

All Star

Lil Tecca

(Oh-no-no-no-no)
(Oh-oh-oh)
Oh
(No-no-no)
Internet Money, bitch
Yeah, yeah

I feel like an all-star (All-star)
I been ballin' steady tryna win, I ain't givin' up (No, no, no)
A lot of niggas hatin' on me, I don't give a fuck (Oh, oh, oh)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bankroll, run it up (Oh, no-no)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bag, niggas know what's up

And we ain't worried 'bout no niggas
I just be worried 'bout my gang
I told these these niggas "Stay in your lane"
And I told my niggas "Stay the same"
And it was a dream, just to double up
And it was a dream, just to fuck it up
Now, she fuck with me
Niggas in my own team wasn't fuckin' with me
Put my middle fingers up, had to sin the city (Yeah)

Walked in the scene, peep my energy
You already seen, now you fuckin' with me
Why you move funny? Why you tryna fuck?
Why you last year wasn't fuckin' with me?
Yeah, baby, you should know, I ain't no dummy
I don't even know, why you playin' with me?
I don't even know, why you playin' like that?
I don't even know, why you playin' so wack? (Nah)
Nigga, I'm talkin' that cash and I walked through the Chase and the bands so
fat (Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah)
VLONE, the Off-White, it's flexin' so bad
I don't wanna talk, you not talkin' 'bout racks
I don't wanna talk, you not talkin' 'bout stacks
Your shawty on me and that bitch, she so bad
I had to dub her, I'm like "Shawty, my bad"
Bad, bad, bad

I feel like an all-star (All-star)
I been ballin' steady tryna win, I ain't givin' up (No, no, no)
A lot of niggas hatin' on me, I don't give a fuck (Oh, oh, oh)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bankroll, run it up (Oh, no-no)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bag, niggas know what's up

And we ain't worried 'bout no niggas
I just be worried 'bout my gang
I told these these niggas "Stay in your lane"
And I told my niggas "Stay the same"
And it was a dream, just to double up
And it was a dream, just to fuck it up
Now, she fuck with me
Niggas in my own team wasn't fuckin' with me
Put my middle fingers up, had to sin the city (Yeah)

Shawty up on me, she feelin' the water, my wrist, yeah

Keep her from 'round me, you know I'm finna slaughter your bitch, woah
She want the money and she see a young nigga rich, yeah
Straight from the trenches but now all my money legit, woah
Took us a while, but now both of my wrist is just bust down
See you know what the style
Fell in love with the money, can't go down
Swear, it took us a while
I done made it so far, they be like "How?"
I can't ever go down
I can't ever go down, down, down

I feel like an all-star (All-star)
I been ballin' steady tryna win, I ain't givin' up (No, no, no)
A lot of niggas hatin' on me, I don't give a fuck (Oh, oh, oh)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bankroll, run it up (Oh, no-no)
I'ma keep on gettin' that bag, niggas know what's up

And we ain't worried 'bout no niggas
I just be worried 'bout my gang
I told these these niggas "Stay in your lane"
And I told my niggas "Stay the same"
And it was a dream, just to double up
And it was a dream, just to fuck it up
Now, she fuck with me
Niggas in my own team wasn't fuckin' with me
Put my middle fingers up, had to sin the city (Yeah)

Brrt, bop
(Oh-oh, yeah)
(Oh-oh-oh)
(Oh, oh)
(Oh, woah)