

Samantha Mumba "The Boy"

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Checkin you walkin round in Ya Timbs, and
I must admit that you're looking kind of fly man
Rough boy, tough boy, attitude, and
You gotta know that I wanna be down, and
Oooh, look at you bling blingin'
Oooh, you got me feenin'
Oooh, inside Im screamin'
Ooooooh, booooooy
A thug boy
A tough boy
A rough boy
My kind of boy, boy
A cute boy
A hip boy
Oh you should be my boyfriend, boy
A thug boy
A tough boy
A rough boy
My kind of boy, boy
A cute boy
A hip boy
Oh you should be my boyfriend, boy
The next day you came my looking nice man
I peeped the ice in your ring and cross, and
I wanna know can you come back by, and
The way Im feeling makes me wanna get down, and
Oooh, look at you bling blingin'
Oooh, you got me feenin'
Oooh, inside Im screamin'
Ooooooh, booooooy
A thug boy
A tough boy
A rough boy
My kind of boy, boy
A cute boy
A hip boy
Oh you should be my boyfriend, boy
A thug boy
A tough boy
A rough boy
My kind of boy, boy
A cute boy

A hip boy
Oh you should be my boyfriend, boy
Make you feel like you never felt
I know I told you I'd be working these late nights
I know you miss the good sex and the pillow fights
But im a thug and I gotta stay on my job
Yea it's hard
You want a rich man don't ya
No slob
You wanna lay up don't ya
No job
You wanna hit the streets huh
Get robbed
You a wife
Queen status
You the baddest
Cute chickthe maddest wit furs and the karats
Feelin all right cuz the day you comin back
You walked in the doors cuz I got ur bags packed
Cuz you going on a trip huh, we gonna let em know
To spin when you dip huh da bed sit real low when you
dip huh
We all point
Da hit boys royal da district come on
Chorus 5x

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