

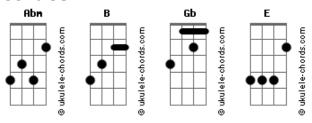
DaBaby - Rockstar (feat. Roddy Ricch)

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pull it out and shoot
                            tom:
                                                                (Boom)
                Ahm
                                                                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
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                before the age of two
        Gb
                                                                And I'll kill another nigga too
      Woo, woo
Abm B
                                                                'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you
Woo,
      woo
       Gb E
                                                                Long as you know that, don't let nobody tell you different
I pull up like
                                                                Daddy love you (Yeah, yeah)
  How you pull up, Baby? How you pull up? (Oh, oh,?oh)
                                                                [Refrão]
                   Gb
How?you pull up?
                 I pull up (Woo, Seth in?the kitchen)
[Refrão]
                                                                Let's go
                                                                Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
Let's go
                                                                With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
                                                                Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
                                     Abm
With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
                                                                This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo)
Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
                                                                My Glock told me to promise you gon' squeeze me (Woo)
This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo)
                                                                                                 Ahm
                                                                You better let me go the day you need me (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
Soon as you up me on that nigga, get to bustin' (Woo)
And if I ain't enough, go get the chop
                                                                [Segunda Parte]
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban
It's safe to say I earned it, ain't a nigga gave me nothin'
                                                                'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'
                                                                I got the mop, watch me wash 'em like detergent
Yeah, yeah, yeah
                                                                And I'm ballin', that's why it's diamonds on my jersey
I'm ready to hop out on a nigga, get to bustin'
                                                                Slide on opps' side and flip the block back, yeah, yeah
Know you heard me say, "You play, you lay," don't make me push My junior popped him and left him lopsided, yeah, yeah
                                                                We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman
Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a fuckin' bucket Gb
                                                                Fool me one time, you can't cross me again
Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper
                                                                Twelve hundred horsepower, I get lost in the wind
I got a big drum, it hold a hundred, ain't goin' for nothin'
                                                            Abm If he talkin' on the yard, the pen' dogs'll take his chin
I'm ready to air it out on all these niggas, I can see 'em
runnin'
                                                                Maybach SUV for my refugees
                                                                Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets
Just talked to my mama, she hit me on FaceTime just to check
up on me and my brother
                                                                I was solo when the opps caught me at the gas station
I'm really the baby, she know that her youngest son was always
                                                               Had it on me, thirty thousand, thought it was my last day
guaranteed to get the
Abm
                                                                But they ain't even want no smoke
                                                                If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote
Okay, let's go
                                                             Gb [Refrão]
She know that her baby boy was always guaranteed to get the
                                                                Let's go
She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga, I'ma
                                                                Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
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E Abm
With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
B Gb
Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
E Abm
This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo)
B Gb

Acordes



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

E
Abm

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

B
Gb

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

E
Abm

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