

# Rich Boy, Touch That Ass

(Yeah Rich Boy man I'm pimpin' like that)

(Rich Boy)

I keep flickin' these dollars girl and... you know I just got somethin' on my mind... Hold on Polow man stop throwin' money man let me see what's happenin' wit' this man

(Chorus)

It's one thing I gotta ask, can I touch that ass?  
Touch that ass, yeah touch that ass  
If I fly ya first class, can I touch that ass?  
Touch that ass, yeah touch that ass  
Now I don't mind throwin' cash, can I touch that ass?  
Touch that ass, yeah touch that ass  
Ya homegirl kinda bad, can I touch her ass?  
Touch her ass, yeah touch her ass

(Verse 1)

Catch me on Cheetah's wit a down dick eater  
Standin' on the block in a fresh wife beater  
Filet mignon, me and Polow Da Don  
Why they call you Rich Boy? Look at my charm  
Look at my bracelet and look at my arm  
Shakin' my wrist might just start a snowstorm  
Up in the club and we gettin' it on  
Poppin' big bottles and spillin' Patron  
D-Boys be the squad Zone 4 be the label  
Got a 645 wit' the satellite cable  
They say I wouldn't make it but I still made it happen  
One point three mill' and just start rappin'  
Yeah I got a room when you suck on my dick  
'Cause if you suck on my dick you better swallow that shit  
Ya young bitch, niggas still runnin they mouth  
(gunshots)

(Chorus)

(verse 2)

One dollar, two dollar, three dollar, four  
When I leave the club I take two whores  
Maybe one more, back to the Doubletree  
Hoes wanna double me and sip bubbly  
Let's play a lil' game, Simon Says  
Simon Says "why don't you give Rich Boy some head?"  
No lie, I'm a cool dude  
Not tryin' to be rude, just tryin' to touch you  
Yeah, I'm lookin' for that super dome  
I ain't talkin' 'bout the field they throw the ball on  
I'm a ball on, make that ass roll  
Pussy look like gold comin' down that pole  
Got the whole club out of control  
Fake ballers in the bitch throwin' rent money, stupid bitch  
I laugh at that shit, what you wanna do?  
I got hundred dollar bills, tens and twenties too

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I'm takin' my money and spendin' it all  
All these thick girls that I wanna take home  
Throwin' big faces until they all gone  
While I watch all these girls take off they thong  
Mr. DJ won't you turn up my song

Bouncin' that ass I don't see nothin' wrong  
One bitch, two or three bankrolls  
Eighty-five thousand dollars worth of Russian rose gold  
Take a picture of ya broad, put it in my iPod  
She lick it dry clean when my dick get hard  
Ain't playin' wit'cha baby can I get a lil' grip  
Spend a couple chips, I break ya off a big tip

(Chorus)