Rick James (feat. T.I.)

Nelly

I can't wait to spend this money
Spend it all on you
It don't matter what it is, what it cost, no
See I'm on pay per view uhShe's standing on the couches
Bottles in the air!
She's dancing on the tables

Don't worry

My darling, keep the Bentleys running That's what rich niggas do uh

(Pre-)

Put yo number in my phone

I'm almost home

Too much Patrone

Shots shots

Here alone

Hey what I'm on

In my zone

Everybody get down

Yea, I'm rich, bitch pleaseLike Rick James

Where the hoes?

Everybody in the zone

Baby hold my phone

Like what? (oh oh oh oh oh oh)

Rick James

Where the hoes?

Everybody on the floor

Too worried to go home

Like what? (oh oh oh oh oh oh)

I said I can't wait to spend this money

(do you hear me?)

Girl what you wanna do?

Nah I don't drive a personal car girl

See I park avenueShe's standing on the couches

Bottles in the air!

She's dancing on the tables

How about I send my partners for you baby?

That's what rich niggas do uh(Pre-)

Put yo number in my phone

I'm almost home

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Yea, I'm rich, bitch pleaseLike Rick James

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Like what? (oh oh oh oh oh oh)

Rick James

Where the hoes?

Everybody on the floor

Too worried to go home

Like what? (oh oh oh oh oh oh)You know we parlaying all day

In a mansion in Miami, keep it full LeBron playin

Yellow gold, Scott Dweller, solitaire park baby

Whenever I say it they ménage it

Vegas, stumbling up out of the club

High as elegant, now you're looking for love

Call your girl if you're lookin for her

Nah I ain't going for it like a bong I'm drinkin pourin

In the strip club where the girls ain't getting naked

Me and foxy girl, body out of this world

Pretty pull strings to a lot of these girls

Take a hit of it, get high with me girlWho tryna get sky high?

Me and my girls

Raise yo hands if you want it twice

Who's feelin right?

Come on and shoot that shit(Pre-)

Put yo number in my phone

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/