

# Rockstar – Post Malone&21Savage

Ayy, I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies  
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star)  
Ayy, ayy, all my brothers got that gas  
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta  
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi  
And show up, man them the shottas  
When my homies pull up on your block  
They make that thing  
go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)  
Ayy, ayy, switch my whip, came back in black  
I'm startin' sayin',  
"Rest in peace to Bon Scott"  
Ayy, close that door, we blowin' smoke  
She ask me light a fire like I'm Morrison  
Ayy, act a fool on stage  
Prolly leave my fuckin' show in a cop car  
Ayy, shit was legendary  
Threw a TV out the window of the Montage  
Cocaine on the table,  
Liquor pourin', don't give a damn  
Dude, your girlfriend is a groupie,  
She just tryna get in  
Sayin', "I'm with the band"  
Ayy, ayy, now she actin' outta pocket  
Tryna grab up from my pants  
Hundred bitches in my trailer say  
They ain't got a man  
And they all brought a friend  
Yeah, ayy  
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I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars  
Feelin' like a pop star (21, 21, 21)  
Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool  
And they ain't got on no bra  
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks  
And now she screamin' out,  
"no más" (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
They like, "Savage, why you got a 12 car garage  
And you only got 6 cars?" (21)  
I ain't with the cakin',  
how you kiss that? (kiss that?)  
Your wifey say I'm lookin'  
like a whole snack (big snack)  
Green hundreds in my safe,  
I got old racks (old racks)  
LA bitches always askin' where the coke at  
Livin' like a rockstar, smash out on a cop car  
Sweeter than a Pop-Tart, you know you are not hard  
I done made the hot chart,  
'member I used to trap hard  
Livin' like a rockstar,  
I'm livin' like a rockstar  
Ayy, I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies  
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star)  
Ayy, ayy, all my brothers got that gas  
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta  
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi  
And show up, man them the shottas  
When my homies pull up on your block  
They make that thing  
go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)  
Rockstar  
Rockstar, feel just like a rock  
Rockstar  
Star  
Rockstar  
Feel just like a



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych