

Chedda Brings

Ginuwine

Oh yeah, yeah, I was ready to change the game
You forfeited my love and still livin' the same
I felt like I was just wanted for the fame
It's a bit silly to think I would look again
'Cause you have lost this nigga and a damn good friend
I thought you'd stick around but you couldn't stay
I was lookin' forward to those betta thangs
I guess it's just the problems that the Chedda brings
Just the problems that the Chedda brings
Thought I finally found my soul sista
Convinced I had it all, fell in love quicker
Been goin' through it all this time
I'm so sick of your games
I'm so sick of your games
Girl, you're fuckin' with tha wrong nigga
Must be out your mind or on some strong liquor
How could I stay wit cha
You right after neighborhood's been wit cha
I can't, you've already had your chance spendin'
All my Benjamins
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She was a San Francisco gold digga
And she knew how to put a hole in a nigga pocket for the cold figgas
Chain you up and whip you take your Poloroid pictures
Oops, blackmail when she get annoyed wit cha
Ooh, she the type to do her thing
Type to lock you down, for half of the estate
From around the way
So fellas beware of the fuckin' game
She'll ruin your name and empty
All the savings just the same

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Jose had this biddy testin' her game usin' her black gold
Thats what I guess she gets out my pockets chains like a lasso
It's past dough she's after my G's plus my reality
I max though payin' her rent and now she mad at me, is that so
Sayin' well Jose you 'bout to blow
Doin' songs wit Ginuwine, Sole, and Little Mo
I'm like, "What you talkin', I don't know G and he don't know me"
And you been talkin' sideways a little often
Thats why when my thing softens
I start to loose interest
A gold digga wit a fetish for riches, so bear witness
She the difference 'tween women and chickens
Skeazas and sistas
'Cause the Chedda brings change in the game
We talkin figgas
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