

Call Me Maybe

Left Boy

Hey, I just met you
And this is crazy
But here's my number
So call me-

I wear my pants low when I stay high
On the plane in the sky going bye, by, buy
Shop in Paris, sleep in New York
Drink Stoli' Elit, Kobe beef from my fork
Call, call in the floor, bottles at night, nice
I don't give a fuck about the price
Entice a little sweet sixteen-year-old
That keeps me warm when the night gets cold

Um, okay I'll keep that in mind
It's been more famous, fucking divine
Rewind to 2009
And the behind kids at the back at the line
I'm so square, it's fucking unfair
That I'm shitting out SWAG like I really don't care
I'm killing them everywhere I go
Cause I'm the new status quo

I'm killing them
Left Boy's gonna make a million
Put your hands up If you feeling him
And If you don't It's no problem cause
I got no metaphors
That say it like it's [?]
Other than that, I'm killing them
I'm killing them, I'm killing them

Freeze, baby get on your knees
I need some special attention, and only you could be
The one, you know I'm just messing around
You and I can shut it down, it's the perfect night for fucking
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