

Touch'n You

[Rick Ross](#)

Rose huh, that's the problem with these rap niggas
They don't know how to play it cool you know
Mean it's a time and place for everything
Been thinking bout you all day
Right now, is about that time
Look how you turn me on baby (They like when you talk to em)
(If you saying something)
Seeing is believing (Ursher baby) turn the lights on

She kissing on me, biting on my bottom lip (Huh)
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
Balenciaga sneakers, now she touching cash money
So sexy in them all black Giuseppe heels
50 stacks in her bag so she know it's real
Top off the Ferrari now we thugged out
Smoking on that Cali' bumping 2Pac
It's me against the world now what's your phone number?
Jumping in that range rover and I'm coming over

(Fuck'n you) Been thinking 'bout you all day
Still can't get my mind off your body
I'm day dreaming bout (Fuck'n you)
Look how you turn me on baby
'Cause nobody compares to your body
Every time you let me touch (Fuck'n you)
And every time you let me
Nobody compares to your body, yeah

I think I wanna put a ring on it
I think I wanna tat her name on me (tat tat tatted up)
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
I touch her in so many different angles
Born stunna and my baby so stunnin'

Niggas want her, but she find them so funny
Iâ€™m getting money, living like the most wanted
She all I ever needed, now Usher sing it

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Still canâ€™t get my mind off your body
Day dreaming bout (Fuckâ€™n you)
Look how you turn me on baby
Nobody compares to your body
Every time you let me touch (Fuckâ€™n you)
Let me and every time you let me
Nobody compares to your body, touch

Pink champagne for my dime piece
In the sheets you know I flip her like a 9 piece
In the streets you know Iâ€™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 biz'
Big dreamer, new beamer, just the realest nigga
Cover of the source, owner of the Porsche
Killing all haters, showing no remorse
Knocking at the door, she recognize the voice
Iâ€™m not them other boys, she know I shine the most
She modeling a lot I know she on the go
Another bottle of Ciroc, baby letâ€™s have a toast

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