

Rich Boy f/ Big Boi, Pastor Troy

"And I Love You"

Visit "[And I Love You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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
Fuck them niggas and fuck 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 talk 'bout 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]

Visit [Rich Boy f/ Big Boi, Pastor Troy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.