

# Can't Touch This

Colette Carr

Can't touch this, Can't touch this  
They be in the club wondering why they can't touch this  
Can't touch this, Can't touch this  
They be looking dumb wondering why they can't touch this  
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Look at it this way I am a boss  
I am the boss of your mother fucking boss  
Sick as a dog, bitches will bark  
Look at these thighs thicker than fog  
Thicker than cars, women and clothes  
Breaking my back when the bass is in the bouse  
When you wanna go, tell me when to go  
She doing the most now we doing the most  
Don't stop till the place about too close  
Get up out of clothes now that bitch is naked

Flash Flash  
Tagging location  
Flash Flash

Now they wanna say shit  
Bitch go stupid yeah I'm on that bass shit  
Running on my tab I could get you wasted  
Don't touch the homie don't touch the casewiss  
Act like you know me like I'm who you came with  
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Can't touch the homie, hell no you can't touch the homie

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I'm trying to get higher, higher, higher than a hanglider

Who got a lighter, room spinning like a dryer

Aldi-R-8, GT-spider

Haters gonna hate, but they really admire

The fixture on the flyer all brand new in tact

Get a celebrity some of you might-a heard of me

She digging my swiggidy, wanna get with the viggidy

She pretty my niggidy, come and get your presniggidy

I think she wanna hit me, hit me off

Function with sandwich on my appostrophe-D-mattress

My style navish, tides cool status

Getting moneys a happening

Bad batches are ratches

I'm kind of a big deal

I promise you it's for real

I live over here, you can tell I ain't missing a meal

The club going crazy on this bonca bonca

We sitting and the bartender holla holla

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Can't touch the homie, hell no you can't touch the homie

Can't touch this, Can't touch the homie

Can't touch this, hell no you can't touch the homie

You can't touch it mate, can't touch it mate can't touch this

You can't touch it mate, can't touch it mate, can't touch this

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written by WALKER, NATHAN / WALKER, NATHAN / ASLANYAN, COLETTE N / FOUNTAIN, ASKIA

N / REDWINE, JON R N / STEVENS, EARL T. N / WATERS, BRENDON ALLYN N  
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