

Shooting Star

Joyner Lucas

I get love down in Cali' like the homie Dre (Woo)
But these hoes think I'm Snoop they won't go away (Yeah)
They should play this down in Compton with a cherry drop top
Then everybody get to blasting till they blow the bass (Uh)
I ain't gotta say much bitches know the face (They know)
Joyner Lucas see it tatted on the shoulder blade (Yuh)
Try to Play me you just Skating on a frozen lake
I just wanna put it in her mouth and make her poker face (Ah)
Yeah, tell me is you taken for the night? (Tell me)
I know what you thinking I'm your savior for the night (Yeah)
I been paper chasing till my bank is looking right
I just need some motivation what you drinkin' for tonight? (What you drinkin'
' for?)
And don't be talking bout them other heads (Yeah)
Ask about me I've been macking like I'm fucking crag (Mack)
Bitches love me in the country like I'm uncle Ted
I'm just what you made me don't mistake me for a fucking sac
Nah

Homie I'm just what you made me I'm a shooting star, shooting star (Shooting
star)
Got a house in the hamptons and a million cars, million cars (I mean it)
We done came from the projects you know who we are (You know who we are)
I'm fine and on top and that livin' in the sky (One more time)
Homie I'm just what you made me I'm a shooting star, shooting star (Woo)
Got a house on the hamptons and a million cars, million cars (This shit soun
d like [?], shit)
We done came from the projects you know who we are (Joyner)
I'm fine and on top and that livin' in the sky (Yeah)

Uh, Black shorts and a tank top (Yeah)
Dead silence on the charm from the chain spot (Woo)
Couple dollas in my pocket they don't mean much (Nah)
I don't care for bragging you can have it I don't need much (I don't need mu
ch)
I remember I was just a nada
Shaggy with da holla
Back when bitches used to call me Mr. Laba-laba
Now I'm Mr. Popa-cala Mr. Drop-a-dolla
Now I'm Mr. Master P Mr. bout-it-bout-it
I got bitches I ain't bored of yet (nope)
Call up Bizzo they gon' hit me with the [?] check (Oh)
I ain't even got chronic, it's the water bed
Then she wanna fuck even tho she never saw me yet
But I told her don't be talking bout them other heads
Ask about me I've been macking like a fucking crack
Bitches love me in the country like I'm uncle Ted
I'm just honest with you don't mistake me for a fucking sac
Hoe
For a fucking sac

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I'm fine and on top and that livin' in the sky (Joyner)