

I'm Not a Star

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 fagots give 'em thirty
I told 'em I got it, therefore I gotta do you dirty
Back on my Benz, been in these bitches 830
Scoot me a dime, now man get off at 1030 Goin' on 12, go home and tell that man I'm lyin'
I got a bake sale, bitches stunnin' for the pie
9 for the slice, dummy that's a Dan Marino
Talkin' quarterbacks mean you talkin' quarter kilos Niggas feel my pain, I ain't even gotta say it
Where I come from if they be hopin' thatcha payin'
How I can save when all my niggas in the can
And by my brothers people, 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, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star All 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, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star I'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 TO
Trunk full of work, yeah, this nigga think he Neno
Three dice, yeah, grab a nigga for a kilo Pink ring a hundred grand but keep that on the D-low
Diddy negotiates and the paperwork the TO
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 monages and Tuesday I get a trio
And the bitch that get a gift on the scriff, she was a PO 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, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star

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