

DaBaby - Rockstar (feat. Roddy Ricch)

tom:
 Abm
 [Primeira Parte]
 Woo, woo
 Woo, woo
 I pull up like
 How you pull up, Baby? How you pull up? (Oh, oh,?oh)
 How?you pull up? I pull up (Woo, Seth in?the kitchen)

[Refrão]
 Let's go
 Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
 With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
 Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
 This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo)
 My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (Woo)
 You better let me go the day you need me (Woo)
 Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (Woo)
 And if I ain't enough, go get the chop

[Primeira Parte]
 It's safe to say I earned it, ain't a nigga gave me nothin'
 Yeah, yeah, yeah
 I'm ready to hop out on a nigga, get to bustin'
 Know you heard me say, "You play, you lay," don't make me push the button
 Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a fuckin' bucket
 Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper
 I got a big drum, it hold a hundred, ain't goin' for nothin'
 I'm ready to air it out on all these niggas, I can see 'em runnin'
 Just talked to my mama, she hit me on FaceTime just to check up on me and my brother
 I'm really the baby, she know that her youngest son was always guaranteed to get the money
 Okay, let's go
 She know that her baby boy was always guaranteed to get the loot
 She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga, I'm a

pull it out and shoot
 (Boom)
 PTSD, I'm always waking up in cold sweats like I got the flu
 My daughter a G, she saw me kill a nigga in front of her before the age of two
 And I'll kill another nigga too
 'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you
 Long as you know that, don't let nobody tell you different
 Daddy love you (Yeah, yeah)

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[Segunda Parte]
 Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban
 'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'
 I got the mop, watch me wash 'em like detergent
 And I'm ballin', that's why it's diamonds on my jersey
 Slide on opps' side and flip the block back, yeah, yeah
 My junior popped him and left him lopsided, yeah, yeah
 We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman
 Fool me one time, you can't cross me again
 Twelve hundred horsepower, I get lost in the wind
 If he talkin' on the yard, the pen' dogs'll take his chin
 Maybach SUV for my refugees
 Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets
 I was solo when the opps caught me at the gas station
 Had it on me, thirty thousand, thought it was my last day
 But they ain't even want no smoke
 If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote

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Acordes

