so easy it's kinda like a layup  
She could lay up wit your boy wit no make up  
Keep doin her and imma keep doin me  
Even on the road imma keep 2 or 3  
Bad BK chicks that speak fluently  
In the Hamilton language girl speak to me please  
I remember when I couldn't get a girl for shit  
Now I can't get rid of any girl for shit  
So when they look at me I don't look away  
I spread love it's the Brooklyn way  
Now let the hook play

(Chorus)