

Touch'n You (feat. Usher)

Rick Ross

Touch'n you, Touch'n you
Ross, eh! what's the problem with these rappers?
They don't know how to play it cool, you know?
I mean there's a time and place for everything
Been thinking bout you all day
Right now, it's about that time
Touch'n you, touch'n you, touch'n you
Look how you turn me on baby
(you like when you talk to him, I mean for saying something)
Singing is beleving, USHER, baby
Turn the lights on
She kissing on me, biting on my bottom lip
In the gallery all I get is buy me this
Conversations on the phone until the break of dawn
Combination to her home, I gotta make her moan
Mean hustle got me chasing all this fast money
Viliaci all the sneakers, now she touching cash money
So sexy in them all black and sepy heels
50 stacks in her bag so she know it's real
Top of the Ferrari now we thugged out
Smoking on that callie bumping 2Pac
It's me against the world now what's your phone number
Jumping in that range rover and I'm coming over!
Touch'n you, touch'n you
Been thinking bout you all day
Touch'n you, touch'n you
Still can't get my mind off your body
I'm day dreaming 'bout, look how you turn me on baby
Touch'n you, touch'n you
Cause nobody confess to your body
Every time you let me touch
Touch'n you, touch'n you
And every time you let me
Nobody compare to your body, yeah
Touch'n you, touch'n you I think I wanna put a ring on it
I think I wanna tat her name on me
I had a lot of sexy women, but this is not the same for me
Bounce, love it how she always make it bounce
Rose petals on her bed, I walk in unannounced
I love it when she speak a different language (papito!)
I touch her in so many different angles
Born stunna and my baby so stunning

Wanna, but she find them so funny
I'm getting money, living like the most wanted
She all I ever needed, now I think it's her body
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Nobody compare to your body, yeah
Touch'n you, touch'n you
Pink champagne for my dime piece
In the sheets you know I flip her like a 9 piece
In the streets you know I'm eating like a lion feast
Lick a nipple tryna tickle all the finer things
Keys to the crib, keep it trill, time to handle bizz
Big dreamer, new beamer, just the realest
Cover of the source, owner of the Porsche
Killing all haters, showing no remorse
Knocking at the door, she recognize the voice
I'm not them other boys, she know I shine the most
She modeling a lot I know she on the go
Another bottle of Siroc, baby let's have a toast
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