

## Kandi "Talking 'bout Me"

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My woman's gotta have skills in the kitchen  
She's gotta keep it real with nothin missin  
"You talkin bout me"  
And when she hangin with her girls gettin tipsy  
She call me where she at and say she miss me  
"You talkin bout me"  
She gotta give me good lovin through the night now  
No matter where she at she be like 'right now'  
"You talkin bout me"  
And when a brother's goin through some of that raw  
stuff  
She got my back, like 'sho 'nuff  
"You talkin bout me"

As a woman it's my job  
To make sure my man is happy  
Always assure him that he  
Has all that he needs in me  
As a woman it's my job  
To make sure he's so satisfied  
Keep it tight day and night so that I  
Never have to worry 'bout him strayin'

See I'm a real woman who wants a real man  
And when I find him, I'm gonna keep him all I can  
You'll never catch me stressin him  
You'll only find me lovin him  
I'm a real woman who wants a real man  
And when I meet him, I'll give him all I can  
You'll never find me trippin on him  
I'll only be givin love to him

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Every man wants a woman

Who really has the skills to cook his meals

Mac and cheese, collard greens, cream corn, baked  
beans

"I'm a southern lady, my cooking's got him crazy"

I hear they all want a woman

Who can rock 'em all night, make 'em feel right

Do a lot of tricks and keep him hyped

You know the housewife/freak type

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(2x)

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You talkin bout me  
Bout me  
Boy, don't you see  
That you talkin bout me  
Bout me  
Boy, don't you see

From the first time I met her  
I knew she was heaven sent  
After bomb sex and it's been on ever since  
Caramel complexion, lips sweet as candy  
Perfect vision, standin in a T-shirt and panties  
And then we get to the sheets  
And next to me at the Grammys  
Thick and thin, got a 'Best Friend' like Brandy  
Never stressin when I run the streets wit my family  
Sometimes it seems that she's the only one that  
understands me  
No need to creep, she knows what I like  
And on top keeps me laced from my neck to my Nikes  
When I'm broke, holds me close on cold nights  
Accepts my collects I'm lookin to spoil right  
I been searchin my whole life for Ms. Right  
Home cooked meals and good sex  
Just a little bit of spice  
Wit my luck, I know I'll only get one in this world  
And that's WestSide Riders love  
With this big southern girl

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