Lil Gotit, Superstar (feat. Gunna, prod. 10fifty)

(Wheezy outta here)

Everybody wanna be a superstar
Get a lot of money, drive fancy cars
Everybody wanna be a superstar
Get a lot of money, might not see tomorrow
Everybody wanna be a superstar
Get a lot of money, fuck fancy broads
Everybody wanna be a superstar
Get a lot of money, drive fancy cars
Stickin' to the models, yeah
Drinkin' out the bottle, yeah

What have you done to deserve this?
You gon' have to keep a gun if it's dirty
Spend a mansion on a car and park it in the slum
Got diamonds on me, got a Glock, holdin' thirty drum
We buss a check up down the middle, nine figures
I packed the hood out on the jet when I first came up
Money brought pain before the fame, I was painless
Shit ain't the same, you get more money, it get more dangerous
It could be a motive when you litty and you famous
Fuck on her few times, still feel like she a stranger

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Abu Dhabi trips with a US broad
Back to back Lamb's, need an extra garage
Lamborghini keys, touch screen when it start
Smokin' on exotic, you can smell when it tar
Blicky, blicky, put it extendo on the FN with me
Let me spray it in her head, now it's sticky, sticky
We just came up from the dead, now I'm shitting-shitting yeah
Rose gold diamonds in my mouth when I smile, bitch
I just walked into the spot and changed the climate
I got bitches in the back and on the side of me
He didn't bring me all my racks so now he gotta leave
I just wanna smoke him 'cause he shot at me
Cash out in the mall, it's worth a quarter key
Bread gang so we get a lot of keys
Prayin' to the God in my rosary

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