

Rock Star (ft.Lil'Wayne)

Chamillionaire

Rock star!
Rock star! (rock on)
Rock star! (rock on)
It's rock n roll! (rock on!)I got ladies that love my ladies
Haters that hate my haters
I'm a Chamillionaire, but got billionaires for my neighbors (Rock On)
I been havin' paper, I been havin' stacks
The crowd screamin' loud in every city on the map
Got the groupies goin' crazy, they don't know how to act
I bring em backstage and tell em baby just relaxRock on, they see the jewels is so sick,I like flu spit and flu
cough
Take it off and you lost, the tough talk get tooled off
Keep the four iron near, keep on thinkin' that it's for golf
Nickel Plate on your head, silverware's food for thought
Grammy winner the haters is like 'How could this happen?' (how?)
On the red carpet so much they mistake me for Aladdin (wow?)
How I'm a rapper with revenue like a rock star?
If I'm near you can believe the black card is not far
'Teen Spirit' ain't what they smellin', they yellin' 'Where that Nirvana?'
The crowd is rockin' n rollin', them swishers full of marijuana
They judgin' me like your honor, your daughter's here with her mama
They tell me that I'm a charmer, more freakier than Madonna
Famous look right at me and said 'Know why I got my lighter up?'
Cause like the throwback P. Diddy alias I'm a 'Puff'
See how we rippin up tickets that police be writin us
Do like Michael Jackson's complexion Mr. and lighten up[Chorus]
Ladies love it when your livin' like a rock star
I got em screamin' loud as they be screamin' comin' out broads daily
Ladies love it when your livin' like a rock star
She's sayin' she's in love with me and she is probably your lady
Like a rockstar (Lady)
Like a rockstar (Lady)
Ladies love it when your livin' like a rock star (Baby)
Catch me gettin' into trouble like it's my job (Baby)
When they listen to the cops come then I'ma (Rock On!)
I been havin' paper, I been havin' stacks
The crowd screamin' loud in every city on the map
Got the groupies goin crazy, they don't know how to act
I bring em backstage and tell em baby just relaxRock 'n' roll fly

Bitch behold I
I am the shit
Hear the commode cry
Hear the guitar scream
That Double R lean
And if it's for me
Then its foreign
I mean my cars, I mean my clothes
I mean my hos, I mean my flows
You dress different round then me I'm a clean your nose
Step into the line of fire hide the penal code
Compared to big foot, you just twinkle toes
I get ya girlfriend wet like wrinkled clothes
Rock star like, money, drugs, freaky hos
World tours, walkthroughs and T.V. shows
My hair's out (Hey!)
No Shirt (Hey!)
I stage dive (Rock Rock!)I crowd surf (Hey!)
I'm a hot boy
I'm on my hot shit
Reportin' to you live from the mosh pit[Chorus]I'm so cool, I'm so smooth, I'm that dude, I'm so fly
Groupies tellin' me like a spy, the ground be tellin' me that I'm fly
The cloud see me and they cry just to get a glimpse of I
Got Mother nature so jealous she knockin' pigeons out the sky
Can't help it, i got em rockin' they pelvic-bones
And losin' clothes
The higher my album sales get
They love me, that's right you nailed it
They treatin' me like I'm Elvis
Naked pictures she mailed
She licked on a stamp and melted
So save your rap for the rookies, 'cause there ain't no rappers here
A show you do in a club is a show we do in the ampitheatre
We packin' stadiums, ladies come in I'll introduce ya
It's too packed to maneuver, crowd look like LaLaPalooza
We outshinin' the losers, know i ride with the Ruger
You know I'ma producer, weapon upside ya medulla
Got no time to seduce a Super Head type of seducer
Groupies tyrin' to snake me, but Koopa denyin' Medusas[Chorus]Rock Rock (Rock On!)
Rock Rock (Rock On!)We gonna keep on rockin' n rollin' till the wheels fall off.
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Chamillitary Mayne!
Young Money!
We the new Red Hot Chili Peppers
We on fire

Sold out arenas
Tearin' up tour busses
You Know how we get down. HaHa
Rock on, hol up, hol up, hol up
Tryna get the Ozzy Osborne paper mayne
I'ma throw a pool party
Me and the playboy bunnies gonna be swimmin' in a pool of a paper like Scrooge McDuck. HaHa.
You're invited. If you can swim.
Rock on

Songwriters

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