

# Rich Boy, And I Love You

(Verse 1 - Rich Boy)

I remember when I met'cha I was only sixteen  
Who would ever thought that me and you would get this cream?  
We took a lot of trips together, you stayed down  
Remember when we start hoppin' on that Greyhound?  
She say she like to play hide and seek in the ride  
And sure I'll open up the trunk and hide her inside  
She say she think I'm cheatin' wit' a girl named Jane  
You ain't just my babay, bitch, you my everythang  
I was broke but you maintained better  
As long as me and you together we can get this cheddar  
Whatever, her name white Sally  
I met her through my homeboy Rico out in Cali  
I thank Reagan for the haters when ya got hard  
Ya bought me jewels, gator shoes and some big cars  
Yeah you took me out the hood gave me good thangs  
Now we on a private plane eatin' chicken wangs

(Chorus)

(And I love you) You the reason why I ride good  
You the reason why I shop good, drink good, smoke good  
(And I love you) You the reason why these hoes choose  
You the reason why a nigga sprayed candy on my old school  
(And I love you) You the reason why I quarterback  
Took a nigga out the projects, put me in a cul-de-sac  
That's why I get it how I live boy  
'Cause you took me from a young broke nigga to a rich boy

(Verse 2 - Pastor Troy)

And I love you babay, mwah, hugs and kisses  
F\*\*k them niggas and f\*\*k them bitches  
Been in this game since 1998  
Nigga take the safety and shit but I'm great  
Maybe it's fate destiny, you tell me  
Damn near ten and that shit been free

But I'm P.T. so I gots to cruise nigga  
Really ain't shit to prove to y'all niggas  
All the cars, all the clothes  
Wit' all the stars, and all the hoes  
First class flights a nigga live in the lights  
But see you in the dark, this stuff is kinda hard  
See where I park, valet costs a note  
Drop another fifty just to check my coat  
Probably leave wit' yo' chick, know how I do  
It's Pastor Disaster baby, I love you

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Big Boi)

Took me from a gun totin' nigga to a Big Boi  
Too legit to slip now I got papers on my shit boi  
And not just my weapons I'm talkin' 'bout titles and deeds  
You payin' rent you can't afford and can't break out of ya lease  
I'm out of ya league, I might as well be Ivy  
All over ya ass like injections in a stripper's hiney  
Rhyming is a skill that requires timing  
Like dual ejaculation while my lady's riding  
I'm 'bout to cum (I'm 'bout to cum) at the same time  
You satisfied? (I'm satisfied) that's how I slang mine  
A generation came up under my style  
From penetration of the nation when I was just a child  
Now, who's really in the critics top five me

Andre 3000 and three mo' niggas that's really fie  
Let me break it down, I get fly at that mouth  
I, stay fresh to the hosiery we 'posed to be  
Them niggas from the south so  
One to the two the three the fo'  
Satisfied? (I'm satisfied) Then I'mma hit 'cha some mo'

(Chorus)