

Britney Spears, Stroytime

Once upon a time
there was a little
boy who tried so
hard to be down
Playing my
publically,
twisting the story,
see, made it
the talk
of the town
I try to play sweet
and be quiet,
discreet...and let
you be the one that
level alone
(Verse one)
First things first
(cry me....
cry me....)
Why you
so caught up
with me?
Sick with it,
like you got
the flu....
I've also got the
ability to open
my mouth -
you
don't want me to
tell the truth
My little
secret about you
you sure you
want me to
play too?
...I recommend
don't wear
anything see-
through, baby.
They might peep
that you heart
is soft