

That's How I Beat Shaq

Aaron Carter

And it goes, and it goes
And it goes a little something like this

Hit It!
Aaron's in the house
Come on
Get up get up
I wanna make it bounce
Here we go
Aaron's in the house
Get up get up
Aaron's in the house

Yo guys, check it out
Guess what happened to me
(Another crazy story, come on AC)
I was hanging at the court
Just playing some ball
Working on my game
(Yeah, we heard it all)
I heard the fans screaming
I thought it was for me

But then I saw a shadow
It was 12 foot 3
It was Shaquile O'Neal
(What? What did he say?)
(How 'bout some one-on-one, do you wanna play?)
I told him why not, I got some time
But when I beat you real bad
Try not to cry

(Please Aaron, are you for real?)
(One-on-one with Shaquile O'Neal?)
Yeah, 34 Centre from the L.A. Lakers
(You must've been nervous)
I knew I could take him
Stared' at Shaq, psyche him out
I said O'Neal, you're in my house now
Start the game the whistle blows
Pay attention close 'cause the story goes...

It's like boom (boom)
I put it in the hoop
Like slam (slam)
I heard the crowd screaming
out jam (jam)
I swear that I'm telling you the facts
Cuz that's how I beat Shaq

So check it out
I thought I had the lead
But then he started scoring mad points on me
I was scorin' the bricks
Was he hitting those shots?
I knew that there was a way that I could make it stop

I had a plan, that I could change the pace
I said, Yo Shaq you didn't tie your shoelace
He looked down, I stole the ball
I'm taking him to school now, watch me all
A 3-pointer, nothing but net
Come on Shaq, had enough yet?
Down by two, I'm catching up
I guess your getting nervous
Cuz you already lost

Dunk after dunk
Jam after jam
Cheerleaders are cheering
Aaron's the man

Announcers were shocked
Couldn't believe it was real
(I can't believe a kid just stuffed O'Neal)
One more second, was all that remained
I put the ball up
I put him in shame
I must admit that it sounds real crazy
but the ball went in
Then he cried like a baby
Sorry Shaq, I should've let you win
You're good too
And we can still be friends

The fans went nuts
They put me on their shoulders
Then I heard a voice
And it sounded like my mother's

(Get up for school, you're gonna be late!)
Ma, can't you see that I'm playing the game?
(How you could be playing if you're still in bed?)
(Are you gettin' sick, did you hit your head?)
Aw, man it was all a dream
I guess that kinda thing could never happen to me

If it was a dream and it wasn't real

How'd I get a jersey with the name O'Neal?
Woah...