

The sun is out so put your screen down
I'm in your phones like the NSA
You're a ripoff
I'm a Punkstar (bitch I feel like Fish Narc)
BetterOffDead Nigga

Old ass clothes, sold out shows
Bad little hoes and I fuck 'em like a pro
I don't got a car, mind on Mars
I'm spitting bars, I'm a real rockstar
Cocaine white, Hi-Tech Sprite
Drugs all night, I'ma end my life
Fuck your cars, mind on Mars
Drugs and guitars, I'm a real rockstar

She was geeking, on the molly
He done placing on everybody
She was tweaking at the party
Now I'm leaving, and you're sorry
Come rolling around in the Mase
Smoking backwoods, I'm with a barbie
Yeah, I'm hoping, that you really want to love me
Now I'm joking, I know you could never love me
Hopping out the car, now I'm in my Abercrombie
I got ten grand all in my Lambo n' jeans
Yeah, I got a bust down, I'm living so free
Yeah, I know she a bust down, but she won't leave

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Rock stars, punk stars
Equal flourish
Dirty laundry on the floor
Two guitars in my bed
Sleeping with me each night and my best friend
'Cause you'll find the results sad and bleak
Goodnight