

M.F.P.O.T.Y.

Cher Lloyd

Boy, I know that you want some of all this
But I'm out with my girls and you can't touch lightning
So we dance, and we dance like you're just not there
Only been over here 'bout a minute
But you already sound like a dick, stop tryin'
So we dance, so we dance like you're just not there

Cause ew!
What's wrong with you?
No, the problem is not my attitude
But you're, ew, just not my type
And the next time I won't be so polite

Cause
Hey, this could be great, this could be cray
This could be the mother fucking party of the year
Trying too hard, tryna to be hot
Trying to keep on talking to us when we don't care
Keep it all in your pants boy
Keep it all in your pants boy
(This could be the mother fucking party of the year)

So you can tell all your friends playing cupid
That it ain't gonna work 'cause you just look foolish
Back it up, back it up, yeah hello goodbye
Get a hold of yourself for you lose it
Baby laugh all you like, but I just might do it
Back it up, back it up, cause you're killin' vibes

Cause ew!
What's wrong with you?
No, the problem is not my attitude
But you're, ew, just not my type
And the next time I won't be so polite

Cause
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Keep it all in your pants boy
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(This could be the mother fucking party of the year)

Yeah, uh huh, yeah, let's go!

Hey boy, this should be the part
This should be the part where you eat your words like
Hey boy, this should be the part
This should be the part where I kick ya to the curb like
Hey boy, this should be the part
This should be the part where you eat your words like
Hey boy, this should be the part
This should be the part where I kick ya to the curb like

Uh thanks, but no thanks!

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Keep it all in your pants boy
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(This could be the mother fucking party of the year)

Keep it all in your pants boy
You ain't got a chance boy

Hahaha