

DaBaby - Rockstar (feat. Roddy Ricch)

tom: Abm

[Primeira Parte]

Abm B Gb E
Woo, woo

Abm B
Woo, woo

Gb E
I pull up like

Abm B Gb E
How you pull up, Baby? How you pull up? (Oh, oh,?oh)

Abm B Gb E
How?you pull up? I pull up (Woo, Seth in?the kitchen)

[Refrão]

Abm
Let's go

B Gb
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

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
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

[Primeira Parte]

B Gb
It's safe to say I earned it, ain't a nigga gave me nothin'

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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

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

E Abm
Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a fuckin' bucket

B
Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper

Gb
I got a big drum, it hold a hundred, ain't goin' for nothin'

E Abm
I'm ready to air it out on all these niggas, I can see 'em runnin'

B
Gb
Just talked to my mama, she hit me on FaceTime just to check up on me and my brother

E
I'm really the baby, she know that her youngest son was always guaranteed to get the

Abm
money

Okay, let's go

B
She know that her baby boy was always guaranteed to get the loot

E
She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga, I'ma

pull it out and shoot
(Boom)

B Gb
PTSD, I'm always waking up in cold sweats like I got the flu

E
Abm
My daughter a G, she saw me kill a nigga in front of her before the age of two

B Gb E
And I'll kill another nigga too

Gb E
'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you

Abm B
Long as you know that, don't let nobody tell you different

Gb E
Daddy love you (Yeah, yeah)

[Refrão]

Abm
Let's go

B Gb
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

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
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

[Segunda Parte]

B Gb
Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban

E Abm
'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'

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

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

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

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

B
We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman

Gb E
Fool me one time, you can't cross me again

Abm B
Twelve hundred horsepower, I get lost in the wind

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

Abm B
Maybach SUV for my refugees

Gb E
Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets

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

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

Abm B
But they ain't even want no smoke

Gb E
If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote

[Refrão]

Gb
Let's go

B Gb
Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

With the ^Epistol on my hip like I'm a cop (Yeah, yeah, yeah) ^{Abm}
Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar? ^B ^{Gb}
This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (Woo) ^E ^{Abm} ^B ^{Gb}

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

Acordes

