

# 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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And when he calls, when he calls my name  
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