

Michele Morrone, Player

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 playin' me (With her finger tips)
She teasin' me, the way she move her hips
She move her hips, oh
She playin' me (With her magic tricks)
She teasin' me, the way she bites her lips
She bites 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
I'm so confused what you need from me

She playin' me (With her finger tips)
She teasin' me, the way she move her hips
She move her hips, oh
She playin' me (With her magic tricks)
She teasin' me, the way she bites her lips
She bites her lips
And she moves like

And she moves like
And she moves like
And she moves like
And she moves like
Yeah, she moves like