

Post Malone - Rockstar

Tom: F

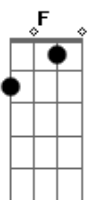
m [Intro] Gm Cm

Hahahahaha
Tank God
Ayy

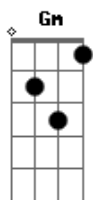
Gm
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star, ayy, ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin with me, call up on a Uzi
Cm
And show up, name them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow, ayy, ayy)
Switch my whip, came back in black
I'm startin' sayin': Rest in peace to Bon Scott (Scott, ayy)
Close that door, we blowin' smoke
Gm
She ask me light a fire like I'm Morrison (ayy)
Act a fool on stage
Cm
Prolly' leave my fuckin' show in a cop car (car, ayy)
Shit was legendary
Gm
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
Cm
Sayin': I'm with the band, ayy, ay
Now she actin' outta pocket, tryna grab up on my pants
Cm
Hundred bitches in my trailer say they ain't got a man
And they all brought a friend, yeah, ayy (ayy, ayy)
Gm
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Cm
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star, ayy, ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
Gm
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin with me, call up on a Uzi
Cm

And show up, name them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
Gm
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow, ayy, ayy)
I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars
Cm
Feelin' like a popstar (21, 21, 21)
Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool
Gm
And they ain't got on no bra (no bra)
Hit her from the back, pullin' on her tracks
Cm
And now she screamin' out: ¡No más! (yeah, yeah, yeah)
They like: Savage, why you got a twelve car garage
Gm
And you only got six cars?
I ain't with the cakin', how you kiss that? (kiss that?)
Cm
Your wifey say I'm lookin' like a whole snack (big snack)
Green hundreds in my safe, I got old racks (old racks)
Gm
L.A. bitches always askin': Where the coke at? (21, 21)
Livin' like a rockstar, smash out on a cop car
Cm
Sweeter than a Pop-Tart, you know you are not hard
I done made the hot chart, 'member I used to trap hard
Gm
Livin' like a rockstar, I'm livin' like a rockstar (ayy)
Gm
I've been fuckin' hoes and poppin' pillies
Cm
Man, I feel just like a rockstar (star, ayy, ayy)
All my brothers got that gas
Gm
And they always be smokin' like a Rasta
Fuckin with me, call up on a Uzi
Cm
And show up, name them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
Gm
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow, ayy, ayy)
Gm
Star, star, rockstar, rockstar, star
Cm
Rockstar
Rockstar, feel just like a rock
Rockstar
Rockstar
Gm
Rockstar
Feel just like a

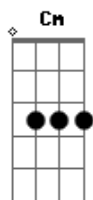
Acordes



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com