

Dominic Fike, Mama's Boy

How do my plans fit in with yours? (Oh)
You're such a doll and I'm a boy
Where did my parents go? (Oh, oh) I'm not in Italy
They like vacation homes much more than they love me

You're made of plastic, I'm just blood (Hahahaha)
When I was born, you were produced

I wish I was a toy (Hahahaha)
You say, "Hahahahahahaha"
And you laugh
And I cry

Half of my heart is in your chest
I'm not a mama's boy, I'd go see Italy
I'd go see Tuscany
If you could come with me

Maxa-Maxa-Maximilian, what you waitin' up for?
Please come out and play with us more
Izzy-Izzy-Izzybell likes to stay in my house
Please come out and play with us now
M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy
M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy
Mama's boy, mama's boy

M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy
M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy
M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy
M-A-M-A-B-O-Y
Mama's boy, mama's boy