

Game, The "Ain't Fuckin With You"

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[Intro]

That T.M. shit, that T.M. shit
Trackmasters, that T.M. shit, that shit
That T.M. shit %u2013 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 %u2013 Game!

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