

Itchin

Rick Ross

I whip my heron with milk
All my boxers be silk
You pussy niggas should chill
We keep the city on tilt
I put on for my wolves down for my area code
We hit a lick, you go to prison -- gotta bury your dope
Respected highly, my nigga
Joey i.e., my nigga
So high with my niggas
Selassie ahi, my nigga
I recite only lethal, yet I'm labelled a poet
I get high in the cathedral and I feel so important
How I'm popping them bands, you man just won't stop
I fucked her in France, came out on top
If she wanted a bite, if she named the spot
But me being the boss, I took her straight to Wingstop
They itching, they itching, they itching for that paper
My fingers, they itching, they itching for that paper
Riding 'round the city and I got that calculator
I'm a motherfucking monster when it come to getting that paper

Songwriters

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