

## Groove Coverage

### "Ghetto Starz"

Visit "[Ghetto Starz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
I'm a rapper turned rock star  
Word up, what I wanna know  
Yo, I'm a rapper turned rock star  
What, what, what, what  
I'm a rapper turned rock star  
Yo, yo, yo

[Fredro Starr]

I'm a rapper turned rock star, in a hot car  
What y'all? The black prop with the crowbar  
No plates off the lot it costs a lot  
You forced to watch hands take they hand off the glock  
Money don't stop long as I stay hot  
Cook it up, chop it up, put it on the block  
Bust a bullet on the chart till we hit the top  
Nigga not too thick, the fold, I'm dipped in gold  
You half a gram niggas, can never slam niggas  
What part you don't understand? I'm the man nigga

Chorus: Mr. Cheeks (repeat 2X)

Why not? Makin moves and gettin money with my team  
We them ghetto starz, this here is far from a dream  
Official Nas, here to get up in that ass  
Word up, pour some liquor in my cup and pass

[?]

Yo, word up kid, there's mad money in this  
Grab the mic, handle your business  
This here is for Official niggas only, no beginners  
About my heavy metal, run the ghetto, where my  
sinners?  
You feel me in my crazy world, I only deal with sinners  
Hearin local reports from out the vocal laws up in the  
game  
You violate nigga, I swear I tear you out the frame  
Y'all niggas know the name, we represent the burrough  
Queens  
With the same routines run with y'all gats to  
smithereens

[?]

Official Nas, and L-B fam

Bringin you the jam from the Queen-shy to get green-shy

Rob with us, shorty it's all live, peep the vibe

As we keep you wired, so up the stakes, cut the cake

Regulate, we delegate and dead they take

That's a rapper that it's official, track for track

I back slap you, with my other platinum plaques

You whack rap hopefulls, have you noddin like the  
dope do

Any member of my crew'll roze you

Number one spot, took that

Onyx show, book that

Got a bet, better know where to put that

[Chorus] X 2

[Sonsee]

I smoke weed in cars that cost more than your house

I got a fly chick with gats, hold coke in her blouse

I'm talkin about a hundred g's, show sold out

So you see that, you better shut your mouth

I used to scheme on niggas that had more than me

Now I'm that nigga and niggas scheme on me

I got a ghetto mentality

If a nigga front, I'm gattin 'em

I never had nothin, now my rolex is platinum

I be the same man, rich or poor

Wildin out at the club, time to hit the floor

Outside I got the infa, in the Ferrari cockpit

Fuck partyin with y'all, we already got shit

You rockless, nina you ain't got no props

Let me see you at the awards this years, I blow your  
spot

Even at a rich event, you can still get shot

Fuck that, as of now Onyx back in the mack

We guaranteed to start fights everytime we rap

Yo, who got next? Who got first?

I'm God Son, the illest nigga on this earth, what?

[Chorus] X 4

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