

Big Daddy Kane, Change This Game Around

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 m, lay m and then fillet m
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 m 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 mummies
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.)