

I'm Not A Star

Rick Ross

Maybach music

I'm not a star, somebody lied, I got a pistol in the car, a 45

If I'd die today, remember me like john lennon

Bury the louis, I'm talkin all brown linen

Make all of my bitches tattoo my logo on they titty

Put a statue of a nigga in the middle of the city

Load up the choppers like it's December thirty first

Roll up and cock it and hit them niggas where it hurts

Told em my partna' and help them crackas give 'em thirty

I told 'em I got 'em, therefore I gotta do ya dirty

Back on my Benz, been in these bitches 8:30

Scoot me a dime, now man get off at 10:30

Goin' on 12, go home and tell that man a lie

I got a bake sale, bitches thirty for the pie

9 for the slice, dummy that's a Dan Marino

Talkin' quarterbacks mean ya talkin' quarter kilos

Niggas feel my pain, I ain't even gotta say it

Where I come from, if ya hopin' then ya payin'

How I can save when all my niggas in the can

Am I my brothers keeper, motherfucker take my hand

Pull up to the club I got a kilo in the car

Black card for the niggas spending c-notes at the bar

I'm not a star,

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I'm not a star,

I'm not a starAll black Lamborghini, smokin' on the sticky

Got a couple dollars, now this nigga think he Ricky

Pull up to the club I got a kilo in the car

Black card for the niggas spending c-notes at the bar

I'm not a star,

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I'm not a star,

I'm not a starI'm not a star, somebody lied, I spent a milly on the car

It come alive, never feed it after dark, gotta treat it like gremlin

It's a multi-million dollar motherfucker in it

And I'm quick to blow a milli in a minute

I know them people wanna stick me with the senates

I'm a player catchin' bitches like I'm T.O.

Trunk full of work, yea this nigga think he Neno

Three dice yea, grab a nigga for a kilo
Pinky ring a hundred grand but keep that on the d-low
Diddy negotiates and the paperwork to T.O
My niggas never sing if I need 'em I go to neo
Fuck a famous bitch then I treat her just like a ski-oh
Not even worth a shower, just grab me a stick of Deo
Monday for menages and Tuesday I get a trio
And the bitch that get a gift on the scriff, she was a P.O. Pull up to the club I got a kilo in the car
Black card for the niggas spending c-notes at the bar

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Songwriters

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