

# American Superstar (feat. Lil Wayne)

## Flo Rida

Look at me bitch  
Look at me bitch  
Look at me bitch

I'm an American superstar I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
Heavy metal for them boys, plenty petals for them gals  
Gotta appetite for destruction, you can call me hacksaw  
Ask me 'bout what a nigga done, done  
Ask me 'bout what a nigga do well  
Ask me 'bout where them bricks come from  
That's what a snitch nigga do, they tell I don't want nothin' to do wit' that there  
If it's a lick then I'm bringin' them shells  
Only position for me is a player  
That's rite player, betta get it right player Might have to be an emergency  
Lucky for you I'm up blowin' my trees  
Calmin' my nerves, no regular weed  
Or somebody's shorty wit' me on her knees I'm ready if it's a problem, she sexy, Flo Rida hotter  
Come test me get that revolver, ya messy just like a mobster  
My broads deserve lobster, you're flawed, deserve chopper  
Get served like Jimmy Hoffa, American showstopper  
I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures, like  
Look at me bitch, look at me bitch  
(Young Mula baby) I got money on, money on, money on  
Money on top of more money on top of my shit like flies  
Open that Ferrari F-5 like eyes  
Bumpin' down Ocean Drive Jumpin' out that Maybach wit' a bitch went back to tease them  
thighs  
She had tattoo on her booty and it said 305  
DJ Khaled say it's a movie, now don't forget yo lines  
'Cuz you don't want me to edit before we roll them credits Bitch, give me my credit, I'm so  
energetic  
I'm fuckin' like a rabbit, smokin' on lettuce  
Whatever I want I get it, I meant it if I said

And I say I keep it pumpin' and I ain't talkin' unleaded  
If you want it come get it 'cuz boy I'm  
ready  
I get that fast 'fetti, they should call me Tom Petty  
Got two bitches, one peanut butter, one jelly  
I'm a American gangsta already and I'ma American superstar  
I got guns for the snitches, roses  
for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches and roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
Got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hop up out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I got guns for the snitches, roses for the bitches  
Hoppin' out the whip, paparazzi takin' pictures  
I'm an American superstar, yeah  
I'm an American superstar, yeah  
I'm an American superstar, yeah  
Baby, I'm an American superstar  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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