**Rockstar.**

**Dabadi & Roddy Rich.**

Capo 4.

[Intro: DaBaby]

Em G D C

Woo, woo

Em G

Woo, woo

D C

I pull up like

Em G D C

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

Em G D C

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

[Chorus: DaBaby]

Em

Let's go

G D

Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car

C Em

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

G D

Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?

C Em

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

G D

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

C Em

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

G D

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

C Em

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

[Verse 1: DaBaby]

G D

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

C Em

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

G D

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

C Em

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

G

Goin' for buckets, I bought a chopper

D

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

C Em

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

G D

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

C Em

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

(Okay, let's go)

G D

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

C Em

She know what I do, she know 'fore I run from a nigga, I'ma pull it out and shoot (Boom)

G D

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

C Em

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

G

And I'll kill another nigga too

D C

'Fore I let another nigga do somethin' to you

Em G

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

D C

Daddy love you (Yeah, yeah)

[Chorus: DaBaby & Roddy Ricch]

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G D

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G D

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C Em

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

[Verse 2: Roddy Ricch]

G D

Keep a Glocky when I ride in the Suburban

C Em

'Cause the codeine had a young nigga swervin'

G D

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

C Em

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

G D

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

C Em

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

G

We spin his block, got the rebound, Dennis Rodman

D C

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

Em G

Twelve hundred horsepower, I get lost in the wind

D C

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

Em G

Maybach SUV for my refugees

D C

Buy blocks in the hood, put money in the streets

Em G

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

D C

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

Em G

But they ain't even want no smoke

D C

If I had to choose it, murder what she wrote

[Chorus: DaBaby]

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Let's go

G D

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