

Big Moe, A3, Killa Milla, Ronnie Spencer

"Star 2 Nite"

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(*singing*)

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 2X]

I'm, feeling like a star tonight
Top fly ladies, at the bar tonight
I'm about, to get the party hype
Feeling, like a star tonight

[A3]

Well I'ma slide in the mix, sitting low on a switch
Hit it hard like brick, lil' daddy I won't miss
You boys must forgot, when we crawl through the lot
We come to wreck shop, niggaz getting body rocked
Make it drop flip-flop, hoes keep your lips locked
Barberry strawberry, candy paint white top
You can do it on the scene, it's every playa's dream
I'm fool mine's, and always saturated on lean
We dodge the playa-hation, pimp game conversation
To pull a throwed bop, and commit penetration
Scoop her living for partnas, you ain't know then look
around
Be ready for H-Town, it's going all the way down come
on

[Hook - 2X]

[Big Moe]

I pulled up at the club, parking lot pimping
No mo' white cups, but a playa still sipping
You know me M-O-E, I get my buzz on
A dime piece, and I ain't taking no scrubs home
You gotta face me, or even taste me
(what it taste like), Bar Baby
That's, the sweet taste
Better known down here, as a skee taste
Everytime I step out, and hit the club
I valet hit the do', and all the thugs showing love
Moe V.I.P., and all dranks for free
I appreciate the love you shown, now all dranks on me

[Hook - 2X]

[Killa Milla]

I'm feeling ice cold, like the middle of winter
Throwback blue and gold, like a Astro simmer
I make this sound simple, so go on do the math
Killa Milla plus cash, equals a throwback slab
Got some throwback rims, they were born in '78
Grew in cherry year, 24 inches to date
24 switches to break, add eight to sixteen
Put a Benz in it's place, 2000 and 3
23 inch Spre's, inside the dots they spotted
At 600 so I speed, I leave that hoe topless
Took the wrist and I rocked it, Cardier doing time
Got the face behind boys, looking like a diamond mine
He make these diamonds shine, I'm talking bout Johnny
He compliments my rhymes, I'm talking bout Ronnie
Noke D on the track, and his shit's the hottest
Leave me behind the wheel, cause he know that I got
this
Now watch this, I act guards like Emmitt Smith
My spinners it simmer-simmers, on side of his helmet
And oh boy, I'm feeling like a star tonight
Ring side, at the Tyson fight man

[Hook - 3X]

I'm feeling like a star tonight

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