

Rap Star

Rodney Carrington

F#

I was born a rapper s son from Atlanta,
C# F# B C#

Pimping hos when I was five years old.

F#

We had plenty of Cristal and a Bentley,
B C# F# Ebm B C#
Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

F#

We didn t mind, showing off our Bling, Bling,
C# F# B C#

Our golden teef and our Cadillac Escalade.

F#

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

Chorus:

B C# Ebm
I m living fat and I m living large

Throwing leg in my Bentley car

B C# B
And my P.O. said that I wont get far
F# B F# Ebm B C#
Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

F#

Chillin at the club with my homies,
C#
Sippin on gin and juice when my Boo walks past. (Spoken: Whats up Boo)

F#

You better step on off and not be frontin ,
B C# F# Ebm B C#
Or else I ll bust a cap off in your ass.

F#

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

F#

His pajamas are made by Gucci and Versace
B C# F# Ebm B C#
Cause that s just how we always like to roll.

Chorus:

B **C#** **Ebm**

I m living fat and I m living large

Throwing leg in my Bentley car

B **C#** **B**

And my P.O. said that I wont get far

F# B

Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

F# B

Being the son,

F#

Of a Rap Star.