

## **Lil' Wayne F/ Mannie Fresh**

### **"Change This Game Around"**

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It's that number one hip-hop tramp, to get your thong  
damp  
I put it down till you girls catch a cramp,  
Take a little trip with the smoothest guy walkin'  
Usually my fault in, girls wreckless eyeballin  
Attraction is magnetic, they come and get it  
Game is all natural, yours is synthetic  
So while you sittin' there tryin' to get your words  
straight  
I bag more dimes than workers at the herb gate  
Use tight D, on top of tight G  
Want it done rightly, girlfriend invite me  
I foresee what you hoping,  
And say the right thangs to get you open, then I get you  
open  
Lay it down from nighttime until the A.M.  
Watch how I play 'em, lay 'em and then fillet 'em  
In the kingdom I hit it like lottery  
Baby you gotta see, the Brooklyn prodigy

#### Chorus

It's plain to see, your game is tight enough for me  
I jus can't keep my cool, I just gotta let it be  
And now you're in the zone  
And I'm sure when you play on  
That the way you put it down  
Is gonna change this game around

#### Verse 2

Sharp P-I till I return to the essence  
Making my presence, glow like florescence  
I come around and get it like hot peas and butter  
Drop these and got her, that Kane he's a mother  
The God don't minimize, I enterprise, when I rise  
In the thighs, make 'em see doubles like geminis  
So, bring it on me no sweat it  
But you talk that Lil' Kim talk to me and end up  
bowlegged  
Give it to you good upon the mattress  
6 million ways to get yo' back twist  
No theatrics when the Kane approach

Put you in more positions than a football coach  
Pimpin' ain't easy but we don't knock it do we  
Instead we spend chips, get fly, rockin jewelry  
Walk through the club with the girls lockin to me  
It's all love in here baby now sock it to me.

#### Chorus

#### Verse 3

I don't discriminate they come upon ease  
Asians, Haitians, even the mommies  
Please lowdown stankin', plus Jamaican girl bangin'  
Them call me yard boy cause them seen something  
hangin'  
Never do I waste that, I put my face at, a place that  
In case I wanna taste that  
Comfort specialist, is as easy as this  
Ah miss, yeah duke you better hold your on to her wrist  
I start roamin like car phones, and  
Just can't control my hormones and  
I make a move on a ten, and go and get a friend  
So I can put my man in  
While you sittin' there drinkin', that glass of Cris  
I be sittin there thinkin', what's after this  
Us two, me and you is what's happenin'  
Bodily in heat like an African (O.K.)

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