

I was busy thinkin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
Always busy dreamin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
Head is spinnin' thinkin' 'bout

I need that bad boy to do me right on a Friday  
And I need that good one to wake me up on a Sunday  
That one from work can come over on Monday night  
I want 'em all, I want 'em all  
And when they finally leave me, I'm all alone but  
I'm lookin' down and my girls are blowin' my phone up  
Them twenty questions, they askin' me where I'm at  
Didn't hit 'em back

I'm sorry that I missed your party  
I wish I had a better excuse like  
I had to trash the hotel lobby

But I was busy thinkin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
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In every city I've got one with different ringtones  
Flyin' from L.A. all the way to Puerto Rico  
My girls are callin' me askin' me where I'm at  
Didn't hit 'em back

I'm sorry that I missed your party  
I wish I had a better excuse  
But I can't even lie you got me

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Don't be mad, don't be mad at me (No, no, no, no)  
Darling, I can't stop it even if I wanted  
Don't be mad, don't be mad at me (No, no, no, no)  
Missed what you were sayin', I was miles away, yeah  
Don't be mad, don't be mad  
Not like I had a choice  
But I was busy thinkin' 'bout boys, boys, boys  
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