

Stars - J.I.D lyrics

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“ Stars ”

[Intro]

Oh, woah, woah, woah

Look, uh

[Verse 1: JID]

Baby girl, have faith in a nigga without a job
And let a nigga stay at your place

Play it for your friends when I drop a mixtape
Both of us will win if I get a big break
Broke nigga dick? Baby, had a long day
Tryna get rich, buy you Dolce
And Gabbana, baby, just be honest

Don't be tryna play me, I'm an artist, baby, I'm an artist
Baby, I'm an artist (And I'm sensitive about my shit)

I been tryna make it on my grind, I'm takin' what is mine
I'm racin' with the time

I been tryna make it at my hardest, makin' it a promise
Chasin' with my heart in it

I just gotta make it to the stars, a spaceship or a rocket

**Paintin', I'm an artist
I'm just tryna make it as an artist (And I'm sensitive about my shit)
I just gotta make it**

[Chorus: JID]

**Heavy way to hold the head and notice
Just a long and cold and scary
But I don't even feel a thing no more
I set my goals and I'm prepared (Look-look-look-look-look, uh)
Will you be there? (Look, uh)**

[Verse 2: JID]

**Everybody wanna come and hang with the stars
Pinky ring, chain, bling-bling and the cars
A hundred miles an hour
on the way to Lee-R**

You don't even believe in Jesus wearin' Christian Dior

**You crazy on a Twitter, who we need for PR?
You out of control, P-O-W-E-R
Went to the head and now you doin' bodily harm
On the meds and nobody wanna say
Because they scared to lose a gig**

**But yeah-yeah, you wanna be JID, kid
I used to wanna be Jay, I used to wanna be Wayne
I used to wanna be Kanye and Andre 3K**

And all my homegirls wanted to be Beyoncé
Can you pay my telephone bills?

Woah, shit, I was just lookin' for a deal
Workin' so hard, had to sharpen my skills
Work with my dawgs, still sharpen my steel

Was still in apartments, stealin' and starvin'
Fast-forward, I'm in a buildin' with stars
And I got in Yachty car, he got stars in the ceilin'
Pause for a minute (Wait)

Gotta know the difference in the stars and the gimmicks
Are you really in it for the arts or the image?
Do you really live it in your heart and spirit?
It's part of all you are, and all you isn't

[Chorus: JID]

Heavy way to hold the head and notice (Trust your vision)
Just a long and cold and scary (Trust your vision)
But I don't even feel a thing no more
I set my goals and I'm prepared
Will you be there?

[Intro: Tane Runo]

And now, a word from our ancestors
Man, I, I like these new slaves

[Verse: Yasiin Bey]

Your chain hangin', bling swingin', back breakin'

But it's gleamin', problem posture, double cup leanin'

Slide, slouchin' tiger, pimpin' dragon

on swagger

VVS is very vertebrae snappin', lights flashin'

A manicured appearance concealin' the shattered spirit

Jinn sneerin' out the paradox prism

The palace as the prison, retail religion

Red carpet constriction, the freedom is the fiction

As niggas raised specific is race really existin'

Man, get the bag, you're trippin'

Go 'head partner, hit this, sip this

Wishlist, hitlist, top ten, shit list, bitchless

Chickless, playmate, playboy, flip sides, same coin, big front

But no joy, yuck, oh boy, hot girls, cold hearts

Tax man like the Taliban and ISIS

No relation to class of Osiris

Kissin' cousins 'til the climbin' gas prices kill a climate

Yikes-es, sucker, mean muggin', who the nicest?

A promised death known is what they life is

Bey tap in, they tap out like a tabloid typist

**They touch too tiny to the titan, YA-S-double I-N
Conquerin' lion out the liar, seek the garden, flee the fire**

[Outro]

One, two, three, four

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