

Keep Doin' That (Rich Bitch) [feat. R. Kelly]

Rick Ross

This is for my rich bitches (rich bitches)
Her puppy named Panamera
Her puppy named Panamera
She got a condo in the area
Rich bitch, uh, yeah She stay at her friend's and all these bitches is bad
Watch them lick on each other, I'm talkin' pussy to ass
Dope boy still at large, trackin' device on her car
Tattoos on her arm, Double M diamond charms
Chanel bag on her hip, Hermès bracelets and things
Let her fuck Meek Mill, told her keep chasin' her dreams
Get the Lexus to flip, purple Texas to sip
She make it rain like a nigga, we got more money to get (more money to get)
Rich bitch, call her rich bitch
'Cause she fuck with dope boys and can suck a good dick Yeah, I'm a spend up all this money (all this money)
Fast (fast)
Fast (fast)
Fast (fast)
Girl, you doin' somethin' to me (doin' somethin' to me)
Fast (fast)
Fast (fast)
Hell yeah, keep doin' that
Doin' that (oh yeah)
Keep doin' that, doin' that
Oh (yeah yeah)
Ooh yeah keep doin' that, doin' that
Keep doin' that, doin' that
Oh yeah, I be Feasin' on Tinder
She take just like peaches
Diamond-studded La Perla
That pussy's prestigious
Yeah, she remind me of somethin'
But that shit ain't my Jeep
Matchin' Bugattis, Versace sheets when we freak
She be movin' that dough, quarter mil on her wrist
Why you niggas be slippin'? This bitch is fuckin' your bitch
Saks fifth pop tags, neiman I pop tags
Crocodile, python, that's a zoo on her bag
She on the phone makin' deals, we gettin' them checks
My Penelope Cruz, I let her meet my connects

I fuck her all on the marble, yeah, that girl is a freak
She like comin' in mornin', she's the female me Yeah, I'm a spend up all this money (all this money)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Girl, you doin' somethin' to me (doin' somethin' to me)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Hell yeah, keep doin' that

Doin' that (oh yeah)

Keep doin' that, doin' that

Oh (yeah yeah)

Ooh yeah keep doin' that, doin' that

Keep doin' that, doin' that

Oh yeah Room service for weeks, a dozel towel on the beach

She only wear panties once, then pass it down to her niece

Let's go shoppin' at Boca, sixty stuffed in the sofa

Can't be tweetin' locations, she postin' pics from her yoga

Never party with locals, niggas with them was moguls

Vip with dope boys, the DJ shout out to Sosa

Valet park in the Wraith, cocaine all on her face

Her Rolex icy as mine, throw up my gang sign

We goin' bottle for bottle, Belaire Rose to the Brut

Rich bitch is her name and she Chanel to the boot

Uh, I be droppin' so much, nigga

My bitch shoppin' so much, nigga Yeah, I'm a spend up all this money (all this money)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Girl, you doin' somethin' to me (doin' somethin' to me)

Fast (fast)

Fast (fast)

Hell yeah, keep doin' that

Doin' that (oh yeah)

Keep doin' that, doin' that

Oh (yeah yeah)

Ooh yeah keep doin' that, doin' that

Keep doin' that, doin' that (girl)

Oh yeah

Songwriters

Roberts, William Leonard / Baxter, Les / Kelly, Robert S / Loggins, Mack Published by

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