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## **Demi Lovato** "Boys, Boys, Boys"

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Boys I love you.. I love all y'all Hehehe, hehehe, f'real

I love boys, boys, boys, boys boys, I do adore Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya Holla at ya when I come off tour, yeah

I got this Spanish chico, she don't like me to roam So she call me cabron plus marricon Said she likes to cook rice so she likes me home I'm like, "Un momento" - mami, slow up your tempo I got this black chick, she don't know how to act Always talkin out her neck, makin her fingers snap He like, "Listen Demi, I don't care if you rap You better - R-E-S-P-E-C-T me" I got this French chick that love to french kiss She thinks she's Bo Derek, wear her hair in a twist My, cherie amor, t£ est belle Merci, you fine as heart but you givin me hell I got this indian squaw the day that I met her Asked her what tribe she with, red dot or feather She said all you need to know is I'm not a ho And to get with me you better be Chief Lots-a-Dough Now that's Spanish chick, French chick, indian and black That's fried chicken, curry chicken, but I'm gettin fat

Arroz con pollo, french fries and crepe An appetitite for destruction but I scrape the plate I love

boys, boys, boys, boys (uh-huh) boys, I do adore Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya Holla at ya when I come off tour I love boys, boys, boys, boys Boys all over the globe I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deuce-zeroes Fix your rag in the mirror, let's roll - c'mon

I got this young man, she so immature He like, "Why you don't buy me heels no more?" Like to show out in public, throw tantrums on the floor Gotta toss a couple dollars, just to shut up him holla Got a project man, that plays her part And if it goes down y'all that's my heart Baby girl so thorough she been with me from the start Hid my drugs from the NARCs, hid my guns by the parts

I got this model chick that don't cook or clean But he dress his mask off and her walk is mean Only thing wrong with ma she's always on the scene But she's fine but he parties all the time I get frequent flier mileage from my stewardess chick He look right in that tight blue dress, she's thick He gives me extra pillows and seat back love So I had to introduce her to the Mile High Club Now that's young man, stewardess, project and model That means I fly rough early, plus I know Tahoe That means I'm new school, pop pills and stay in beef But I never have a problem with my first class seat I love

Boys, boys, boys, boys Boys, I do adore Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya Holla at ya when I come off tour I love boys, boys, boys Boys all over the globe [Jay] I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deucezeroes Fix your hair in the mirror, let's roll

[Jay-Z]

I got this paranoid man, he's scared to come to the house

A hypochondriac who says ouch before I whip it out Got a chick from Peru, that sniff Peru She got a cousin at customs that get this through Got this head man, she always catch me doin this

Crazy man wanna leave me but she always forgets Got this Chinese man, had to leave her chick

Course she kent heatleagin my hits haby

Cause she kept bootleggin my hits - baby I got this African man with Eddie Murphy on her skull She like, "Demi, why you treat me like animal?" I'm like excuse me Mr. Rogers, but when I met your class

you was dead broke and wasted, and now you want half

I got this ho that after twelve million sold

Papa's a narcolyptic, always sleepin on Hov' Gotta tie the back of his head like Deuce Bigalow I got so many boys across the globe..

I love boys, boys, boys, boys Boys, I do adore Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya Holla at ya when I come off tour I love boys, boys, boys, boys Boys all over the globe I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deuce-zeroes Fix your hair in the mirror, let's roll I love boys, boys, boys Boys, I do adore Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya Holla at ya when I come off tour

I love boys, boys, boys, boys boys, boys..

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