

Ya Boy

"YB The Rockstar"

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How ya doin' I'm YB the Rockstar
I fuck hot babes and I drive a hot car
Way before the guitar I was a block star
How ya doin' I'm YB the rockstar
Say rock on baby, say rock on x3

Rock on!
Mohawks and heavy metal I'm never settled
I'll be on the move, put your mamma on the news
CRYIN'
Like Jim Taylor, stay with a tune n'
When I let it loose give you the opposite of life TRY HIM
Put you on death-row if you crooked eye him
You never in the streets see ya boy put his time in
Put his life in consignment and buy him
20 on his head will have them desert eagles flying
Then I'm back in the street like a rock star
Coke so soft but that soda make it rock hard
That's when I used to eat macaroni and hot dogs
Now when I'm valet parking I got the top off
With a hot broad that suck me till she lock-jaw
My red-boned bitch you can call her hot sauce
Exhaust out the Bentley Coupe
Blowing a whole bunch of kush out the Bentley roof
See this the life that I dreamed about
I seen the east, mid-west, and I seen the south
While them fags was ridin' jags brought them beamers
out
Hip-hop was getting dirty had to clean the house YA
Tell them hos that precise in the bitch
And we fresh out the trap like some ice in this bitch
Mr. rogers I'm too damn nice in this bitch
So they can't see me I'm poltergeist in this bitch

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