

# 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

No player boy can win my love  
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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