

Cher Lloyd "Player Boi"

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No player boi can win my love
It's sweetness that I'm thinking of

Them boys always acting so mean
Hands down in the dirt don't come clean
Like a whole and a three letter donkey (Donkey!)
Ring the bell let me teach you something
Cause your mama never thought you nothing
Call Pharell cause you keep on "Frontin'" (Frontin'!)

Listen up, turn it up
Listen up, turn it up.

Chorus:

No playa boi can win my love
It's sweetness that I'm thinking of
He gotta lean with a gangsta stance
He needs to rock all the sickest brands
And give me love not a bad romance
I'll make a move nothing left to chance
So don't you mess with me.

Can't touch me liar I'm fire
You and all your tricks expired
Your ride really needs new tires (Vrooooooom tires!)
You like my kicks lemme kick ya'
Like a 'Twilight' fan I'ma bit ya'
Turn around lemme Cee-Lo "Forget ya" (Forget ya!)
Listen up, turn it up
Listen up, turn it up

Chorus:

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It's sweetness that I'm thinking of
He gotta lean with a gangsta stance
He needs to rock all the sickest brands
And give me love not a bad romance
I'll make a move nothing left to chance
So don't you mess with me.

If you want me looking your way
Baby gotta get real

If you want me ready to play
I'ma have to feel
If you want me looking your way
Baby gotta get real, yeah go and get real

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