

Eenie Meenie (Ft. Messiahbolical)

Craig David

On my way from the studio driving on my way home
Happy 'cause I'm gonna see my girl tonight
Something messing with my radio
Gotta be my cell phone ringing I picked it up it was my girlfriend
But she wouldn't talk to me no
I heard some bitching in the background saying
That my girl was too good for me yeah
And I was like what? Why you chatting my name (oh)
Say it again, nothing to hide got nothing to gain
People wan front just because of my fame
You better stop! Before I lose control
Had enough of you friends & I'm letting you know
I'm Craig David & I'm running the show
And if you're talking a lot of bull baby you got to go so Eenie meenie minie mo gonna miss you that I know
Girl it's been wonderful but I gotta let you go
Eenie meenie minie mo getting kinde critical
Don't want to hurt you though but I gotta let you go So tell me why you want to do me like that
Used to give you things now you're throwing 'em back
Access to the visa, the keys to the flat
Widescreen tv, dvd's & that
All of a sudden you be trippin' when I answer the phone
Talking all about me in an angry tone
Talking all about how I be doing you wrong
You're crazy, whatever happened to the good girl?
The one that was in to me yeah
I want to tell it to your face girl
That one of us had to leave so Well I'm just an ordinary guy, dealing with rumours & lies
But your friends keep on filling your head with this nonsense &
I can't take no more Craig David she only after that wage payslip
That's why she got you pulling strange faces
Drinking hennessy 'til your brain's wasted
She don't want to be the girl that Craig stays with
She just want to be there while Craig stays rich
She wouldn't be with him if he was paid basic and
She wouldn't be there if he wasn't made famous She had a gold digger degree she must've studied for that
Wanted me to get her a mansion with a truck in the back
Flood her with ice 'til a nigga like honey relax
Messiah bolical ain't even got no money for that
All of a sudden you be tripping on my cellular phone

Talking about all of the women that be taking me home
Talking about all of the women I supposedly boned
She crazy, you know what it is
You give them an inch & they be taking the p**s
You fed up of it get rid of the witch, don't be taking her s***t
She wasn't saying this when he was licking her lower lip
Making her throw a fit, put you fingers all over it
Tripping all over you whenever you rock the show
Trying to get money 'cause she know you got the dough
And the next time she trippin' fella you drop the phone
If you're talking a lot of bull baby you got to go

Songwriters

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