

Ching Ching - Part 2

Ms. Jade

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

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

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

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
Permanent reminder you ain't dealin with no lame ho

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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

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

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

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

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