

## **Rick Ross**

### **"I'm Not A Star"**

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Maybach music

I'm not a star, somebody lied, I got a pistol in the car, a  
45

If I'd die today, remember me like John Lennon  
Bury the Louis, I'm talkin' all brown linen  
Make all of my bitches tattoo my logo on they titty  
Put a statue of a nigga in the middle of the city

Load up the choppers like it's December thirty first  
Roll up and cock it and hit them niggas where it hurts  
Told 'em my partna and help them fagots give 'em  
thirty  
I told 'em I got it, therefore I gotta do you dirty  
Back on my Benz, been in these bitches 830  
Scoot me a dime, now man get off at 1030

Goin' on 12, go home and tell that man I'm lyin'  
I got a bake sale, bitches stunnin' for the pie  
9 for the slice, dummy that's a Dan Marino  
Talkin' quarterbacks mean you talkin' quarter kilos

Niggas feel my pain, I ain't even gotta say it  
Where I come from if they be hopin' thatcha payin'  
How I can save when all my niggas in the can  
And by my brothers people, motherfucker take my  
hand

Pull up to the club I got a kilo in the car  
Black card for the niggas spending C-notes at the bar  
I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a  
star

All black Lamborghini, smokin' on the sticky  
Got a couple dollars, now this nigga think he Ricky

Pull up to the club I got a kilo in the car  
Black card for the niggas spending C-notes at the bar  
I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a  
star

I'm not a star, somebody lied, I spent a milly on the car

It come alive, never feed it after dark, gotta treat it like  
gremlin  
It's a multi-million dollar motherfucker in it  
And I'm quick to blow a milli in a minute

I know them people wanna stick me with the senates  
I'm a player catchin' bitches like I'm TO  
Trunk full of work, yeah, this nigga think he Neno  
Three dice, yeah, grab a nigga for a kilo

Pink ring a hundred grand but keep that on the D-low  
Diddy negotiates and the paperwork the TO  
My niggas never sing if I need 'em I go to Neo  
Fuck a famous bitch then I treat her just like a ski-oh

Not even worth a shower, just grab me a stick of deo  
Monday for monages and Tuesday I get a trio  
And the bitch that get a gift on the scriff, she was a PO

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Black card for the niggas spending C-notes at the bar  
I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a star, I'm not a  
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