

Rockstar – BLM Remix

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Nedskrift: TH

BLM vers

Even if I told you, still wouldn't understand what happened
Rather be myself, if people look at me, don't matter
A rockstar, nigga, just tryna keep it kosher
Try to keep my eyes on my own paper like my teachers told me
Soon as niggas think it's over (Poof)
Number one on the charts, I'm there vicariously
Oh, there they go
Biasedly pushin' negative narratives, I'm ready, though
Cops wanna pull me over, embarrass me
Abusin' power, you never knew me, thought I was arrogant

As a juvenile, police pulled their guns like they scared of me
And we're used to how crackers treat us, now that's the scary thing
Want anything we good at and we cherish it
Now we all fed up and niggas comin' back for everything
Rockstars, nigga, just watch the news, they burning cop cars, nigga
Kill another nigga, break the law, then call us outlaws, nigga
What happened? Want us to keep it peaceful
Shoulda seen them hating bitches face when I bought that Lamborghini
(SethInTheKitchen) Throw up my middle finger

♩ = 90

G#m H F# E

Vokal

Brand new Lam-bor-ghi-ni fuck a cop car, with a pis-tol on my hip like I'm a

Po-lice can't catch me, this a

Guitar

Bas

Trom.

3

G#m H F# E

cop Have you ev - er met a real nig-ga rock - star, this ain't no gui-tar bitch this a

yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah

5 G#m H F# E

Glock. My Glock told me to pro-mise you gon' squeeze me you bet-ter let me go the day you

uh uh

7 G#m H F# E

need me. Soon as you up me on that nig-ga, get to bust, and if I ain't e-nough, go get the

uh uh

9 G#m H F# E

chop. It's safe to say I earned it, ain't a (nig-ga) gave me no - thing. I'm rea-dy to hop out on the (nig-ga) get to

yeah, yeah, yeah

11 G#m H

bust - ing.

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

12 F# E
Full of pain, dropped enough tears to fill up a, fill up a

13 G#m H
trunk Go - ing for buck-ets, I bought a chop-per I got a big drum, it hold a

14 F# E
hund-red, ain't go - ing for no-thing, I'm rea - dy to air it out on all these (nig - gas), I see 'm

15 G#m H
run-ning. Just talked to my ma-ma, she hit me on face - time just to check up on me and my

16 F# E
bro-ther. I'm real - ly the ba - by, she know that her young-est son was al - ways gua - ran - teed to get the

17 G#m H
mo - ney. She know that her ba - by boy was al - ways gua - ran - teed to get the

18 F# E
loot. She know what I do. She know 'fore I run from a (nig - ga), I'm a pull it out and

19 G#m H
shoot. P T S D I'm al - ways wak - ing up in cold sweats like I got the

Uh yeah, yeah, yeah.

20 F# E
flu. My daugh-ter, a G, she saw me kill - ing a (nig - ga) in front of her be-fore the age of

uh

21 G#m H F# E
two. And I'll kill a - no - ther (nig - ga) too, 'fore I let a - noth - er (nig - ga) do some - thing to you

23 G#m H F# E
 Long as you know that, don't let a - ny - bo - dy tell you diff - rent, Dad - dy love you. Let's go!

25 G#m H F# E Yeah.
 Brand new Lam - bor - ghi - ni fuck a cop car, with a pis - tol on my hip like I'm a
 go, go,

27 G#m H F# E
 cop Have you ev - er met a real nig - ga rock - star, this ain't no gui - tar bitch this a

29 G#m H F# E
 yeah, yeah, yeah Glock. My Glock told me to pro - mise you gon' squeeze me you bet - ter let me go the day you
 uh uh

31 G#m H F# E
 need me. Soon as you up me on that nig - ga, get to bust, and if I ain't e - nough, go get the
 uh uh

33 G#m H F# E
 chop. Keep a (Gloc - ky) when I ran in the sub - ur - ban, 'cause the co - deine had a young (nig - ga)

35 G#m H F# E
 swerv - ing. I got the mop, watch me wash 'em like de - ter - gent. And I'm ball - ing, that's why it's dia - monds on my

37 G#m H F# E
 jer - sey. yeah. My ju - nior popped him and left him lop - sid - ed, yeah.
 Slide on 'ops side and flip the block back, yeah,

39 G#m H F# E

We spin his block, got the re-bound, Den-nis Rod - man. Fool for me one time, you can't cross me a - gain. Twelve

41 G#m H F# E

hundred horse-pow-er. I get lost in the wind. If he talk-ing on the yard, the pen' dogs will take his chin. May -

43 G#m H F# E

- bach S U V for my re - fu-gees Buy blocks in the hood, put mo-ney in the streets. I was

45 G#m H

so - lo when the 'ops caught me at the gas sta - tion. Had it

46 F# E G#m H

on me, thir - ty thou-sand, thought it was my last day But they ain't ev-en were no smoke. If I had to

48 F# E

choose it mur - der what she wrote

Let's go
 Brand new Lamborghini, fuck a cop car
 With the pistol on my hip like I'm a cop (yeah, yeah, yeah)
 Have you ever met a real nigga rockstar?
 This ain't no guitar, bitch, this a Glock (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