

Party Like a Rockstar

Shop Boyz

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Totally, dude! [Chorus:]
Party like a rock...
Party like a rock star
Party like a rock...
Party like a rock star
Party like a rock...
Party like a rock star
Party like a rock star
Totally, dude! I'm on a money makin' mission
But I party like a rock star
I'm flyin' down twenty, lookin' good in my hot car
You know them hos be at my show
Worried 'bout where my chain go
I'm tryin' to rubba hold my pants
But these hos won't let my thang go
I do it like I do it
'Cause you know them hos be tryin' us
Ho, don't you know I fuck wit' fine diamonds
That look like Pamela
They fine and they hot, brah
When I'm in the spot, brah
I party like a rock star! [Chorus x 2] Party like a rock star
Do it wit' the black and the white like a cop car
Me and my band, man, on the yacht with Marilyn Manson, gettin' a tan, man
You know me, wit' a skull belt and wallet chain
Shop Boyz, rocks stars, yeah, we 'bout to change the game, change the game? uh oh
They know that I'm a star; I make it rain from the center of my guitar [Chorus x 2] As soon I came out the womb
my mama knew a star was born
Now I'm on the golf course trippin' wit' The Osbournes
I seen the show with Travis Barker: "Rockstar Mentality"
I'm jumpin' in the crowd just to see if they would carry me
And white bitches wanna marry me; they see me, they just might panic
My ice make 'em go down quick, like the Titanic
Yeah, I'm wit' Da Shop Boyz; you know what we do
I'm surfin', screamin' "Kowabunga!"
Totally, dude! [Chorus x 2] Totally, dude! [Chorus x 2]

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