

# Pop Star

DaBaby

They gon' tell you I went  
They gon' tell you I went  
They gon' tell you I went  
Popstars, popstars  
They gon' tell you

They probably tell you I went 'Pop'  
Until a nigga play with me and he get popped  
I'm on front row at BET without my Glock  
I'm ready to beat a nigga up like I'm The Rock  
And she ready to sweep a nigga up because he hot  
She ready to eat a nigga up until he lock  
She hit the brakes and speed it up like she a car  
Now she got her hands behind her head like I'm a cop, huh  
I told her fuck the police, yeah

She right beside me and she sending nudes  
You fuck my bitch, that's cool, I'm fucking niggas bitches too  
If you try my shoes, they ain't gone fit  
Me and you wear different shoes  
Had to dumb it down for them to bite  
Now it's time to switch the groove  
I pulled up smooth, with my lil' bae  
But I could've came with ya boo  
If you with the shit, like I'm with the shit  
And they play, they gone make the news  
I was hitting yo sis on Sunday  
At your grandma place, she cool  
And if she raised you, I don't want her plate  
No, I ain't even take her food  
(Baby bougie, he be turning down all kind of hoes)  
(He took my bitch in Nike, I'm rocking designer clothes)  
I told her, "Sorry I'm not fucking, baby, I'm not a hoe"  
Had bitches knocking at my door like they was dominoes  
They gone say I went 'Pop'

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Taking a trip to Mexico, I'm coming right back to town  
I sell a lot of perico, been tryna slow it down  
Takin' a fo', I put a two on that and then I make it bounce  
I took the thirty-six to a hundred-eight and weigh up every ounce  
I'm a plug, working a drug hub out in H-town  
Bae what up, you my lil' love bug, you with Gates now  
Penetrate, while I grip her waist, push her face down  
Concentrate, boom, this that base, making grave sounds  
Got a graveyard up under my belt, more murders than New Mexico  
Thirty-round extension, mini-glizzy and I'm surgical  
I'm holding rank in the cartel, I got control in this bitch  
Still a book you for a show and get you showed in this bitch

Bread winner, don dada, bitch, we Puerto Rico gangland  
A hundred bricks ain't nothing, I push the button and make the plane land  
Showed some of you niggas how to grind up out the whole  
Then I tied you in with 'migo then I gotcha another low

Yeah, he just told you how to 'Pop'  
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