

Lily Allen, L8 CMMR

Good lover, good lover
Feels good like a long whole summer
L8 CMMR, he's a L8 CMMR
My mind is a bad mothafucker
He can bring it, bring it all day long
All over my lemon wong
Nobody will get to see
Cause he's gonna spend his life with me

You can't have him
No way he's taken, ladies, I don't mean his babies
Look at my ring
He's going nowhere 'til this fat lady sings

And when I see his face
I feel like I could win the race
And when he calls, when he calls my name
I know we're in the long game
Why would I leave him for?
I couldn't ask for any more
I wouldn't send, I wouldn't send him back
He won me, game, set, and match

L8 CMMR, he's a L8 CMMR

My lover, my lover
Shoots and scores like he's Maradona
Undercover, under the covers
My mind is a bad motherfucker
Anybody, anyone could see
I'd have caught him eventually
Me and him have a thing that's rare
All the girls can look elsewhere

You can't have him
No way he's taken, ladies, I don't mean his babies
Look at my ring
He's going nowhere 'til this fat lady sings

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You can look, girl, but you can't touch
Don't know why I love you so much
Can't put this thing into words
My love for him's absurd

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