

# Chris Brown, What's My Name (Featuring Noah)

Yeah, I'd like to introduce to you the future  
The young, the new R&B prince, Chris Brown  
Spit flame, and me stick around, ya boy Chris Brown  
Have you ever seen a four door machine  
When them things swing open?  
Have you ever traveled upon a yacht  
Sail across the ocean?  
Tell me have you ever seen the stars  
Shoot across the nite sky from a G4 sky  
Can you picture it?  
Matter fact pretend you and me living it  
I know I'm just a youngin'  
But girl, I'm in a good groove, right zone  
I just need a year or two  
Let me stack this paper, I'ma keep the lights on  
Let me show you what a hit single can do  
And we can act a fool with it  
So much diamonds you won't know what to do with it  
What's my name?  
The name Chris Brown from Virginia  
Ask about me and they'll tell you I'm the truth with it, oh  
C to the H to the R I S  
I know you like it, mama, just say yes  
And if you didn't know, now you know  
I'm a pro and I can go on and on and on and on  
C to the H to the R I S  
I know you like it, baby, just say yes  
And if you didn't know now you know  
I'm a pro and I can go on and on and on and on  
I know I might sound a little out there but  
The south of France, I'm tryna keep you out there, girl  
Take my hand and we can walk up out there with  
Brand new bags, now tell me how does that sound girl?  
It's crazy how I'm feelin' you  
Damn, I gotta get you to see, love  
Girl, ya style is so sensual  
Slide ya number and just roll with me  
I know I'm just a youngin'  
But girl I'm in a good groove, right zone  
I just need a year or two  
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And if you didn't know now you know  
I'm a pro and I can go on and on and on and on  
Yo money, money, money everywhere I go  
Baby, I'm a cash boy, so where my dough  
Girl, I know when you hear my flow  
Plus all the honies love me when I wear my fro  
Aye yo, lil' mama, I know when the trauma  
Better known as that boy chevy impala  
Shawty we can creep while you in your pajamas  
Then we can sip margaritas in the Bahamas  
Amiga, Amiga, let's flee to Aruba

We can ride now I got the keys to the cruiser  
You can be with me, ain't got to be with a loser  
Do what it do let me see if I'm a loser  
What's my name?  
C to the H to the R I S  
I know you like it, mama, just say yes  
And if you didn't know, now you know  
I'm a pro and I can go on and on and on and on  
C to the H to the R I S  
I know you like it, baby, just say yes  
And if you didn't know now you know  
I'm a pro and I can go on and on and on and on  
Hey, it's Chris Brown  
Ma, you need to stop playing  
You know who you want  
You know what you need  
And I do to  
Going  
Take it back  
Take it back  
Bring it back  
Bring it back, yeah  
[Incomprehensible]