

Yung Berg "My Kinda Girl"

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Yeah, first things first.
Theres a few things i wna hit you with.
Ima hit it from the front,
Ima hit it from the back,
Then show u where the buisness is.
And I hope you can take me serious,
When I say could u be my girl, said my girl.

You wna be my girl.
I think u wna be my girl,
And why u wna be my girl.
They say u wna be my girl.
First u gotto know...
Is you bout it,
First you gotto know.
Can You bring it out me,
First u gotto know.
To hang witcha boy,
Can u be my girl,
My girl...

HEY, first things first.
I gotta few things I can show u boy.
Thats my word,
No tears gna put it on ur boy.
Oh, and it feels so good i don't wna go home! Ohh.
HEY trust me shawty,
I know u talk.
If u want me,
First u gotto know,
To hang witcha girl,
You gotto be a hot boy,
my boy...

You wna be my girl.
I think u wna be my girl,

And why u wna be my girl.
They say u wna be my girl.
First I gotto know...
Is you bout it,
First I gotto know.

Can You bring it out me,
First I gotta know.
Can you hang witcha boy,
Can u be my girl,
My girl...

Check it out.
Last things first,
Im the phantom of the opera.
Sittin front row at the opera phantom outside sittin
proper.
You married to a mossa,
Im the black chimney hother,
And i keep a rat pack,
Might send me im sinatra.
We burnin,
Burnin like a chimney,
Rollin in the car with Kimmy, Talkin on the phone to
Whitney.
Im pimpin in the billy and call when they here me,
And I keep the white girls call them Linsey and Britney.

You wna be my girl.
I think u wna be my girl,
And why u wna be my girl.
They say u wna be my girl.
First I gotta know...
Is you bout it,
First I gotta know.
Can You bring it out me,
First I gotta know.
Can you hang witcha boy,
Can u be my girl,
My girl... x2

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