

Five Star Life (feat. Levar Slays Dragons)

NerdOut

I got chop at my side and He bark a lot I got choppa at my side and it spark a lot Ready to cock it riding in my
coquette neck Break speed spin tires in the parking lot Yeah And this aint gon stop You get juke out on
vinewood
Yo ankles pop

Just keep riding the bus man This aint Yo stop You keep lyin to Us make Them thangs go pop (pop pop) Hawk
and littles shrewsburys I got all that Got Ya girl going down Faster than the bawsaq Work hard, Play hard
That's the motto you spin PiÃwasser While My people poppin bottles homie

I'm from a city where the sirens never stop Making moves with the crew Do a little dirt to get to the top We'll
hit any spot Drive away in something hot Every time We go outside Run the risk of getting busted or wasted
(Westside) Living a Five Star Life Till the day I die Los Santos Certified I'm representing for the gangsters all
across the world Hitting them corners in them low lows Fa sho tho Now do You wanna ride or die
Nananananananana Now let me welcome everybody to the wild Wild West A state that'll bust and put a hole in
ya chest And the FIB can get a red dot B Them fools can catch wreck in these red hot streets Nah This aint ya
ordinary gangster My goons in ya place put the tool up in yo face And get the jewels from the safe then turn
around and yell thank ya Don't get cute cause We'll tie ya to an anchor Throw you off the pier You'll be sleepin
with the sushi Body rotted out washed up on vespucci I see you ballers poppin wheelieson ya two speed Bust
shots to ya chest feelin woozie Those are real nullets man this aint Call of Duty Or righteous slaughter Ya hear
thet high pitch holler That's the sound of Yo boy gettin done up Run up on the wrong block and they aint gonna
find you til the sun's up I'm from a city where the sirens never stop Making moves with the crew Do a little dirt
to get to the top We'll hit any spot Drive away in something hot Every time We go outside Run the risk of
getting busted or wasted (Westside) Living a Five Star Life Till the day I die Los Santos Certified I'm
representing for the gangsters all across the world Hitting them corners in them low lows Fa sho tho Now do
You wanna ride or die Nananananananana Yeah we represent the families This is Los Santos My squad got
goals You should know we all vandals You slang dope You be throwin up them gang signs Ya bae hit me on
my badger but it aint mine I went from craps on the corner to mackin on your daughter Now i'm on a yacht
Splashin in the water Get the stash and make a dash across the border You can laugh if you wanna but if i blast
then yo ass is a goner homie I'm from a city where the sirens never stop Making moves with the crew Do a little
dirt to get to the top We'll hit any spot Drive away in something hot Every time We go outside Run the risk of
getting busted or wasted (Westside) Living a Five Star Life Till the day I die Los Santos Certified I'm
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You wanna ride or die Nananananananana

Lyrics Submitted by hmh

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