

Games

Biz Markie

Games, you don't have to play, games with me girl
You, know, how, I feel
Ohh games, you don't have to play, games with me girl
You, know, how, I feel ohh

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Ohh games, you don't have to play, games with me girl
You, know, how, I feel
Ohh games

Hi there good lookin', pretty sweet thang
I really want to put you under my wing
But every time I try you give me a hard time
Like I'm a murderer, or commitin' a crime
I try to do everything right for you
You're always givin' me excuses, makin' me blue
When I met you at Cancun, at Fiesta Americana
You lookin' tasty like strawberries and banana
I asked you your name you said Lee-Lee from San Fran
She said, "I have friends but I don't got a man"
I said, "Really?! As good as you look?
Lookin' like somethin' out a Playboy book?"
I thought I struck gold, ching ching, the jackpot
Just the thought of you it be makin' me hot
When I step to you, you act funny style
You need to marinate on this for a while

Now let me tell you like this baby doll
I never guessed you would act off the wall
Give me a chance for a little romance
We can dance and dine in Jamaica or France
Somethin' in the way you make me feel
I like your personality, and your sex appeal
But it's all hard, not bein witchu
You're playin' hard to get like catch 22
Some people got time to play them games
But I don't, so don't call me no names
Like all I want is sex, and take you no places
And,