

Tinashe, Rascal (Superstar)

All my bitches look like money in the bank
When they see us
They got nothing left to say
Out the bottle
Sippin' on some Dom Perignon
I look forward to the shit you'll never know

I'm a superstar, bitch
I just pour the cup, bitch
Fly out in the morning
I;ma be exhausted

You could see it wthen i am breathing
I'm a clod bitch, can''t believe it
You could see it wthen i am breathing
I am so coldish, just can't believe it

Money, cash, clothes, fast cars
Fast night, dsh playin' whit the Nascar
Money, cash, clothes, fast cars
I am in the Valley chillin; whit the bad bro
Money, cash, clothes, fast cars
I am finna pass y'all mask on, maks off
Money, cash, clothes, fast cars
Better ask 'em , i am a little rascal

Ayy, you Better ask 'em
You better ask somebody

I can;t seve you if you just sit on the wave
They should pay me
How the copy what i say
They don;t know the road
That we've been on
Bitch taht ain;t a joke
I am a villain
I'm the first place, need a ribbon
They don;t understand that i am the shit

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