

# Player

Michele Morrone

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, a murderer  
She got a look of a killer  
She cursed my heart, player  
Now that I'm hurt, she wants to live  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, I'm calling her  
She never picks her cellular  
She got an attitude, Latina  
I'm so confused what you need from me

She playing me (with her finger tips)  
She's teasing me  
The way she move her hips  
She move her hips, oh  
She playing me (with her magic tricks)  
She teasing me  
The way she bite her lips  
She bite her lips

And she moves like  
And she moves like  
Okay

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, a criminal  
I don't feel good, 'cause hurry up  
No, DMs no likes either  
I'm so confused, you can never see  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, I'm calling her  
She never picks her cellular  
She got an attitude, Latina  
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And she moves like  
And she moves like  
And she moves like  
And she moves like  
Yeah, she moves like