

## **Play F/ Chris Trousdale**

### **"Street Stars"**

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[Dame]

now how many bitches wanna suck my dick  
and how many niggaz wanna fuck my bitch  
how many young ass G's wanna hold my gat  
how many jealous motherfuckers wanna control my  
sack  
see im running shit bigger cause I make more wealth  
Its a 100 something niggaz yelling break yourself  
but if you try to break me come and sick off that hot  
I bet my folks will catch ya before you get off that block  
boy you must know me, but I dont know you  
my folks are loyal to me, because they know im a TRU  
G  
you fuckin with a vetern trying to get your medicine  
got your ass served like you stole from the president  
and now your bones hurt from doing long dirt  
before you step to this you should of did your  
homework  
and you woman got so hard, trying to be so hard  
fuckin' with a street star, street stars got the whole  
world jockin'  
clowning in the falcon wiht the ole' girls bouncin' hand  
on  
the wheel with the lavish rings, joint so fat  
tuen his acts to green got a mean mug look  
with his lip turned up  
but they hand a spunk cause they stacking the bucks  
call him federal, sitting on a pedistal  
motherfuckers waving but they never really let  
him know he got the trunk full of choppers and punks  
and he eat that red lobster for lunch  
damn, a International player always got some ass on  
his pager  
dont ask for no favors, making love like he love em'  
he dont love em' though  
rule number one up in his game never trust a hoe  
and he quick to make a trigger spray  
and he never pay attention to the mind games niggaz  
play  
rollin' solo never need no extra help  
never check it but making niggaz check they self

so were you at I know who you are cause you just like  
dangerous dame  
a motherfuckin' street star!

[Master P]

left the town on my way to the diggity-o  
call me dame say these niggaz need about 5 more  
who ride homicide, one time on the greet so we ditch  
by a ? to the backstreets king in the back  
getting high than the jiggity bird  
whatcha want G? The Gatorade and the Thunderbird  
but we aint slippin' the boat keep dippin'  
stopped on 8-2 got some grass and zippin we gon  
perve  
getting high than jiggity bird  
64 shackle make them gold thangs hit the curb  
count my money met dame in the rollin' 100  
mobbin' motherfuckers in the back getting blunted  
aint that Mack 10 parked like bark weed  
had to let loose cause a fool haunt me  
now im deep, how deep can I get  
cause fools out there get you for these motherfuckin  
presidents leave you dead glock to your head  
fucked in the game then pissed on your grave  
didnt pay dues now you on the news  
thats what you get when you wanna be  
a street star, foo!

\*Master P Talking til' end\*

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