

POPSTAR (feat. Drake)

DJ Khaled

[Intro: DJ Khaled & Drake]

Bitches

We The Best Music

Another one (Yeah)

DJ Khaled[Chorus: Drake]

Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop

From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah

Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah

I'm a popstar, not a doctor

Bitches callin' my phone like I'm locked up, nonstop

From the plane to the fuckin' helicopter, yeah

Cops pullin' up like I'm givin' drugs out, nah, nah

I'm a popstar, not a doctor

[Verse 1: Drake]

Ayy, shawty with the long text, I don't talk, ayy

Shawty with the long legs, she don't walk, ayy

Yeah, last year, I kept it on the tuck, ayy

2020, I came to fuck it up, yeah

I want a long life, a legendary one (Yeah)

I want a quick death (Yeah), and an easy one (Yeah)

I want a pretty girl (Yeah), and an honest one (Yeah)

I want this drink (Yeah), and another one, yeah

And I'm troublesome, yeah

I'm a popstar, but this shit ain't bubblegum, yeah

You would probably think my manager is Scooter Braun, yeah

But my manager with twenty hoes in Buddakan, yeah, ayy

Look, Ariana, Selena, my Visa

It can take as many charges as it needs to, my girl

That shit platinum just like all of my releases, my girl

Niggas come for me, I tear them all to pieces, my girl

I'ma show your sexy ass what relief is, my girl

Please don't take no shit that's 'bout to have you geekin'

And I'm not drivin' nothin' that I gotta stick the keys in

Wonder how I got this way? I swear I got the

[Chorus: Drake]

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I'm a popstar, not a doctor[Verse 2: Drake]
I'm a popstar, not a doctor, watch her
Say she rep a whole different block, so I blocked her
Busy at the crib, cookin' salmon with the lobster
If we talkin' joints, it's just me and David Foster
Bodyguards don't look like Kevin Costner, you tweakin'
Just pulled up to Whitney Houston, Texas for the evenin'
They tell the same story so much, they start to believe it
The ones that start like, Drizzy's shit was cool, but we even
Man, how the fuck?
Two, four, six, eight watches, factory, so they appreciate
Crown in my hand and I'm really playin' keep-away
Shit don't even usually get this big without a Bieber face
Naw, naw, piece of cake, naw, naw, Turks and Caic', yeah, yeah
Go and get your friends, we can sneak away, yeah, yeah
Yeah, I keep a, like I keep the faith
Wonder how I got this way? Swear I got the
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