

Kandi

"Hey Kandi"

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I'm feeling this brother like um
Like a big fat person likes their tums
Like hot crispy cremes, everybody want some
Like Sisqo is feeling girls in thongs
I been feeling this brother like um
Like, like a ghetto brother likes a stack of
Money in his pocket, when it's nice and fat, uh
How he gets it, 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
Said it's not love
But you lying
Cause I
Have to have him in my life

Hey Kandi
He ain't doin' a thing for you
You know, uh, that his love ain't true
I know what 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, cause 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 cream
So back up, cause he and I are doing big things
I been feeling this brother like I love my checks
Him and I know, are about neck and neck
Hold up
You know that I am joking
To lose him over money I would have to be smoking

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Man, whatever
(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 dreaming now, I got a maid
But that's not what this thing's about
(And does he give you mad doe?)
No
(He's that poor?)
Hold up, watch your mouth 'fore you get
rolled up
He's my man, I'll be damned if you play him soft
Matter fact just hang up, before you tick me off

(High)
High, oh yeah, yeah
Oh, oh, oh

(He's got me so wide)
So wide, so wide, yeah

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(You know what, you might be right
But then again, you ain't got a man no damn way
How you gon' tell me?
Whatever
He is the boss)

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