

# Hey Kandi

## Kandi

I'm feeling this brother like, um  
Like a big fat person likes their tums  
Like hot Krispy Kremes everybody wants some  
Like Sisqo is feeling girls in thongs  
I've been feeling this brother like, ah  
Like a, like a ghetto brother likes a stack of  
Money in his pocket when it's nice and fatter  
How he gets, oh, it just don't matter  
He's got me so high  
I don't know why, I don't know why  
He's always on my mind  
You said to let go and I tried  
But I can't let him go, he's so fine  
He's got me so wide, open inside  
You keep on saying he has me so blind  
You said it's not love but you lying  
'Cuz I have to have him in my life  
Hey Kandi, he ain't doing a thing for you  
You knowing that his love ain't true  
I know that the hell you should do  
You need to cut your love off  
And show your man who's the boss  
So, next time he piss you off  
Let him go 'cuz it's not your loss  
I'm feeling this brother like a rat does cheese  
He's filling my needs. I know you don't believe  
But every time I see him I scream  
So back up 'cuz he and I are ding big things  
I've been feeling this brother like I love my checks  
Him and my dough are about neck and neck  
Hold up you know that I'm joking  
To choose him over money I would have to be smoking  
He's got me so high  
I don't know why I don't know why  
He's always on my mind  
You said to let go and I tried  
But I can't let him go, he's so fine  
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Kandi, does he cook you food?  
No, but he manages  
To hook up some mean peanut butter and jelly sandwiches  
Well, does he clean the house?  
You dreamin' now  
I got a maid but that's not what this thing's about  
Well, does he give you mad dough?  
No  
He's that poor?  
Hold up, watch your mouth before you get rolled up  
He's my man, I'll be damned if you play him soft  
Matter of fact, just hang up before you tick me off  
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