

POP STAR (feat. Kevin Gates)

DaBaby

They gon' tell you I went
They gon' tell you I went
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Popstars, popstars
They gon' tell you They probably tell you I went 'Pop'
Until a nigga play with me and he get popped
I'm on front row at BET without my Glock
I'm ready to beat a nigga up like I'm The Rock
And she ready to sweep a nigga up because he hot
She ready to eat a nigga up until he lock
She hit the brakes and speed it up like she a car
Now she got her hands behind her head like I'm a cop, huh
I told her fuck the police, yeah
She right beside me and she sending nudes
You fuck my bitch, that's cool, I'm fucking niggas bitches too
If you try my shoes, they ain't gone fit
Me and you wear different shoes
Had to dumb it down for them to bite
Now it's time to switch the groove
I pulled up smooth, with my lil' bae
But I could've came with ya boo
If you with the shit, like I'm with the shit
And they play, they gone make the news
I was hitting yo sis on Sunday
At your grandma place, she cool
And if she raised you, I don't want her plate
No, I ain't even take her food
(Baby bougie, he be turning down all kind of hoes)
(He took my bitch in Nike, I'm rocking designer clothes)
I told her, "Sorry I'm not fucking, baby, I'm not a hoe"
Had bitches knocking at my door like they was dominoes
They gone say I went 'Pop'
Until a nigga play with me and he get popped
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And she ready to sweep a nigga up because he hot
She ready to eat a nigga up until he lock
She hit the brakes and speed it up like she a car
Now she got her hands behind her head like I'm a cop, huh
I told her fuck the police, yeah Taking a trip to Mexico, I'm coming right back to town
I sell a lot of perico, been tryna slow it down
Takin' a fo', I put a two on that and then I make it bounce

I took the thirty-six to a hundred-eight and weigh up every ounce
I'm a plug, working a drug hub out in H-town
Bae what up, you my lil' love bug, you with Gates now
Penetrate, while I grip her waist, push her face down
Concentrate, boom, this that base, making grave sounds
Got a graveyard up under my belt, more murders than New Mexico
Thirty-round extension, mini-glizzy and I'm surgical
I'm holding rank in the cartel, I got control in this bitch
Still a book you for a show and get you showed in this bitch
Bread winner, don dada, bitch, we Puerto Rico gangland
A hundred bricks ain't nothing, I push the button and make the plane land
Showed some of you niggas how to grind up out the whole
Then I tied you in with 'migo then I gotcha another lowYeah, he just told you how to 'Pop'
Until a nigga play with me and he get popped
I'm on front row at BET without my Glock
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And she ready to sweep a nigga up because he hot
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