

Star

IDK

If you catch my girl legs open, better smash that
Don't be surprised if she ask where the cash at

Big dope, used to sell smoke
White goat, she got white nose
I ain't no killa, ain't no hitta, ain't no ho
I'm a sinner, I'm a winner, I'm a motherfuckin' star
Bitch I am a star
M Sport coupe, that's a fast car
Worry 'bout me, and you won't get very far
Bitch I am a star, bitch I am a star

Bitch I am a self made, black paid nigga with a big dick
I'm surrounded by green, like I'm sitting in a picnic
You surrounded by hate but you love me, you can't pick which
You big mad or lil mad? Me, I'm just big rich
Repeat, I'm just big rich
I press unlock, I reverse, then I shift it
You turn a key just to start, that's okay though
Long as you don't try to hate on my halo, bless
I got them angels, yes
I built this shit, piece by piece, like a LEGO
Peace sign, peace, no more draco
East side east, west side lay low
West side west, east side lay low
Catching up, you no able
Say you up, that's a fable
20 bands, under the table (lord)
My taxes bout to hit six figures
Mama used to claim me, make the tax return bigger
Used to have my hand on the 38 trigger
Now I got my hand on my hand, Birdman, getting

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Where the bands, where the bands at?
White people think I'm moving bricks in saran wrap
Black people think I prolly flip in the damn trap
Meanwhile, I put 20 bands in the NASDAQ
All my dirty money turning clean, bitch I passed that
Yeah that nigga smart, but he snitched, he a lab rat
If you catch my girl legs open, better smash that
Don't be surprised if she ask where the cash at
Where the, where the cash at?
Bitch I get to flowing when I go in like a madman
Step inside with Saint Laurent, I'm lookin' like I tap dance
I could eat a rapper like a motherfuckin' rap snack
Hide the body, stash that
Dig a ditch, pour the fifth

I don't sip on no liq
I don't smoke, bitch I quit
You want smoke? They got it
PG nigga, shots on point, so they hit
Steph Curry with the 30 buzzer beater, that's a swish

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Ay yuh yuh yuh yuh