

# My Lady

Chingy

Chingy ft. Tydis - My Lady  
Yeah I stay on the road.  
Stay calculating (Ohh, money)  
Whoever thought for my flows.  
We doing hella shows (Get it)  
But everywhere I go.  
It's the same old hoes.  
Throwing they panties at me.  
Or pulling off my clothes.  
Soon as I get off stage.  
Its to the after party.  
Me and my dirty, you still wow always after shorties.  
And ones that they went to the stage.  
While I stay in the after parties.  
Me and my dirty, in the club, always after shorties and  
(Whoo!)

Shawty these words are coming from my heart.  
And I mean it, to say this from the start.  
I miss you more and more when we're apart.  
Oh girl you're looking to the (stop, st-st-stop?)  
I'll put you in first class.  
Gucci or Louis bags, go hop a few tags.  
6's or new jacks, whatever you ask for.  
Only if you were my lady.  
(Oh!) I would flirt around town when it was necessary.  
I had about a few thousand numbers in my Blackberry.  
From Mary, Keke and Ashley all down to Thick Sherry.  
And ma I'm addicted to this life, that has your boy married.  
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(Hey, hey, hey, hey!)

I tour around the world, searching for that one.  
And to every woman that was in my life, hope ya' had fun.  
And if I hurt you baby, I was just protecting my feelings.  
But ya'll led me to hurt so now ya' boy chilling.  
Now that I get off stage.  
It aint the after party (Naw)  
See man I'm grown, no more wrong going home to shawty.  
And I like her in every way.  
She can be nice and naughty.  
She can be in the club, now baby lets go and party like.  
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