

# Pan Pawłowski, Starboy

I'm tryna put you in the worst mood, ah  
P1 cleaner than your church shoes, ah  
Milli point two just to hurt you, ah  
All red Lamb' just to tease you, ah  
None of these toys on lease too, ah  
Made your whole year in a week too, yah  
Main bitch out your league too, ah  
Side bitch out of your league too, ah

House so empty, need a centerpiece  
20 racks a table cut from ebony  
Cut that ivory into skinny pieces  
Then she clean it with her face man I love my baby  
You talking money, need a hearing aid  
You talking bout me, I don't see the shade  
Switch up my style, I take any lane  
I switch up my cup, I kill any pain

Look what you've done  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy  
Look what you've done  
I'm a motherfuckin' starboy

Every day a nigga try to test me, ah  
Every day a nigga try to end me, ah  
Pull off in that Roadster SV, ah  
Pockets overweight, gettin' hefty, ah  
Coming for the king, that's a far cry, ah  
I come alive in the fall time, I  
No competition, I don't really listen  
I'm in the blue Mulsanne bumping New Edition

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Let a nigga brag Pitt  
Legend of the fall took the year like a bandit  
Bought mama a crib and a brand new wagon  
Now she hit the grocery shop looking lavish  
Star Trek roof in that Wraith of Khan  
Girls get loose when they hear this song  
100 on the dash get me close to God  
We don't pray for love, we just pray for cars

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