

Rap Star
Rodney Carrington

G#

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

Pimping hos when I was five years old.

G#

We had plenty of Cristal and a Bentley,
C# Eb G# Fm C# Eb
Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

G#

We didn t mind, showing off our Bling, Bling,
Eb G# C# Eb

Our golden teef and our Cadillac Escalade.

G#

Bitches shake their booty when they past by me,
C# Eb G# Fm C# Eb
And as I smoke my Cuban Tree I ve got it made.

Chorus:

C# Eb Fm
I m living fat and I m living large
Throwing leg in my Bentley car
C# Eb C#
And my P.O. said that I wont get far
G# C# G# Fm C# Eb
Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

G#

Chillin at the club with my homies,
Eb
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# Eb G# Fm C# Eb
Or else I ll bust a cap off in your ass.

G#

I m my babies Daddy and his a Mama
Eb G# C# Eb
Don t ax me cause that s all you need to know,

G#

His pajamas are made by Gucci and Versace
C# Eb G# Fm C# Eb
Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

Chorus:

C# **Eb** **Fm**
I m living fat and I m living large
Throwing leg in my Bentley car
C# **Eb** **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.