**BASKETBALL JONES**

|Em . . . |D . . . |C . . . |B7 . . . |

Basketball Jones, I got a Basketball Jones  
Got a Basketball Jones, oh baby, oo-oo-ooo  
Yes, I am the victim of a Basketball Jones  
Ever since I was a little baby, I always be dribblin'  
In fac', I was de baddest dribbler in the whole neighborhood  
Then one day, my mama bought me a basketball  
And I loved that basketball  
I took that basketball with me everywhere I went  
That basketball was like a basketball to me  
I even put that basketball underneath my pillow  
Maybe that's why I can't sleep at night  
I need help, ladies and gentlemens  
I need someone to stand beside me  
I need, I need someone to set a pick for me at the free-throw line of life  
Someone I can pass to  
Someone to hit the open man on the give-and-go  
And not end up in the popcorn machine  
So cheerleaders, help me out

*Basketball Jones, I got a Basketball Jones  
I got a Basketball Jones, oh baby, oo-oo-ooo*

Oh, that sounds so sweet  
Sing it out  
Yeah I want everybody in the whole stadium to stand up and sing with us  
Oh yeah, sing it out like you're proud  
All right, everybody watchin' coast-to-coast, sing along with us  
Gimme the ball I'll go one-on-one against the world, left-handed  
I could stuff it from center court with my toes  
I could jump on top of the backboard, take off a quarter, leave fifteen cents change  
I could, I could dribble behind my back  
I could dribble with my tongue  
Here I go down court, try to stop me  
You can't stop me 'cause I got a Basketball Jones  
Here I come  
That's my hook shot with my eyebrow  
Yeah, I could dunk it with my nose  
I'm, I'm bad as King Kong, gimme the ball