

Cher Lloyd, Play Boi

No player boy can win my love
It's sweetness that I'm thinking of

Them boys always acting so mean
Hands down in the dirt, don't come clean
Like a hole and a three letter donkey

Ring the bell, let me teach you something
Cause your mama never taught you nothing
Call Pharrel cause you keep on frontin'

Listen up, turn it up
Listen up, turn it up

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It's sweetness that I'm thinking of
He gotta lean in a gangster stance
He need to rock all the sickest brands
And give me love not a bad romance
I'll make a move nothing left to chance
So don't you mess with me

Can't touch me liar
I'm fire, you and all your tricks expired
Your ride really needs new tires
Vroom tire!

You like my kicks? Lemme kick ya
Like a Twilight fan Imma bite ya
Turn around lemme cee-lo forget ya

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(If you want me looking your way)
Baby gotta gets real
(If you want me ready to play)
Imma have to feel
(If you want me looking your way)
Baby gotta gets real
Yeah go and get real

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