

Positive K

"A Flower Grows In Brooklyn"

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Yes this song will serve as the proof
That in the midst of everything so negative
There's always something Positive

I said yeah ah come on
I said yeah uh come on
I said yeah uh come on
I said yeah ah come on

I got a Brooklyn honey and she don't want me for my
money
Laughs at all my jokes especially when it's not funny
And I confess that I'm her all true man
She got a fly hairdo, little trinkets on her hands
Her ears is pierced, and in them diamond trunks
My rhymes is fierce, so won't you back up off her punks
Junk in her trunk, so I know the brothers sweat her
But that's OK, cause I know she know better
More cakes than Drake's and more things than ring-
dings
It ain't no need to try to gas her to swing
She's not impressed, by your fancy car
She got a body so she's snotty and she don't care who
you are
So don't get mad and diss her reputation
Callin her a floozy, any conversation
Mad grammar backstabber, girls they wanna be her
But like Stevie Wonder, none of y'all can see her!
So when your fellas turn, just learn to keep lookin
Cause I got me a flower, that grows in Brooklyn

That grows in Brooklyn

Walkin down the street, fellas go by watchin her sayin
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X
"Boom, the bip, the boom bip.." -> Q-Tip
Here's a little quote, from Anita Baker
Give the best to God, so won't you move with the
shaker
I come back like a boomerang-ah
Make women wind, like a zoom to zang-ah

You fellas wanna know if I can hang? Yeah, yeah
All you ladies wanna know if I can hang? Owwwwwww
I rips the show I gets the dough I licks you low I let you
know
that times have passed that fast -- dere it go!
I see your girl, I know she right
I run that Johnny Gill line and say, "You sho' look good
tonight"
But alas, that's the past, I'm not hookin
I got me a flower, that grows in Brooklyn

That grows in Brooklyn

Walkin down the street, fellas go by watchin her sayin
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X
"ya, y'know, ya ya y'know.." -> ?
Brothers in the neighborhood don't like my style
They don't likes the way I walk, they don't like my smile
But when I go see her they don't try to play me though
They give me a pound and say, "We know you from the
video"
And by the way, do you live on Canarsie?
Nah, but much respect to the Brooklyn posse
I step to the rear, cause I don't want no beef baloney
They might know my name, but now look, they don't
know me
Nots to worry, cause the kid is thorough
Prepared for riffin any town street or borough
Cause you know, there's a Brooklyn wherever you go
And every girl, there's a flower that's dyin to grow
So when I'm town, you know I'm at her hut
Loungin like a Band-Aid, in the cut
And when I get dat feelin, uhh!
Legs hit the air, footprints get left on the ceiling
She came a tight end, and she left a wide receiver
I make white girls a believer ever since the Jungle Fever
I came a long way to say she's taken taken
And that's why she's my flower, that grows in Brooklyn

That grows in Brooklyn

Walkin down the street, fellas go by watchin her sayin
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X
"Hey baby.." -> Sadat X

Oh yeah, come on
Uhh, I said yeah, ah come on
Uhh, I said yeah, ah come on
Uhh, I said yeah, ah come on
I said yeah, ah come on, uhh

I said yeah, ah come on, uhh
I said yeah, ah come on, uhh
I said yeah, ah come on

To all my girlfriends out there in Brooklyn
I love you! Heheheheheheh
Hehehehe, yeah, ah come on, uhh
I said yeah, ah come on, uhh
I said yeah

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