

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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Go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow)
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
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Rockstar
Rockstar, feel just like a rock
Rockstar
Star
Rockstar
Feel just like a



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych