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Nelly Furtado "Ching Ching"

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Ba da, ba ba, ching, ching, ching Ba da, ba ba ba, ching, ching What about the money that I spent up today? Ba da, ba ba, ching, ching, ching Ba da, ba ba ba, ching, ching What about the money that I spent up today?

Ba da, ba ba, ching, ching, ching Ba da, ba ba ba, ching, ching What about the money that I spent up today? Ba da, ba ba, ching, ching, ching Ba da, ba ba ba, ching, ching What about the money that I spent up today?

Tim took you from ghetto to class, how to hold your glass

To Fendi's to bags, for holdin' your cash People was seein' you pass, like right through the drapes

I brought you the private, ounce wit the gates

Thinkin' that stuff make me faint, just whistle real fast Cougars roll in the grass, same cat on your Jag Why your keepin' them tabs, and callin' me for It cost every minute and you know I'm on tour

And I'm deeply committed, although I'm forgettin' Sometimes while hittin' it , different names would slip If I been wit a chick, check me miss Your complexion switched, honey you been on trips

But you don't appreciate this, till your back in the Jetta No iceberg you own, just Angelica's sweaters If the steaks ain't T-Bone, you ain't properly fed Hun tonight is bet burgers, no cheese on the bread And I sav

What about my ching, ching, ching? What about my bling, bling, bling? What about the money that I spent up today? What about his ching, ching, ching? What about his bling, bling, bling?

What about his money that I spent up today?

What about my ching, ching, ching?
What about my bling, bling, bling?
What about the money that I spent up today?
What about his ching, ching, ching?
What about his bling, bling, bling?
What about his money that I spent up today?

Boy you act like I need ya, came down wit amnesia Ran to y'alls in the meters, nuttin' but hate in between us

Now you come poppin' this shit, nigga I made you rich Introduce you to Cris, flipped and secured your bricks

Even though them kids ain't mine, let 'em call me mami I deserve them dollars, trip to the Bahamas and Porsche rotten

I washed your clothes, put up wit your hoes Never messed up yo dough, put the G in ya glow

So what you sweatin' me fo', I promoted them tours I was poppin' them fours, run in and outta them stores I cleaned up your spot, poured your brandy and scotch Razor blades to the rocks, even lied to the cops

Played your wife and your mother, cousin, sister and brother

Accountant lawyer and lover, I'm through dealin' wit suckers

Shuttin' and lockin' the door, bout to settle the score You wastin' my time, boy, but what about mine boy

What about your ching, ching, ching?
What about your bling, bling, bling?
So what you spent up all your money today?
What about your ching, ching, ching?
What about your bling, bling, bling?
So what you spent up all your money today?

What about your ching, ching, ching?
What about your bling, bling, bling?
So what you spent up all your money today?
What about your ching, ching, ching?
What about your bling, bling, bling?
So what you spent up all your money today?

Boy money ain't everything, married minus the ring Frequent Coach, mink, coats, cruises on ships and boats

I gave you way more, can't there 'bout all your bulls

Since day one it was ours it never was yours

Uh, look at the bigger picture, study the ghetto scripture
Held your back when you was broke frontin' 'cuz now you richer
No frontin' in that there, Ms. Jade is everywhere
Enough talkin' I'm through, my lawyer will be callin' you

All this money that he's spendin', you owe me everything
I wanna tell him it's not his money, he tell me to go away, baby
Wish he'd only give me a chance to show him that I'm alive
I'm gonna be there and you need peace and tender all up in his life
Yeah, yeah, yeah

What about my ching, ching, ching?
What about my bling, bling, bling?
What about the money that I spent up today?
What about my ching, ching, ching?
What about my bling, bling, bling?
What about the money that I spent up today?

What about my ching, ching, ching?
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