

3OH!3, I'm Not Your Boyfriend Baby

I'm not your boyfriend, baby,
I ain't your cute little sex toy,
I'm not your lion or your tiger,
Won't be your nasty little boy,
I'm not your boyfriend, baby,
I can't grant your every wish,
I'm not your knight in shining armor,
So, I just leave you with this kiss
You can catch me on the speedtrain,
Beeper in a three-way,
Shinin' with the gleam chain,
And your honey givin' me brain,
You can catch me watchin' Al,
Now It's game time,
Pinkie with the same shine,
Big poetic canine
You know I rep' this shit,
I gots it tatted on my skin,
If you f**kin' with my city,
Then you f**kin' with my kin,
You know I rep' this shit,
I got my hands up on your chest,
Motherf**kers best believe it,
That you're f**kin' with the best
I'm not your boyfriend, baby,
I ain't your cute little sex toy,
I'm not your lion or your tiger,
Nah, nah, won't be your nasty little boy,
Whoo, I'm not your boyfriend, baby,
Yeah, I can't grant your every wish,
Yeah, I'm not your knight in shining armor,
So, I just leave you with this kiss
Kill the lights,
These children learn from cigarette burns, fast cars, fast women, and cheap drinks
It feels right,
All these asphyxiated, self-medicated; take the white pill, you'll feel alright
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