

## Crazy Lixx

### "Rich Girl"

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Chorus:

You're a rich girl and you've gone too far,  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway  
You can rely on the old man's money  
You can rely on the old man's money  
It's a bitch girl, it's but I've gone too far  
And you know it don't matter  
You know it don't matter  
Anyway (too far and too far and too far and too far  
and)

Yeah that's my boo thang  
Yeah that's my rich girl  
Momma by the money  
You go girl, a show whirl  
Daddy's little girl, the baddest of the pearl  
I'm trying to see them dickies out that baby fat devour  
Got a witness stand galore  
And you fuck em with the floor  
I hook you up, no court  
Yeah I gotta fit you  
She used to the finer things  
Keep ice in the tea  
Yeah she nasty like Niles  
But bossy like Corease  
And my rich girls space ship dipping through the no  
Fresh out on bail, my rich bitch never broke  
I remind her of her bank account, she always wanna  
cash me out  
Took me to the grill shop, put top and bottoms in my  
mouth  
Like that bitch from Fresh Prince,  
She stepped in the nail shop, stepped in the hair shop  
Rich girl with the shit girl  
Not a dumb bot, college girl, get not it girl  
What a shop a lot

CHORUS

See you a bitch girl  
At the gym getting fit girl  
Daddy went out, got us some fresh pearls

But I'm your daddy now, Ima get hers  
She loves strip search, girl it gets worse  
Get it back to back, the ass I grab  
All the way the sacks, fit ass  
Fill me catch a cab, drunk packed with bags  
She like "it's cool, I'll grab the tab"  
Ain't even have to ask  
She keep me keged up  
Nd homie I ain't mad a dash?  
Say she, won't take me to Paris, all on to Paris, cause  
Ima ballin' to Paris  
Hip, Nike towns, she buy the sneakers  
Like why would it be, she swipes the visa  
And know I'd like to leave her  
I can't complain, Can't talk, gotta catch my plane  
One...

#### CHORUS

I told ya she's a rich girl, rude kinda prude  
Body silky smooth, showing light, cause I'm cool  
She don't know about my struggle  
Yeah she still call me ghetto  
Cause I let my pants sag  
And I smoke a lotta doja  
Get high as I wanna  
Never lose my composha, yeah she buy it off from me,  
supply it off from me  
Whenever I cease to have peeves is thugs grapes, nd  
daddy's little girl let me borrow his Mercedes, ye a  
High five an active crazy, looking at the world in the  
rear view, jazzed me and my lady  
She think she got it all, but she lost without a credit  
card  
I'm charley when I'm wit her, what's the problem officer  
You're a rich girl, you don't look Prish girl  
Give daddy a kiss girl  
Meet me on the block  
Meet me up around 3; I'll be waiting on the block  
It's much shorter that things sized, Ima need it when  
I'm caught  
Lean on that

#### CHORUS

#### CAMPBELL

Shit, I know this female  
Daddy's got racks  
When daddy ain't home she let me sit up in the lap  
When daddy ain't home she let me sit back and relax  
When daddy ain't home she let me hit it from the back

Daddy gets home; I put the pedal to the floor  
Going bout one eighty, in the Mercedes  
I see the wind blow her hair  
Coco, channel diamonds are, hanging from her ear  
Tell the tele news, go, blow a stack on a cup of  
FitsoGrammy x o  
Straight to the terrain to the Hilton  
To the penthouse suite  
Now I'm fucken with that Paris Hilton  
And it's pretty fucken cool  
I've got it made, and her house ain't bad, her house so  
legit  
King size spankin, give me head stretch my feet out,  
homemade meals,  
So I never have to eat out

#### CHORUS

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