

# Dave (UK), Starlight

It's hard to hate on the truth I'm livin'  
Enough man hate with the lies instead  
Countin' cash with the phone to my ear  
I feel like Meek on a private jet  
Life or death  
Five-five, eyes, thighs, potential wifey  
Industry, respected highly  
In the street, protected  
I do know my man but I don't trust him  
Trust that, P's in trap, disgusting  
Stick with the stick, PVA, PDA  
Kiss that in public  
South London, where I made my  
South London's where I made my first hundred  
Elastic bands, plastic bags  
Two in the blue like cheese and onion  
In Jamaica, quick vacation, travellin' my pastime  
'Nough pollution in the ends, I flew back yard 'cah I wanna see starlight  
Eritrean, skin tone cinnamon, I think I found my princess  
My empress still gonna impress  
I know them man talk on the kid but  
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Any girl that I'm dating knows  
Bags that I buy come filled with fifties  
She a ten out of ten on a bad day  
Public affection, I tell her, "Come kiss me"  
I like mine obsessed, clingy  
If she don't miss me, miss me  
If she don't miss me, history  
If she don't miss me, it's a mystery  
G17 in the party, tipsy  
Don't drink, that's risky  
Focus, shells gonna land like Disney  
And put 'em down under, Sydney  
That's bait, I'll donate both my kidneys  
True love, what the kid needs  
And a girl from the Westest Indies  
I know them man talk on the kid but  
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In this world that I'm in  
How you wanna take pics with the belts and the ring  
But don't help in the gym?  
'Nough girls dating their biggest haters  
How her boyfriend don't want her to win?  
Like reh  
And why my girlfriend never wanna see me have a good time out if she ain't there?  
(Fly, fly me to the moon) Yeah, yeah  
Fly me to the moon, let me get some space  
Seein' them stars on her private story  
I dust that chick, she got no grace (let me see what spring is like on Jupiter, Jupiter)

See her ex man, she got no taste  
Hip dip, she got no waist  
Body snatched, serving face (in other words, hold my hand)  
Hold my hand, personal trainer  
Frequent flyer badge, she tone and tan (in other words)  
Free my gang, 013's and 020's (darlin, kiss me)  
Oh, God knows I miss my bros  
I just got a call from jail on the phone and that might  
Fill my heart with song and let me sing forevermore  
You are all I long for  
All I worship and adore  
In other words, please be true  
In other words, I love you  
Well, in other words, I love you