

Rich Boy "And I Love You"

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I remember when I met 'cha, I was only sixteen
Who would ever thought that me and you would get the
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 baby, bitch, you my everything

I was broke but you made things 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
You bought me jewels, Gator shoes and some big cars
Yeah, you took me out in the hood, gave me good
thangs
Now we on a private plane eatin' chicken wings, come
on

(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

And I love you, baby, muah, 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 PT 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

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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 a weapon, I'm talkin' 'bout titles and deeds
You payin' rent you can't afford and can't break out of
your lease

I'm out of your 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
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, so I'ma get 'cha some mo'

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