

# From First To Last, Untitled

Girl, you must think that I'm crazy  
But we all know you's a cutie  
and you're all like, "Nuh uh boys don't wanna get with me"  
Girl, please  
I can see right through those  
fake colored contacts  
Your eyes ain't blue, I bet that hair's held by glue

Hey shorty, why you playing games  
These games were played, the rules were made,  
You dropped these names and now you got nothing to say  
(x2)

It's like an episode of cheaters  
and I'm that dude with the gun  
Hiding cameras in your bedroom  
Girl, I know what you've done  
I might be your baby's daddy  
But that don't mean shit  
When every dude on the block  
Knows that you're a trick

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Uh, I'm not a rockstar but I still tend to rock hard  
You trying to play games tease and trying to keep me rock hard  
Trying to make me slap you and see me in a cop car  
Catch me speeding in stock cars expecting me to stop hard  
You playing with the mind of the craziest kind  
Telling me how much you love me when I know that you're lying  
You must be snorting lines if you think that I'm crying  
You manipulating backstabbing cold and kaniving  
I went from last to first but this is first to last  
I'm the major league playa you can kiss my ass, trick

(Drop it like it's...)  
...Hot! Shake it like a salt shaker (x4)

Fuck (x4)  
Fuck you (many times)