

Rockstar

Pomme

I've been fuckin' dudes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar
All my sisters got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, man, them the shottas ('tas)
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta

Switch my whip, came back in black
I'm startin' sayin', "Rest in peace to Bon Scott"
Close that door, we blowin' smoke
She ask me light a fire like I'm Morrison
Act a fool on stage
Prolly leave my fuckin' show in a cop car
Shit was legendary
Threw a TV out the window of the Montage
Tofu on the table, liquor pourin', don't give a damn
Dude, your girlfriend is a groupie, she just tryna get in
Sayin', "I'm with the band"
Now she actin' outta pocket, tryna grab up on my pants
Hundred bastards in my trailer say they ain't got a man
And they all brought a friend

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I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars
Feelin' like a popstar (21, 21)
Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool
And they ain't got on no bra
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks
And now she screamin' out, "¡No más!"
They like, "Savage, why you got a twelve car garage
And you only got six cars?"
I ain't with the cakin', how you kiss that?
Your wifey say I'm lookin' like a whole snack

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