

Stars

JID

Aye, wow, woah, brr

Look, uh, baby gone have faith in a nigga without a job and let a nigga stay at your place

Play it for friends when I drop a mixtape

Both of us will win if I get a big break

Broke nigga dick?

Baby had a long day

Trynna get rich, buy a Dolce

And Gabbana, baby just be honest

Don't be trynna play, I'm an artist, baby, I'm an artist, baby, I'm an artist

I've been trynna make it, on my grind, I'm taking what is mine, I'm racing with the time

I've been trynna make it out my mind, just make it an apartment?

Chase it with my heart in it

I just got to make it to the stars, a spaceship or a rocket, paint it, I'm an artist

I'm just trynna make it, I'm an artist

I just want to make it

Just a long and cold and scary

But I don't even feel a thing no more

I set my goals and I

La, la, la, la, la, uh

Look, uh, everybody want to come and hang with the stars

Pinky ring chain bling, bling in the car

It's a hundred miles per hour on the way to Lee-

R you don't even believe in Jesus wearing Christian Dior

You crazy on the twitter, who would need for PR

You out of control, P.O.W.E.R

Went to the head and now you doing bodily harm

On the medicine, nobody won't say it because they scared to lose a gig

But yeah, yeah, you want to be JID kid, I used to want to be Jay, I used to want to be Wayne, I used to want to be Kanye and Andre 3k

And all my home girls wanted to be Beyonce

Can you pay my telephone, shields

I was just looking for a deal, working so hard, had to sharpen my skills

Work with my dawg, still sharpen my steel

Was still in apartments, stealing and starving

Fast forward, when I'm in a building with stars and I got a yacht car, he got stars in his ceiling

Pause for a minute, got to know the difference in the stars and the gimmicks

Are you really in it for the arts or the image?

Do you really live it in your heart and spirit?

It's part of all you are and are you is it?

Trust your vision

Just a long and cold and scary (Trust your vision)

But I don't even feel a thing no more

I set my goals and I

(And now, a word from our ancestors, "Man I... I like these new slaves")

The chain hanging, bling swinging, back breaking but gleaning

Problem posture, double cup leaning

Slide, slouching tiger, pimping dragon on swagger

VVS' lay?
Vertebrate snapping, lights flashing
A manicure the premise, concealing the shattered spirit
Jinn sneering out the paradox prism
The pilots that's the prison
Retail religion, red carpet constriction
The freedom as defliction
As nigga raised specific as race really existing, man get the bag, you tripp
ing
Go 'head partner hit this, sip this
Wish list, hit list, top ten shit list, bitch list, trick list, play make, p
layboy, flipside, same plane, big fun, but no joy
Yuck, oh boy, hot girls, cold hearts
Tax man like the Taliban and ISIS
No relation the class of O'Cyrus
Kissing cousins 'till the climbing gas prices kill or claim it
Yikesus, sucker mean mugging who the nicest
A promised death known is what they life is, they tap in, they tap out like
a tabloid typus
They touch too tiny to the titan
Ya-S double lion, conquering, lying out the liars seek the garden, flee the
fire

One, two, three, four