

STAR

Yella Beezy

(Blame it on Monsta!)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, 2020 Corvette
Bet it equal mo' sex
40 on my lap pussy nigga what's a car jack
Choppa in the Lambo
That's a lamb chop
Young nigga habit still hanging with the have nots
Rollin' 6-0s in the 6-4
Got some young niggas
Still quick to pull a kick door
With a baddie in the Wraith (in the Wraith)
Even while I watch the stars
Still a hood nigga
Still actin' like I'm not a star

I'm still a hood nigga
That's just something I can't get rid of
All my partnas selling gas
And I ain't talking 'bout no fill ups
This lil' bitch gone eat my sausage
Till she catch the fuckin' hiccups
Don't call my phone if you not talking 'bout no money
Cause I ain't go pick up
I been eating like a bitch
My pockets full and I can't sit up
Bragging like you put in work
Next thing you know that boy got hit up
My grind is one of a kind
I got a good pick of the litter
Leave my text up on that bitch
Then she started acting bitter
In the drop top
If you say a smoke out
You get hot box
I'm told them to send a message
Bring his necklace then he got shot
Lil' mama got that ass
Make you jump just like a hopscotch
These niggas want me gone
'Cuz Lil' Yella in the top spot

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Run down on a hoe
I been hard on a hoe I been da truth
Jus like yo mama said
But watch yo fuckin' mouth
I'm from da south
You spend yo me bread
Pussy, get a lotta head
I come wit expenses, 40 inches
Ho these ain't extensions
Bitch I'm wit da pimpin'

I gotta go
Imma give you da hoe
But you do what you want when you wit ha
Cuz I know what she like
She want me to wife but I told her I'm cold like da winter
I told ha I'm good but she still on a pill and she all on da flo' and she ge
ekin'
I told ha to come when she get it together
She be wildin' out for no reason
2020 Lambo
They trap out the bando
He roll up da camo wit da strap he got da amo
Pour me up da Tito
Hot just like a Cheeto
Walk up on my partna wit dat choppa, you get debo

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Yeah
Watch me scratch off in the 'Rari
And I'm strapped up with a condom
Tell that lil' bitch go to Maury
And no sir out them panties
Said the Lil' Nigga got hardy
On my mama I was 13 bringing hammers in the party
Sneaking in the cabinet getting drunk off of some Bacardi (yeah)
I played that bitch back and you would think I was a artist (artist)
Back in school serving packs
Every day I'm damn near tardy
Got gals in my Ed Hardy
She gotta good head on her
Lil' mama a headhunter
Young trapper, I'm dead honest
Lil' nigga, I'm bread hunting
Lil' baby got legs on her
My car souped up
Before the fame I was billy couped up
Haters gouped up
But ain't nan nigga

Go come do nothin'

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