

rockstar (feat. 21 Savage)

Post Malone

Hahahahaha

Tank God Beats 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, 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"

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 on my pants

Hundred bitches in my trailer say they ain't got a man

And they all brought a friend

Yeah, ayy

Ayy, 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, name them the shottas

When my homies pull up on your block

They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (pow, pow, pow) I've been in the Hills fuckin' superstars

Feelin' like a popstar (21, 21, 21)

Drankin' Henny, bad bitches jumpin' in the pool

And they ain't got on no bra (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)

L.A. bitches always askin', "Where the coke at?" (21, 21)
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' hoers 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 (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Fuckin' with me, call up on a Uzi
And show up, name them the shottas
When my homies pull up on your block
They make that thing go grrra-ta-ta-ta (grrra-ta-ta-ta)
Star, star, rockstar, rockstar, star
Rockstar
Rockstar, feel just like a rock...
Rockstar
Rockstar
Rockstar
Feel just like a...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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