

Ching Ching

Ms. Jade

(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