

Rockstar Made

Playboi Carti

(Wake up, Filthy)

Fuck you doing? I told you to stop hanging 'round here, opp ass bitch
Homicide, homicide, homicide, homicide

Never too much (Uh), never too much (Yeah, uh)
Never too much (Yeah, uh), never too much (Uh)
Never too much (What? Uh), never too much (What? Uh)
Never too much (What? Uh), never too much (What? Bih)

I got some racks, yeah, yeah (What?)
I got some bags, yeah (Bitch)
I got some racks, yeah (Bitch)
I got some bags, yeah (Bitch, yeah)
Never too much (What?), yeah, never too much (Yeah)
Never too much (What?), yeah, never too much (What? Yeah)
She sucking my dick (What?), she eat it for lunch (What? Uh)
Yeah, I hit it from the back (What?), yeah, I'm beating it up (Slatt)
I'm beating it up (What?), yeah, I'm beating it up (What?)
I'm in love with them drugs (What?), yeah, I'm kissing the cup (What?)
She in love with the thot (What?), yeah, I don't give no fuck (What?)
I won't stress about a bitch (What?), that's not my slut (What?)
These niggas beefing over hoes (What?), so I keep it up (What?)
Even when I'm at my fucking show (Bop-bop-bop), I keep one tucked (Yeah)

(What?)

Rock-star made (Oh yeah, what?)
Rock-star made (What? Yeah)
Rock-star made (What? Ay)

Uh, never too much (Yeah, yeah), uh, never too much (Yeah)
Never too much, uh, never too much
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What?)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What?)
Uh, never too much (Yeah, yeah), uh, never too much (Yeah)
Uh, never too much, uh, never too much (Yeah?)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What? Yeah)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (Whole Lotta Red, what?)

(What?)

Rock-star made (What? What? Yeah)
Rock-star made (What? What?)
Rock-star made (What? What?)

I fuck that bitch in the back seat
I fuck that bitch in a wagon (What?)
I fuck that bitch in the back seat (What?)
Now, that bitch bragging (What? Yeah)
Bragging (What?), bragging (What?), got the bitch bragging (Slatt)
Took the bitch to L.A., now the bitch bragging (What? What? What? Yeah)
I just killed an opp, yeah, I swear I'm counting caskets
I could make an opp disappear like magic (Yeah)
Send my niggas to your mama house, it get tragic (What?)
Standing on the block right now (What?), I'm on the backstreet (What?)
Forty-five hundred for the drink, yeah, we taxing (Yeah)
I got gold money and I bought myself a Aston (Yeah)
Dope boys outside, nigga, yeah, we having (Yeah)
Got a bad bitch, I don't believe in average, yeah (Yeah)

Uh, never too much (Yeah, yeah), uh, never too much (Yeah)
Never too much, uh, never too much
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What?)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What?)
Uh, never too much (Yeah, yeah), uh, never too much (Yeah)
Uh, never too much, uh, never too much (Yeah?)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (What? Yeah)
Uh, never too much (What?), uh, never too much (Whole Lotta Red, what?)

(What?)

Rock-star made (What? What? Yeah)

Rock-star made (What? What?)

Rock-star made (What? What?)