Ms. Jade, Ching Ching, Part 2

(Timbaland)

Hey, hey, what about my ching, ch-ching, ch-ching Hey, hey, what about my ching, ch-ching, ch-ching Hey, hey, what about my ching, ch-ching, ch-ching Hey, hey, what about my ching, ch-ching, ch-ching

□(Timbaland)

You got the game all wrong Moving on the pain's all gone, oh Get back to do it in the next telephone Come up out that then bling bling in your neck lookin wrong, oh Hair did every week Shoes are bout five hundred dollars up on your feet, oh Have you acting all extra Give me this, give me that, talking real reckless Like my name was Saint Nicholas Santa Claus, ho ho ho, talking ridiculous Girl you better go go go I'm getting sick of this All you wanted was my doe I'm gettin bigger chips Pass on singer you would never lift a finger All you did was bop to my beats and tell me that was? When did you act like a wife of Betty and my girl You was steady living in a material world oh

□(Timbaland)

This goes out to my ballin crew Throw your hands up in the air if you feel me Love 'em all day, love 'em all night Don't get 'em girls roll doe

 \square (Ms. Jade)

This goes out to my chicks that flow Put ya dubs up in the air if you feel me Get 'em all day, get 'em all night Come up off that doe

 \square (Ms. Jade)

Sick of this song bout the money you spent Boo what about the money I leant Timberlands and the Sean John? You forget about the times I went half on your rent, no Bailing you out of jail Makin sure you don't forget to go and see your P-O Piss test straight made you stop smokin dro But you home as your? so you could work on your flow, ho I was your down ass bitch in the street Brawling niggaz I ain't never even flip You had wondering eyes I ain't never even trip Spent a couple dollars Now you poppin fly at the lip Nigga I taught you how the game go L-B puffs dummy you was stinkin rainbow Quadripled a million you was thinkin lame doe

□(Timbaland)

This goes out to my ballin crew
Throw your hands up in the air if you feel me
Love 'em all day, love 'em all night
Don't get 'em girls roll doe

Permanent reminder you ain't dealin with no lame ho

(Ms. Jade)
This goes out to my chicks that flow
Put ya dubs up in the air if you feel me

Get 'em all day, get 'em all night Come up off that doe

□(Timbaland)

Come on girl I ain't even tryna hear that Better off by myself I know you hear that All you wanna do is takin my money and argue Stop playin you be callin me tomorrow

 \square (Ms. Jade)

You must be crazy my bags is packed Minks in the back of the 'lac, a hundreds is stacked I don't want no parts Got a lawyer like Mr. ? Money locked in, plus the streets watchin

□(Timbaland)

What you gon' do without a pimp like me
No pocket money, no rich wifee
Now ya mad at me wanna cause me pain
It ain't worked out now you tryna take my change

☐(Ms. Jade)

Bout to take everything not just your change That new ring you just got scoop your things Parked in my driveway by the end of the week So nigga, leave a message at the sound of the beep

□(Timbaland)

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Throw your hands up in the air if you feel me
Love 'em all day, love 'em all night
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