

Chris Brown

"Golden Girl"

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Your place mid-night
When I come through
I ring ya doorbell twice
When I come through
I do the things you like like
Like I'm room service
And don't you take me
But every chick
Tryna take all your shit
Coz I aint even tryna
Get none of yo shit
Please I don't want none
Of your shit

[Chorus]:

Don't be start struck
When we go on under these covers
You can have have a bit
Of my hand cuffs
Man a boy just playin along
I'll give it to you proper
Play nurse and you play doctor
Boy you know I got ya (hah)
I know what you like

You like the way I shine
I'm 10 times parta a dime

My golden girl
My golden girl

I've got my shit together
Even with a chick get a grip
With hips like this

My golden girl
My golden girl

Freeze,
You aint ever had a girl like me
If you think

That I'm lying test me, you'll see
That I'm good on that anger please
I'm gonna show you how to break it down
You've been given none of my love to you
So don't be start struck

[Chorus]:

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You can have
Have a bit of my hand cuffs
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