

5 Star - Yo Gotti Lyrics

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"5 Star"

Chea (yeah)

Ayy, you know I'm lookin' for a five-star bitch, talkin' 'bout (burr, burr)

I'm talkin' 'bout a ho gotta be lookin' like she just stepped out a magazine,
homie (Gucci)

(If your credit score high, feet and nails stay fly

Keep your juice box wet, and your head somethin' fine)

I'm talkin' 'bout this ho gon' be somethin' serious (yeah)

(I want a five-star bitch, I need a five-star bitch

I need a five-star bitch, I want a five-star bitch)

Gotti, here go twelve bars, Gucci Mane got nine cars

We don't call 'em dimes no more, '09 we call 'em five stars

I'm a five-star nigga, this a five-star clique

That's a 645, this that new M6

Pay her bills, get her hair fixed, might even pay her rent

And the way she give it to me, best money I ever spent

Hey, I can't even lie, I'm so super high
Do not need her, will not keep her unless she is fly
Gucci Mane's a thug, your man is a scrub, see
She loves me now, she loves you not, yeah all my bitches love me
And if you in Atlanta, look up Gucci, girl, and beep me
And we can find a five-star hotel, you can meet me
That's a five-star bitch, that's a five-star bitch
Now that's a five-star bitch, now that's a five-star bitch
If your credit score high, feet and nails stay fly
Keep your juice-box wet and your head somethin' fire
Then you a five-star bitch, ayy, you a five-star bitch
Ayy, you a five-star bitch, ayy, you a five-star bitch
I want a five-star bitch, I need a five-star bitch (remix)
I need a five-star bitch, I want a five-star bitch (yeah, Yo Gotti)
It's your boy Yo Gotti, I do grade A shit
I'm the realest nigga walkin', and this the remix (Yo Gotti)
And still I'm out here lookin' for a five-star bitch
When I catch her, I'ma bless her with a five-star kit
She a natural born hustla, she ain't chasin' no suckas (nah)
Only mess with real niggas, she ain't never fucked a busta (nah, nah, nah)
So your cars and your jewelry that shit really don't excite her
And all them hatin'-ass hoes in the club want to fight her
She was born in the A, went to school in D.C. (Bankhead)

Got a job in Dallas, Texas then moved to Tennessee
If you ain't a five-star, need to go ahead and face it
Fake Gucci, fake Louis, shorty, that'll make you basic
That ain't a five-star bitch, that ain't a five-star bitch
That ain't a five-star bitch, that ain't a five-star bitch (Trina)
See I'm a five-star bitch 'cause I ain't that other bitch
She be strugglin' for hers, from the womb, I been rich
I ain't gotta talk about the money and the shoe game
All you gotta do is Google Trina, see the proof, mane
'Cause ain't none of these hoes doin' shows in a recession
They cards get declined, now they sufferin' a depression (damn)
While I'm spending meals, signin' all kinda deals
I'm a five-star bitch eatin' five-star meals
My whole lifestyle like "Coming to America"
All my Louis luggage, you see my bag how I carry her
Walkin' through the airport like I'm in a parade
On my hologram, loggin' on to E-Trade
That's a five-star bitch, that's a five-star bitch
Now that's a five-star bitch, now that's a five-star bitch
If your credit score high, feet and nails stay fly
Keep your juice-box wet and your head somethin' fine
Then you a five-star bitch, ayy, you a five-star bitch
Ayy, you a five-star bitch, ayy, you a five-star bitch

I want a five-star bitch, I need a five-star bitch
I need a five-star bitch, I want a five-star bitch
Hmm, I just had a epiphany, I need to go to Tiffany's
Fendi on my slippers and my cookie's always slippery
I don't need help, I pay the bills on time
So I be yellin', "Fuck 'em, " with a dildo sign
Five, little mama, you a three-star
I ain't sleepin' when I say I'm in my dream car
Oh, did I stutter? Harajuku hyphen Barbie
I'm hot, I think it's time to put the rice in
I was in the chair, I was gluin' my weave in
When you hit the stage, they was booin' and leavin'
Young Money, red flag, no more auditions
Ask Lil Wayne who the five-star bitch is
That's a five-star bitch, that's a five-star bitch
Now that's a five-star bitch, now that's a five-star bitch

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