

Paper, Scissors, Rock

Chris Brown

Baby girl I think we need to sit and talk, talk, talk
Playing with my money, paper, scissors, rock, rock, rock
Blowing up my heart then stick a pen and pop pop pop
Either you stupid, don't know what you got got got
I could be wrong, you could right
You probably be alone, I probably not
Well listen girl, you acting like an idiot
Really try to love you but its getting hard, hard, hard

Is you crazy, did you lose it
Are you stupid, are you foolish
Girl, I'm the only one like me on the planet
It don't take rocket science to understand it
You paper, scissors, rock my World
Girl am I the one you playing?
You paper, scissors, rock my heart and throw it all away
You throw it away, throw it away, th-th-throw it away
throw it away
Paper, scissors, rock my heart and throw it all away

Well I can take you back to the spot you was bought bought bought
Make 'em return my paper, scissors, rock, rock, rock
Maybe you can think about the shit and stop, stop, stop
Climb up on this boat and show me how you drop, drop, drop

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You probably be alone, I probably not
Well listen girl, you acting like an idiot
Really try to love you but its getting hard, hard, hard

Okay woah there, woah there, is you noodle
Cock-a-doodle
Are you crazy, crazy, crazy bitch
Did you knock a couple screws loose?
I know what time it is, only cause you (cuckoo)
I got bitches jumping for me like a bouquet by the beaucoup
Are you tryna leave, are you trippin, tie ya shoe lace
You's a dime bitch, cause you two-faced
And you gave me heads and tails
Throw it at me baby, I be the wishing well
For real though, I know our shits not perfect
We connected in our space where our love's written in cursive
Put that rock up on your finger
Paper in your hands
But you can't cut me out
Bitch this ain't no game