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Paris Hilton ''Boy Oh Boys''

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Boys, boys, boys How I love you boys Green eyed, brown eyed, blue eyed boys

Boy oh boys I like all kinds of boys Hey big spender, buy me toys

You can take me to Rodeo Send me presents in the mail Need more things, more diamond rings from Tiffany's

You can do my laundry naked You can bake my birthday cake I need more boys to mop the floors and man the gates

1-2-3 I'll tell ya how it's gonna be You've got to keep me satisfied Don't complain You've got a lot of work to do It's not good enough to say you tried

Oh Boy, Oh Boy Oh Boy, Oh Boys

Boys, boys, boys How I love those boys Always making messes Always making noise

Boy oh boys Well, yes I am the boss You'll pay the new girl tax, read my lipgloss

Fly me on your jet to Rome Talk 'til morning on the phone Tell me secrets, tell me lies, your desires

When I fall in love with you I will know your love is true

If I can look you in the eye and trust in you

All my boys – in blue collars – got to be loyal All my boys – All my 'ballers– I should be spoiled All my boys –on the dance floor Your moves are flawless just like me...

All my boys in New York City I don't come cheaply All the boys –who think I'm pretty I'm not so easy All my boys in Hollywood --you're never gonna get to me

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