

# Ms. Jade, Ching Ching

(feat. Nelly Furtado, Timbaland)

[Intro x4 (Nelly Furtado)]

Ba da ba ba ching ching ching  
Ba da ba ba ba ching ching  
What about the money that I spent up today

[Hook goes on in background of song]

[Timbaland]

Tim took you from ghetto to class, how to hold your glass  
To Fendi's to bags, for holdin' your cash  
People was seein' you pass, like right through the drapes  
I brought you the private, ounce wit the gates  
Thinkin' that stuff make me faint, just whistle real fast  
Cougars roll in the grass, same cat on your Jag  
Why your keepin' them tabs, and callin' me for  
It cost every minute, and you know I'm on tour  
And I'm deeply committed, although I'm forgettin'  
Sometimes while hittin' it, different names would slip  
If I been wit a chick, check me miss  
Your complexion switched, honey you been on trips  
But you don't appreciate this, till your back in the Jetta  
No iceberg you own, just Angelica's sweaters  
If the steaks ain't T-Bone, you ain't properly fed  
Hun tonight is bet burgers, no cheese on the bread  
And I say

[Hook x2 (Timbaland & Nelly Furtado)]

What about my ching ching ching  
What about my bling bling bling  
What about the money that I spent up today  
What about his ching ching ching  
What about his bling bling bling  
What about his money that I spent up today

[Ms. Jade]

Boy you act like I need ya, came down wit amnesia  
Ran to y'all's in the meters, nuttin' but hate in between us  
Now you come poppin' this shit, nigga I made you rich  
Introduce you to Cris, flipped and secured your bricks  
Even though them kids ain't mine, let 'em call me mami  
I deserve them dollars, trip to the Bahamas and Porsche rotten  
I washed your clothes, put up wit your hoes  
Never fucked up yo dough, put the G in ya glow  
So what you sweatin' me fo', I promoted them tours  
I was poppin' them fours, run in and outta them stores  
I cleaned up your spot, poured your brandy and scotch  
Razor blades to the rocks, even lied to the cops  
Played your wifey and mother, cousin, sister and brother  
Accountant lawyer and lover, I'm through dealin' wit suckers  
Shuttin' and lockin' the door, bout to settle the score  
You wastin' my time, nigga, but what about my nigga

[Hook x2 (Ms. Jade & Nelly Furtado)]

What about your ching ching ching  
What about your bling bling bling  
So what you spent up all your money today  
What about his ching ching ching  
What about his bling bling bling  
What about his money that I spent up today

[Ms. Jade]

Boy money ain't everything, married minus the ring

Frequent Coach, mink, coats, cruises on ships and boats  
I gave you way more, can't there bout all your bulls  
Since day one it was ours it never was yours  
Uh - look at the bigger picture, study the ghetto scripture  
Held your back when you was broke frontin' cuz now you richer  
No frontin' in that there, Ms. Jade is everywhere  
Enough talkin' I'm through, my lawyer will be callin' you

[Nelly Furtado]

All this money that he's spendin', you owe me everything  
I wanna tell him it's not his money, he tell me to go away, baby  
Wish he'd only give me a chance to show him that I'm alive  
I'm gonna be there and you need peace and tender all up in his life  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Hook x2 (Timbaland & Nelly Furtado)]

What about my ching ching ching  
What about my bling bling bling  
What about the money that I spent up today  
What about his ching ching ching  
What about his bling bling bling  
What about his money that I spent up today

[Outro x4]

Ba da ba ba ching ching ching  
Ba da ba ba ba ching ching  
What about the money that I spent up today