

Spend That (feat. Young Jeezy)

R. Kelly

Ain't nothin' to a boss, yeah I spend that
I ain't worried 'bout the cost, I spend that
Poppin' bottles in the club, yeah I spend that
I can buy the whole club, yeah I spend that
Throw that money, spend that dough
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Roof off of that, coupe all black
Private jet, did the show, now I'm right back
Buy the mall out, yeah I wild out
Hundred bottles in the club, now I'm showin' out
Imma shine on 'em, I'mma grind on 'em
Take a shot, turn up, and go dumb on 'em
Imma let my ice show, that's the sun on 'em
Flash money at the haters, that's a gun on 'em
Got Picasso on the wall, I spend that
Tom Ford to the drawers, I spend that
Three bitches, one me
And they all on the dick, call it 3D
I bought a pound out in Paris, oohwee
Ain't inside of this world, E.T
Yeah Italian on the suit, I spend that
Y'all just gettin' rich, I been that
You know I fuck with them bitches that like to fuck with them bitches
I heard you fuck with them niggas that like to fuck with them snitches
What you got in your pockets, I see you holdin' them figures
I hope you don't blow it all cause that would just be ridiculous
Think I'm addicted to ballin', think I'm addicted to cash
If we leave here tonight, girl I murder that ass
Don't be all in my section if you ain't talkin' 'bout fuckin'
We ain't talkin' 'bout fuckin' then we ain't talkin' bout nothin'
See I came with my niggas, we came to fuck up a chick
This some real shit to give, you better show some respect
My two-door's exotic, I blow my money with style
I got some young niggas from my turf with me, they're wild
I got some bitches with ass, I got some bitches with class
Got a bitch right now, west side, hold the stash
If the windows are tinted, a quarter milli' a minute
Ain't leavin' shit in my pockets because I came here to spend it
This your birthday, girl, I'mma spend that
Cake, cake, cake, cake, get up in that
You set the bar so high they can't top that

Them other chicks ain't on your level, tell 'em "Stop that"
Black panties on, girl drop that
Look back at me, like I own that
Best pussy in the club and she know that
I make it rain so much, you gotta mop that
Moët, pop that
It's a celebration, girl, gon' toast that
Throw that money, spend that dough
Make it twerk, on that pole

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>