

# Sweet Caroline (Ft. Busta Rhymes)

Chris Brown

Oh mother, sweet Caroline  
Feels like you shot me with a 38 or a 45  
And my heart's bleeding baby  
Can't feel my legs I'm paralyzed  
I know you just in it for the money  
So I'll enjoyed the ride Eyes start rolling in  
The back of my head  
Girl I'm already gone  
I can see all of nothing  
What's happening  
Can't even look at your face  
Girl I'm fading away  
Girl your drug is automatic Higher than a fan  
One sip of that, lights out  
I'm just floating above the clouds  
It really feels like life  
Sweet love of mine, oh oh  
You're my sweet Caroline  
My sweet Caroline Oh baby I'm down  
As long as you do the same  
I'll try the same shit  
Right now, Right now  
Baby tell me when you start to feel it  
Damn ya fine  
Yeah baby  
Just let go of all the emotion  
All the emotion  
Just let it out  
Flow with me Eyes start rolling in  
The back of my head  
Girl I'm already gone  
I can see all of nothing  
What's happening  
Can't even look at your face  
Girl I'm fading away  
Girl your drug is automatic Higher than a fan  
One sip of that, lights out  
I'm just floating above the clouds  
It really feels like life

Sweet love of mine, oh oh  
You're my sweet Caroline (breezy)  
My sweet Caroline Let me make sure Caroline understand somethin'  
Here I go, when I step up in the spot like another block  
When a niggas drop stop, you ain't even got a clue  
Regularly make a nigga need to be seen  
Medically tell me what you really wanna do  
Generally niggas think they better than me boo  
Niggas really try to put they foot up in my shoe  
That's when I make them panic, I don't really understand it  
That's when I lay them down, tryna get a better view  
Genuinely see the way I regularly chew  
Wack niggas bitch, I'm of the Legendary few  
Something from banal they already really knew  
Instead of tryna fuck you need to get a better crew  
Black tails, wish I kept the mac close,  
They don't know I pack toes, I don't wanna let it go  
Damn folks, now they wanna stand close  
When a nigga bang those and I really blow  
He don't really wanna do it  
The way he gets a nigga that be flowing like a fluid  
And I beat a nigga, get every time on that, nigga  
Get up on, like it's something  
We know that they already knew it  
And ain't nothing really to it  
Pull up, stop  
Hop out a drop top then I'm out, I got my glock cocked  
It's how we do it over here  
You not hop on the the wrong block, not  
Y'all niggas know what it is  
And you know the way I put it down for 'em  
That's right, got 'em losin' it  
And buggin' baby girl,  
You can see the grab on 'em  
Now y'all don't really want to get a better blow  
Fireworks nigga, now we givin' 'em a show  
Let me chill throw a grand at a pretty little hoe  
Make it bounce for me but I a nigga gotta go Higher than a fan  
One sip of that, lights out  
I'm just floating above the clouds  
It really feels like life  
Sweet love of mine oh oh  
You're my sweet Caroline  
My sweet Caroline

Songwriters

Christopher Maurice Brown, Melvin Hough II, Rivelino Raoul WouterPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>