

ROCKSTAR - DaBaby Lyrics

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"ROCKSTAR"

Woo, woo

I pull up like

How you pull up, Baby? How you pull up? (Oh)

How you pull up? I pull up (Seth in the kitchen)

Let's go

Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?

This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (woo)

My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (woo)

You better let me go the day you need me (woo)

Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (woo)

And if I ain't enough, go get the chop

It's safe to say I earned it, ain't a nigga gave me nothin' (yeah, yeah)

I'm ready to hop out on a nigga, get to bustin'

Know you heard me say, "You play, you lay, " don't make me push the
button

Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a fuckin' bucket
Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper
I got a big drum, it hold a hundred, ain't goin' for nothin'
I'm ready to air it out on all these niggas, I can see 'em runnin'
Just talked to my mama, she hit me on FaceTime
Just to check up on me and my brother
I'm really the baby, she know that her youngest son
Was always guaranteed to get the money (okay, let's go)
She know that her baby boy was always guaranteed to get the loot
She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga, I'ma pull it out and
shoot (boom)
PTSD, I'm always waking up in cold sweats like I got the flu
My daughter a G, she saw me kill a nigga in front of her before the age of
two
And I'll kill another nigga too
'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you
Long as you know that, don't let nobody tell you different
Daddy love you (yeah, yeah)
Let's go
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (woo)

My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (woo)

You better let me go the day you need me (woo)

Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (woo, yeah)

And if I ain't enough, go get the chop

Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban

'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'

I got the mop, watch me wash 'em like detergent

And I'm ballin', that's why it's diamonds on my jersey

Slide on opps' side and flip the block back, yeah, yeah

My junior popped him and left him lopsided, yeah, yeah

We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman

You fool me one time, you can't cross me again

Twelve hundred horsepower, I get lost in the wind

If he talkin' on the yard, the pen' dogs'll take his chin

Maybach SUV for my refugees

Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets

I was solo when the opps caught me at the gas station

Had it on me, thirty thousand, thought it was my last day

But they ain't even want no smoke (no smoke)

If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote

Let's go

Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?

This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (woo)

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