

Hello Brooklyn (Ft. Lil Wayne)

Jay-Z

Hello BrooklynHello Brooklyn, how you doin'?
Where you goin'? Can I come to?
And if I can, I'm a be your man
You could be my lady and have my babyAnd drive my car and drive me crazy
Wherever you goin', baby girl just take me
'Cause I'm so taken, if you taken
I'm just sayin' baby, I'm just sayin'Like a mama you birth me, Brooklyn you nursed me
Schooled me with hard knocks, better than Berkeley
They said you murked me by the time I was twenty one
That shit disturbed me but you never hurt meHello Brooklyn, if we had a daughter
Guess what I'm a call her, Brooklyn Carter
When I left you for Virginia, it didn't offend you
'Cause you know I only stepped out to get dinnerAnd I'm eatin', so much I bought extra
So much so the dinner's now turnin' to breakfast
I only roll Lexus, to hug your road
I love your corners, I'm half your soulHello Brooklyn, how you doin'?
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I'm just sayin' baby, I'm just sayin'Hello Brooklyn, what's your story?
She said, she eatin' on the run but she ain't N.O.R.E.
She said, she got a man but he ain't worried
But baby, I'm a have to Rob him like HorryShe said, she love B.I.G. and she like 2Pac
And when I said Jay-Z, she said it's The ROC
And I'm a leave it like this, like this like that
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?Have you seen her?
And when she tell you somethin' you better believe her
She told me she like my New Orleans demeanor
And so I said, "Goodbye Katrina" And hello Brooklyn
But baby you are the sweetest sight eyes could see
I said, "Hello Brooklyn"
But baby I hope you never say goodbye to meI said, "Hello Brooklyn"
But but baby you are so damn fine to me
And I remember the time, place and the weather
On the day you said hi to me and let's say hello BrooklynBrooklyn we crazy, look how you made me
Razor blades in my mouth walkin' 'round behavin'
Or demented black hoodies and Timberlanded

Always schemin' you see the green on that niggas pendant
Hello Brooklyn, you bad influence, look what you
had me doin'
But I ain't mad at you, look at my attitude
It says my life's too real, check out my ice grill
Baby I'm cold as ice, like I'm from Brownsville
But my Bed's in the Stuy, so while I Flatten your Bush
Till we smoke a C.I. what up to the boy B.I.
You know I handle B.I., I don't half step on a Kane
Ask the dreads 'bout I, how you gwaan so?
She like it hardcore, so I grind slow
Iller than Albee Square Mall back in the 9-0
My fine hoe we got some victims to catch
So in a couple years baby, I'm a bring you some Nets
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But baby, you are so damn fine to me
But I remember the time, place and the weather
On the day you said goodbye to me

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