

# Bobby Brown, It's Still My Thang

(Written by Bobby Brown, Derek "DOA" Allen and Kenny Finnel)

Welcome

I know you guys are the heads of, you know, your own families, you know  
But I brought a few friends and, you know, to let you guys know  
When you step into my house would you please come with respect, if not  
Then I'll have to have my man DOA

Drop it, yeah  
Come on y'all  
What'cha wanna do? Huh

Yeah, listen

Everybody wants to know what's goin' on in my life  
But it's none of your business, everything's alright  
It's not the kind of car I drive or clothes I wear, it's me  
And I don't give a damn about it if you think I'm crazy

(It really doesn't matter what the folks may say) It really  
(I just gotta live my life my way) And like I told you eight years ago:  
It's still my prerogative, don't you know

(It's still my thang, and if you don't like the way that Bobby Brown swings)  
(Stop calling out my name, 'cause it's still my thang)  
(It's still my thang, and after eight years ain't a damn thing changed)  
(Why should I be ashamed? It's still my thang)

Listen

I can never be counted out, 'cause I started it all out  
And you don't wanna test me, 'cause you know what I'm about  
I'm still the king of the stage, put the crowd in a rampage  
And it's all right, it's all right

(I've been 'round the world and then back again)  
(Puttin' all my hope and trust in my so-called friends)  
Uh huh, but they always seemed to let me down  
But I'm still around

(It's still my thang, and if you don't like the way that Bobby Brown swings)  
(Stop calling out my name, it's still my thang)  
(It's still my thang, and after eight years ain't a damn thing changed)  
(Why should I be ashamed? It's still my thang)

(You never know what I'm gonna do)  
(If you think that I'm gonna slip, you're a fool)  
Hey yo, could you drop it for me please

Bring the drama, flip it back to the Brown bomber  
Holla, holla, now who wanna test me?  
Bittin' a style, can't none of y'all fade B  
'Cause he's the baddest trendsetter ever, yeah  
I got your back, the phonies gon' talk forever  
Keep it true boo, I know what you've been through  
By-pass the fake 'cause you know they ain't a friend to you  
Taking no losses, remind them who the boss is

Alright baby

Hello, hello, hello again  
Guess what? It's the Biggitty Brown in the back with a brand new funky track  
What's up, kid? You want some NyQuil?  
Or you're just mad 'cause your whole crew and you can't write yo

(You never know what I'm gonna do) You'll never know

(If you think that I'm gonna slip, you're a fool)

(It's still my thang, and if you don't like the way that Bobby Brown swings)

(Stop calling out my name, it's still my thang)

(It's still my thang, and after eight years ain't a damn thing changed)

(Why should I be ashamed? It's still my thang)

(It's still my thang, and if you don't like the way that Bobby Brown swings)

(Stop calling out my name, it's still my thang)

Listen y'all

Hey y'all, I ain't ????? nowhere, ain't goin' nowhere

I'm-a be here always, every day, all day

In your face with the bombshell(?)

Peace, B-Brown is definetely outta here for the minute

See ya, 'cause

(It's still my thang, and after eight years ain't a damn thing changed)

(Why should I be ashamed? It's still my thang)

(It's still my thang, and if you don't like the way that Bobby Brown swings)

(Stop calling out my name, it's still my thang)...