American Superstar

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 showstoppa
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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