

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)