

Rap Star

Rodney Carrington

G

I was born a rapper s son from Atlanta,  
D G C D

Pimping hos when I was five years old.

G

We had plenty of Cristal and a Bentley,  
C D G Em C D

Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

G

We didn t mind, showing off our Bling, Bling,  
D G C D

Our golden teef and our Cadillac Escalade.

G

Bitches shake their booty when they past by me,  
C D G Em C D

And as I smoke my Cuban Tree I ve got it made.

Chorus:

C D Em

I m living fat and I m living large

Throwing leg in my Bentley car  
C D C

And my P.O. said that I wont get far  
G C G Em C D

Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

G

Chillin at the club with my homies,  
D

Sippin on gin and juice when my Boo walks past. (Spoken: Whats up Boo)

G

You better step on off and not be frontin ,  
C D G Em C D

Or else I ll bust a cap off in your ass.

G

I m my babies Daddy and his a Mama  
D G C D

Don t ax me cause that s all you need to know,

G

His pajamas are made by Gucci and Versace  
C D G Em C D

Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

Chorus:

**C** **D** **Em**  
I m living fat and I m living large

Throwing leg in my Bentley car

**C** **D** **C**  
And my P.O. said that I wont get far

**G C**  
Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

**G C**  
Being the son,

**G**  
Of a Rap Star.