

# Ghetto superstar - Roddy Ricch Ft. Doe Boy & G Herbo lyrics

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## “Ghetto superstar”

[Intro]

I got a bullet with your name on it, fuckin' kill 'em  
So fuck your eyes, as I sip this Glock, we twistin' livers  
I got a bullet with your name on it, fuckin' kill 'em  
(Southside on the track, yeah)  
So fuck your eyes, as I sip this Glock, we twistin' livers  
(Mustard on the beat, ho')

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch]

My money don't sleep (Sleep), I'm slow to speak (Slow to speak)  
Pour the whole P (Woo, woo), It's holy (Woo, woo)  
Take two-fifty (Yeah, yeah), right overseas (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm a ghetto superstar, like I'm ODB (I'm ODB)  
My closet clean (Yeah, yeah), rock everythin' (Yeah, yeah)  
He wanna shoot it, shoot it, shoot it, let it ring (Woo, woo)  
Take everythin' (Woo, woo), and flee the scene (Woo, woo)  
Real red fiend, ready for anythin'

[Verse 1: Roddy Ricch]

My young niggas seals, they popping off, hightail and drop 'em off  
Internet, they tough as hell, outside, they cotton soft  
Drink got a nigga high as hell, I was damn near nodding off  
Floor seats, I be fly as hell, wrist frost, I could buy a loft  
Three-fifty my service fee, an extra one is courtesy (Ooh, yeah)  
Had the Phantom out in London, told 'em "Close the curtains, please"

And she be (And she be), with me every week (With me every week)  
Miami Beach, with Doe Bee off a tee (A tee)  
New Fazo's, I don't crease 'em up, my Maybach creepin' up  
They don't pat me down at no club, I gotta keep it tucked  
All the gang ties rooted, like a fuckin' tree trunk  
Just make sure you put some respect on it when you speak of us

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch & Doe Boy]

My money don't sleep, I'm slow to speak  
Pour the whole P (Let's go), It's holy (Let's go)  
Take two-fifty (Let's go), right overseas (Go)  
I'm a ghetto superstar, like I'm ODB (Doe Beezy)  
My closet clean, rock everythin' (No, phew)  
He wanna shoot it, shoot it, shoot it, let it ring (Baow, baow, baow)  
Take everythin' and flee the scene (Go)  
Real red fiend, ready for anythin' (Oh, really?)

[Verse 2: Doe Boy]

I hit Roddy line, I saw the opps, I got the tee (Go)  
When B-I-G D-O-E got the tee, it's R.I.P. (Baow, baow)  
Big Doe Beezy got the tee, I sip dead niggas when I drink (Beezy)  
Get your bitch up off my D, I'm not my Cuban, I don't link (Come here)  
I don't link, I don't even answer my phone, ho', I don't speak  
I got rich, I pay a maid now, but I'll still a sweep (Baow, baow)  
Sweep his ass like seven games, I come through clutch, I did a three  
(Swish)  
I'ma up this big ass switch, you get a scratch on this big B (Skrrt)  
Bentley, stripper so amazed, so I'm flyin' Benji's (Mwah, come here)  
Opps said it's on sight, too bad my enemies don't match energy  
Still ridin' round through Cleveland in a droptop, ain't goin' like Kennedy  
Catch up, I got Mustard, bitch, send my deposit instantly (Oh, really?)

[Interlude: Doe Boy]

Big Doe Beezy, nigga, top shotta, Don Dada  
You know what the fuck goin' on, Double R, what's poppin'? (Grrah,  
boom, boom)

**Yeah, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on  
I got a switch on me, hold on  
Hold on, hold on, roll the Double R window down real quick  
Pussy, grrah**

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch]

**My money don't sleep (Sleep), I'm slow to speak (Slow to speak)  
Pour the whole P (Woo, woo), It's holy (Woo, woo)  
Take two-fifty (Yeah, yeah), right overseas (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm a ghetto superstar, like I'm ODB (I'm ODB)  
My closet clean (Yeah, yeah), rock everythin' (Yeah, yeah)  
He wanna shoot it, shoot it, shoot it, let it ring (Woo, woo)  
Take everythin' (Woo, woo), and flee the scene (Woo, woo)  
Real red fiend, ready for anythin' (Woo)**

[Verse 3: G Herbo]

**Shoot, don't need a screen, I'm with the dream team (G Herbo)  
Reds on, all we knew was green beams (Grrt)  
I ain't tellin' nothin', but I seen things (I seen it all)  
Ain't no failin' us, we like the SAT's, uh, ayy  
Went from wintertime, rollin' up on G's to L.A. breeze  
Moved to L.A., hoes can't get enough of me, they on they knees  
Spent a million, I can't wait 'til I beat my case, I'm like "Please"  
Quick to show a nigga this barrel, like a sheriff, I'm like "Freeze"  
Quick to buy new Vs, quick to buy VVs  
Make her get fly like me, make her ride like me  
But I can't trust no hoes, they quick to lie, like me  
If she don't flex and she don't front  
I give her a diamond, Saint Laurent, my money don't sleep**

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch & G Herbo]

**My money don't sleep (Ayy), I'm slow to speak (I'm slow to speak)  
Pour the whole P (Whole P), It's holy (It's holy)  
Take two-fifty (Two-fifty), right overseas (Right overseas)  
I'm a ghetto superstar, like I'm ODB (Like ODB, know that)  
My closet clean, rock everythin' (Rock everythin')**

**He wanna shoot it, shoot it, shoot it, let it ring (He go "Brr")  
Take everythin' and flee the scene (Flee the scene)  
Real red fiend (Real red fiend), ready for anythin' (Huh, huh, huh?)**

**[Outro]**

**I got a bullet with your name on it, fuckin' kill 'em  
So fuck your eyes, as I sip this Glock, we twistin' livers  
I got a bullet with your name on it, fuckin' kill 'em  
So fuck your eyes, as I sip this Glock, we twistin' livers**

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