

I was born a rapper's son from Atlanta,  
Pimping hos when I was five years old.  
We had plenty of Cristal and a Bentley,  
Cause that's just how we always like to roll.

We didn't mind, showing off our Bling, Bling,  
Our golden teeth and our Cadillac Escalade.  
Bitches shake their booty when they past by me,  
And as I smoke my Cuban Tree I've got it made.

I'm living fat and I'm living large  
Throwing leg in my Bentley car  
And my P.O. said that I won't get far  
Being the Son, Of a Rap Star.

Chillin' at the club with my homies,  
Sippin' on gin and juice when my Boo walks past.  
You better step on off and not be frontin',  
Or else I'll bust a cap off in your ass.

I'm my babies Daddy and his a'Mama  
Don't ask me cause that's all you need to know,  
His pajamas are made by Gucci and Versace  
Cause that's just how we always like to roll.

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