

## Game

# "Ain't Fuckin With You"

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"Ain't Fuckin With You"

[Intro]

That T.M. shit, that T.M. shit  
Trackmasters, that T.M. shit, that shit  
That T.M. shit ? Game!

[Chorus: unknown singer (The Game)]

I don't care that you lookin like Beyonce on her best  
day  
(I ain't fuckin wit'chu)  
You got your high heels on and your body feel warm  
but tonight  
(I ain't fuckin wit'chu)  
You got your hair did right and your panties too tight  
but tonight  
(I ain't fuckin wit'chu)  
Could be another night, girl, but tonight  
(I ain't fuckin wit'chu)

[The Game]

I'm tired of playin your games, you pissin me off  
I'm watchin LeBron so holla when this shit go off  
You say I be trippin but really it's you that be gone  
Always bringin up Tanisha be givin me dome  
I ain't tryin to hear that, I'm just tryin to chill  
So chill, like Chamillionaire or Mike Jones grill  
All in front of my flat screen, True Religion black jeans  
Dancin like Ciara, I ain't Bow Wow or 50  
Tryin to get me but I back out, I could blow your back  
out  
Lay you down, put it in the hole, like Stackhouse  
We used to hit midtown, throwin all them stacks out  
Run through the Louis Vuitton store and clean the racks  
out  
Used to feel good, when I watch your Porsche back out  
You bought Keyshia Cole album, now you tryin to act  
out  
Flippin like a Sidekick, tell me what is that 'bout?  
You can't take the heat, get the fuck up out of Shaq  
house  
Black out

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Bitch, I'm rollin 21's and over  
Not the club, the dubs on that platinum Range Rover  
My neck's so iced out, my wrists so shined up  
I make hoes line up, see a pole climb up  
Brown sugar or light skin, black or white skin  
If she could drop it low then she could be my night  
friend  
Or my one night stand, if she got a nice tan  
Before I leave I cut the light off of your nightstand  
Back to the house, my girl wanna have real sex  
Nah, I keep my kids like Britney Spears' ex  
Take her back to the future, I ain't even here yet  
And that line was fly, bitch I'm a Leer jet

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Stop playin girl, stop playin  
Stop playin girl, stop playin!  
Stop playin girl, stop playin  
I said stop playin, you better stop playin  
'Fore I break you off like a Kit Kat, you know I wanna hit  
that  
Banana split that, but a real nigga had to sit back  
Cause that's what we do, when girls be with the chit-  
chat  
Every mornin on "The View", them girls be with the chit-  
chat  
Enough with all the riff-raff, let me see your cat walk  
I'm old school, Garfield, I can make your cat talk  
But I'm a gangsta, so I'ma back off  
Keyshia and DMX, I'll leave yo' ass with that thought  
For real

[Chorus]

[Outro]

That T.M. shit, uh-huh, that T.M. shit  
Trackmasters, that T.M. shit, that shit  
That T.M. shit ? Game!

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