

# 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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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  
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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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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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