

## Spend That

R. Kelly

Ain't nothin' to a boss, yeah I spend that  
I ain't worried 'bout the cost, I spend that  
Poppin' bottles in the club, yeah I spend that  
I can buy the whole club, yeah I spend that  
Throw that money, spend that dough  
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Roof off of that, coupe all black  
Private jet, did the show, now I'm right back  
Buy the mall out, yeah I wild out  
Hundred bottles in the club, now I'm showin' out  
Imma shine on 'em, I'mma grind on 'em  
Take a shot, turn up, and go dumb on 'em  
Imma let my ice show, that's the sun on 'em  
Flash money at the haters, that's a gun on 'em  
Got Picasso on the wall, I spend that  
Tom Ford to the drawers, I spend that  
Three bitches, one me  
And they all on the dick, call it 3D  
I bought a pound out in Paris, oohwee  
Ain't inside of this world, E.T  
Yeah Italian on the suit, I spend that  
Y'all just gettin' rich, I been that

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You know I fuck with them bitches that like to fuck with them bitches  
I heard you fuck with them niggas that like to fuck with them snitches  
What you got in your pockets, I see you holdin' them figures  
I hope you don't blow it all cause that would just be ridiculous  
Think I'm addicted to ballin', think I'm addicted to cash  
If we leave here tonight, girl I murder that ass  
Don't be all in my section if you ain't talkin' 'bout fuckin'  
We ain't talkin' 'bout fuckin' then we ain't talkin' bout nothin'  
See I came with my niggas, we came to fuck up a chick  
This some real shit to give, you better show some respect  
My two-door's exotic, I blow my money with style  
I got some young niggas from my turf with me, they're wild  
I got some bitches with ass, I got some bitches with class  
Got a bitch right now, west side, hold the stash  
If the windows are tinted, a quarter milli' a minute  
Ain't leavin' shit in my pockets because I came here to spend it

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This your birthday, girl, I'mma spend that  
Cake, cake, cake, cake, get up in that  
You set the bar so high they can't top that  
Them other chicks ain't on your level, tell 'em "Stop that"  
Black panties on, girl drop that  
Look back at me, like I own that  
Best pussy in the club and she know that  
I make it rain so much, you gotta mop that  
Moët, pop that  
It's a celebration, girl, gon' toast that  
Throw that money, spend that dough  
Make it twerk, on that pole

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