

Talking 'Bout Me

Kandi

My woman's gotta have skills in the kitchen
She's gotta keep it real with nothin' missin'
"You talkin' bout me"
And when she hangin' with her girls gettin' tipsy
She call me where she at and say she miss me
"You talkin' bout me"
She gotta give me good lovin' through the night now
No matter where she at she be like 'right now'
"You talkin' bout me"
And when a brother's goin' through some of that raw stuff
She got my back, like 'sho 'nuff
"You talkin' 'bout me"

As a woman it's my job
To make sure my man is happy
Always assure him that he
Has all that he needs in me
As a woman it's my job
To make sure he's so satisfied
Keep it tight day and night so that I
Never have to worry 'bout him strayin'

See I'm a real woman who wants a real man
And when I find him, I'm gonna keep him all I can
You'll never catch me stressin' him
You'll only find me lovin' him
I'm a real woman who wants a real man
And when I meet him, I'll give him all I can
You'll never find me trippin' on him
I'll only be givin' love to him

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Every man wants a woman
Who really has the skills to cook his meals
Mac and cheese, collard greens, cream corn, baked beans
"I'm a southern lady, my cooking's got him crazy"
I hear they all want a woman
Who can rock 'em all night, make 'em feel right
Do a lot of tricks and keep him hyped

You know the housewife, freak type

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[Repeat x2]

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You talkin' 'bout me
Bout me
Boy, don't you see
That you talkin' 'bout me
Bout me
Boy, don't you see

From the first time I met her
I knew she was heaven sent
After bomb sex and it's been on ever since
Caramel complexion, lips sweet as candy
Perfect vision, standin' in a T-shirt and panties
And then we get to the sheets
And next to me at the Grammys
Thick and thin, got a 'Best Friend' like Brandy
Never stressin' when I run the streets wit my family
Sometimes it seems that she's the only one that understands me
No need to creep, she knows what I like
And on top keeps me laced from my neck to my Nikes
When I'm broke, holds me close on cold nights
Accepts my collects I'm lookin' to spoil right
I been searchin' my whole life for Ms. Right
Home cooked meals and good sex
Just a little bit of spice
Wit my luck, I know I'll only get one in this world
And that's West Side Riders love
With this big southern girl

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