Rock Star

Ms. Triniti

Iâ€™m a trouble maker, rebel, Iâ€™m a fire starter,
Iâ€™ll be breaking all the rules donâ€™t even need a lighter
Mash it up, mash it up like a hot potato
All di massive in the club hear dem a say â€˜aaay oooâ€™
Smash some dishes if I feel like it,
throw my beer on the crowd coz dey really like it
Grab my crotch, flip u off, maybe break my guitar
What I want, when I want, Iâ€™m di real rockstar(ayyyye)
We got dat Jagger Swagger
So all di real Rockstars Get Up, yeah Stand up(ayyyyyye)
And if you came to Play Up
Mi Rockstars get up yeah stand up,
and throw your hands up, your hands up
Here come di Rock stars(Rockstar;s say â€˜eyyyy ohâ€™)
We are di Rockstar(Dem a say eyyyyyy oh)
Here come di Rock stars(Pop stars go away oh)
Here come di Rock stars ey ey!
Real Rockstars we dem to Rahtid
Rockstars to rahtid
Popstars dem ah soft like egg
Rockstar to rahtid
Only blue tortillas in my chip bowl pleeeease
Shades on all day coz I gets no sleep
Iâ€™m cooler than my fridge sweeter than your sucker
Uh huh, thatâ€™s me Iâ€™m a sexy Motha fucker
All these chickens, just Bwak Bwak
No Dem a never walk what dem a Talk Talk
Iâ€™m rogue, Iâ€™m dope a real life maverick
Das why dey flock to me like a fridge to a magnet

Will di real Rockstarâ€™s stand up and say â€˜Heyyyyâ€™
Will di fake Popstarâ€™s bugger off and go away
Will di rockstarâ€™s Stand up and say â€˜Heyâ€™
If youâ€™re a Jokesta then no you canâ€™t stay

Lyrics submitted by Andrew Bojanic.

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