

# Biz Markie, What Comes Around Goes Around

Goes around

What comes around goes around

Sittin here reminiscin back to high school  
When everytime I see you, girl, you know that I drool  
Day-dreamin in class thinkin what would I say  
When I saw you, but you never looked my way  
It started freshman year and lasted straight to the 12th grade  
I have to give it to you, though, you was top-shelf, babe  
I asked myself time and time again: what was it  
About me that made me treat me like a buzzard  
I speak to you in the hall and you ignore me  
You keep walkin and talkin like you never saw me  
You didn't have to conversate with me, I can say that  
It woulda made my day if you just had waved back  
I used to buy you candy, lollypops and gum drops  
I even pack a extra-sandwich in my lunch box  
You're treatin me like dirt and everyone in the school knows  
You call me out my name and crack jokes on my school clothes  
If anyone could make you feel good, girl, I could  
But you give me that look like you don't wanna be bothered  
But that's okay, just keep on frontin, see  
Cause one day I'ma make it, and you'll be wantin me  
Been tryin hard ever since I graduated  
To make it big, and yes, I finally made it  
Been doin shows, videos and tv  
Now everywhere you go everybody knows me  
Now the tables have turned and now it's me you're hawkin  
Now I turn up my nose, and keep on walkin  
You see, ladies marvel me in clubs frequently  
And you make it your duty to come and speak to me  
Rememberin how she played me in the past  
Yeah, we can talk, I'm in a rush, please make it fast  
And we can start off with all the men you been with  
And don't come poppin that just-a-friend bit  
Remember how you used to diss me and play me out, how  
Come you got so much stuff to talk about now?  
The word's around town that you're on the money tip  
But sorry, I can't do nothin for ya, honey dip  
So pardon me as I make my way to the dancefloor  
And over to the bar because that's what I came for  
Cuties pamperin me with champagne and roses  
As I think to myself: thank God for showbiz!  
Everywhere I turn girlies throwin me rhythm  
Drinkin and thinkin who will be my victim  
Here comes that girl that used to diss me  
She whispers in my ear could she come home with me  
Yup, get your coat and we could shoot north  
Took her to the crib, and cold knocked her boots off  
After i got it, yo, I never did call back  
Thinkin how she used to front like she was all that  
It's a new game, and the odds are in my favor  
She caught the vapors and nothin could save her

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You know what I'm talkin about

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