

# Rock Star (Feat. Lil Wayne)

## Chamillonaire

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 Chamillonaire, 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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