ROCKSTAR

DaBaby & Roddy Ricch

Woo, woo
I pull up like
How you pull up, Baby? How you pull up? (Oh, oh, oh)
How you pull up? I pull up (Woo, Seth in the kitchen)
Let's go
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo)
My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (Woo)
You better let me go the day you need me (Woo)
Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (Woo)
And if I ain't enough, go get the chop
It's safe to say I earned it
Ain't a nigga gave me nothin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm ready to hop out on a nigga, get to bustin'
Know you heard me say, "You play, you lay"
Don't make me push the button
Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a fuckin' bucket
Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper
I got a big drum, it hold a 100, ain't goin' for nothin'
I'm ready to air it out on all these niggas, I can see 'em runnin'
Just talked to my mama
She hit me on FaceTime just to check up on me and my brother
I'm really the baby, she know that her youngest son
Was always guaranteed to get the money (Okay, let's go)
She know that her baby boy was always guaranteed to get the loot
She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga
I'ma pull it out and shoot (Boom)
PTSD, I'm always waking up in cold sweats like I got the flu
My daughter a G
She saw me kill a nigga in front of her before the age of two
And I'll kill another nigga too
'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you
Long as you know that, don't let nobody tell you different
Daddy love you (Yeah, yeah)
Let's go
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (Woo)
You better let me go the day you need me (Woo)
Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (Yeah)
And if I ain't enough, go get the chop (Yeah, yeah)
Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban
'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'
I got the mop, watch me wash 'em like detergent
And I'm ballin', that's why it's diamonds on my jersey
Slide on opps' side and flip the block back, yeah, yeah
My junior popped him and left him lopsided, yeah, yeah
We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman
You fool me one time, you can't cross me again
1200 horsepower, I get lost in the wind
If he talkin' on the yard, the pen' dogs'll take his chin
Maybach SUV for my refugees
Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets
I was solo when the opps caught me at the gas station
Had it on me, 30 thousand, thought it was my last day
But they ain't even want no smoke
If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote
Let's go
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With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
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Lyrics Submitted by Noah Shook

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