

# American Superstar (feat. Lil Wayne)

Flo Rida

Look at me bitch

Look at me bitch

Look at me bitch

I'm an American superstar I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches

Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures

I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches

Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches

Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures

I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches

Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures Heavy metal for them boys, plenty petals for them gals

Gotta appetite for destruction, you can call me hacksaw

Ask me 'bout what a nigga done, done

Ask me 'bout what a nigga do well

Ask me 'bout where them bricks come from

That's what a snitch nigga do, they tell I don't want nothin' to do wit' that there

If it's a lick then I'm bringin' them shells

Only position for me is a player

That's rite player, betta get it right player Might have to be an emergency

Lucky for you I'm up blowin' my trees

Calmin' my nerves, no regular weed

Or somebody's shorty wit' me on her knees I'm ready if it's a problem, she sexy, Flo Rida hotter

Come test me get that revolver, ya messy just like a mobster

My broads deserve lobster, you're flawed, deserve chopper

Get served like Jimmy Hoffa, American showstopper I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches

Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures

Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches

Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches

Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures, like

Look at me bitch, look at me bitch

(Young Mula baby) I got money on, money on, money on

Money on top of more money on top of my shit like flies

Open that Ferrari F-5 like eyes

Bumpin' down Ocean Drive Jumpin' out that Maybach wit' a bitch went back to tease them thighs

She had tattoo on her booty and it said 305

DJ Khaled say it's a movie, now don't forget yo lines

'Cuz you don't want me to edit before we roll them credits Bitch, give me my credit, I'm so energetic

I'm fuckin' like a rabbit, smokin' on lettuce

Whatever I want I get it, I meant it if I said

And I say I keep it pumpin' and I ain't talkin' unleaded If you want it come get it 'cuz boy I'm ready

I get that fast 'fetti, they should call me Tom Petty  
Got two bitches, one peanut butter, one jelly  
I'm a American gangsta already and I'ma American superstar I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures I'm an American superstar, yeah  
I'm an American superstar, yeah  
I'm an American superstar, yeah  
Baby, I'm an American superstar

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