

Strip Club

Rico Love

Wish I could turn my hotel into a strip club
I'd invite everybody
Wish I could turn my hotel into a strip club
And have all those women round me

Dime piece she from Memphis
Jay blaze be in H town
My girl Dior, she don't dance no more
But she cool as fuck cause she stay down
I should send the G5 to DC
Fill it up with them girls from the stadium
Cause D town like British
And I'm sure it's some shit she can say to him
You got reds, You got Lisha,
Caliente, Trisha
And I don't think I know her stage name
But the bitch so bad you might kiss her
What about that A town
Magic City, OG
I spent so many hundreds (all them bitches know me)

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Remy Red be in KOD
And she be climbing up that pole
Plus her ass so swoll
Can't forget just Britney
I seen a nigga spend 60
But he still ain't get that number
Gave her his and said "you gon hit me?" (nope)
You got liquid, You got bird
They don't buy bags, they don't buy furs
They just stack they money high
They both got houses in the burbs
Can't forget Jaz
Even though we be beefing
But I'm a get bout 20 racks
Spend it on her this weekend

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Damn I miss that jazzy tease
Damn I miss Club Nikki's
I was 17 at the blue flame
Up in the gentleman's club getting tipsy
Damn I miss white chocolate
Anybody seen Sugar?
If I was having money back then
Swear to God I'd have took her
Nah nah, Irene the dream
I see them turn rich niggas into fiends

I hit boy toy when I was 20
She told a young nigga
Whole lot of themes
Made a nigga wanna get rich
And on nights like this
I sit in my hotel room
And I reminisce

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