

The Cataracs

"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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