

Startender (feat. Offset and Tyga)

A Boogie wit da Hoodie

[Intro: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]

Yeah, shawty got ass, she just got a tummy tuck, yeah
Yeah, startenders, run it up

Ah

Let's get into it
Watch your bitch

Yeah

Ah[Chorus: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]

Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli, ah ooh yeah

[Verse 1: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]

Ooh, I see it in you

You just left your man, that's too bad, ooh

Pull up in a foreign like skrt skrt

All up in your feelings, yeah you seem so hurt

Elliot the chains, now it's time to run it up

In the game, got a two, so you know they wanna pop, yeah

Yeah, shawty got ass

She just got a tummy tuck, yeah

Startenders, run it up[Chorus: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]

Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli

Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
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[Verse 2: Offset]

Offset!

100 in my fanny, yeah (Hunnid)

Running up the engine for my family, huh (Fam')

Wanna hop on drift, take off your panties, huh

Niggas see my wrist and they can't stand me, huh (Baguettes)

Coco in my Maybach like it's free meat (Splash, splash)

Shoot a hundred rounds and get your street swept

Patek on my wrist, this shit ain't cheap, cheap

Perc'y or the Addy, which one you gon' eat?

And we got status in the back and meet the Grim Reap'

Green light lambo with yo bitch creepin'

We get the poppin' bodies so I let the TEC feed 'em
I put the North up on my back, I get the M's, I feed 'em[Chorus: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]
 Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
 Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
 Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
 Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli
 Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
 Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
 Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli, ah ooh yeah[Verse 3: Tyga]
 Bitch, I'm number one like I'm Nelly (Nelly)
 And my crib all white like Belly (Belly)
 And my bitch ride for me like Remy (Remy)
 Poppin' shots, thug life, Makaveli
 Send the cash to my celly, have my nigga go get it
 Then we split it like a splinter, if I'm in it, it ain't rented
 Got the rims so biggie and my cars look skinny
 Good pussy and you pretty, but you better off the Henny (Yeah)
 I ain't Ray J, told a bitch, "Wait a minute" (Yeah)
 Diamonds on my dick, told the bitch, "Come and get it" (Hol' up)
 Shawty, you a star, got all these niggas wishin'
She gotta make it count, hit me up, when you finished[Chorus: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]
 Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
 Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
 Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
 Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli
 Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch
 Ooh, don't think these niggas understand me
 Ooh, she let me touch it in Miami
Ooh, I'm feelin' like I'm Biggaveli, ah ooh yeah[Outro: A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie]
 Head, shoulders, knees, focus
 Head, shoulders, knees, focus, yeah
 Head, yeah, shoulders, yeah, knees, yeah, going, yeah
 Head and shoulders, yeah, knees, yeah, focus, yeah
 Head, shoulders, knees, focus
 Head, shoulders, knees, focus, yeah
 Head and shoulders, yeah, knees, yeah, going, yeah
 Head and shoulders, yeah, knees, yeah, going, yeah
 Hmm, ain't fucking with no off brand bitch (Bang)

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

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