

# Rock Star

## Chamillonaire

Rock star, rock star (rock on)  
Rock star (rock on) let'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 had the paper, I been had the stacks  
The crowd's 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 relax"

Rock on, they see the jewels is so sick like flu spit and flu cough  
Take it off and you lost, the tough talk you tuned it off  
Keep the four-iron there, keep on thinkin that it's for golf  
Nickel plate on your head, silverware is food for thought  
The Grammy winner, the haters is like "How could this happen?" (how?)  
On the red carpet so much they mistake me for Aladdin  
Now I'm a rapper with revenue like a rock star  
If I'm there 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 and rollin them swishas full of marijuana  
They judgin me like Your Honor, your daughter's here with her momma  
They me that I'm a charmer, more freakier than Madonna  
Famous looked right at me and said "Know why I got my lighter up? (why?)  
Cause like the throwback P. Diddy alias, I'ma (Puff)"  
See how we rippin up tickets the police writin us  
Do like Michael Jackson's complexion mister and lighten up, ha ha

Ladies love it when you're livin like a rock star  
I got 'em screamin loud as they keep screamin comin out bras daily, daily  
Ladies love it when you're livin like a rock star  
She sayin she's in love with me and she is probably your lady  
Like a rock star (lady) like a rock star (lady)  
Ladies love it when you're livin like a rock star (rock star baby)  
Catch me gettin into trouble like it's my job (baby, baby)  
When we listen 'til the cops come then I'ma - rock on!

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Chamilli-tary (and now Mr. Young Money himself)  
Lil Weezy, baby! Hahaha

Rock-n-roll fly, {bitches} 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 it's for-eign  
Ha, I mean my cars, I mean my clothes  
I mean my {hoes}, I mean my flows  
You dress different 'round me then I'ma clean your nose  
Step into the line of fire, jalapeño toes  
Compared to Bigfoot you just Twinkle Toes  
I get your girlfriend wet like wrinkled clothes  
Rock star like, money drugs freakin {hoes}  
World tours, walk-throughs and TV shows  
My hair's out (heyyy) no shirt (heyyy)

I stage dive (rock rock) I crowd surf (heyyy)  
I'm a Hot Boy (heyyy) I'm on my hot {shit} (rock rock)  
Reportin to you live from the moshpit

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I'm so cool, I'm so smooth, I'm that dude, I'm so muah  
Groupies trillin me like a spy, the ground be tellin me that I'm fly  
The clouds 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 velvet  
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 it, she licked on the stamp and melt it  
Huh, so save your rap for the rookies cause it ain't no rappers here  
A show you do in the club is a show we do in the Amphitheater  
We packin stadiums, ladies come in I'll introduce ya  
It's too packed to maneuver, crowd look like Lollapalooza  
We outshinin the losers (heyyy) know I rock with the Ruger (heyyy)  
You know I'm a producer, weapon upside your medulla (heyyy)  
Got no time to seduce her, Superhead type of seducer  
Groupies tryin to snake me but Koopa denyin Medusas, ha ha

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Rock rock (rock on) rock rock (rock on)  
We gon' keep on rockin and rollin until the wheels fall off  
Knowmtalkinbout? Chamillitary mayne  
Young Money, we the new Red Hot Chili Peppers  
We on fire, sold out arenas, tearin up tourbuses  
You know how we get down, ha ha  
Rock on, hold up, hold up, hold up  
Tryin to get that Ozzy Osbourne paper mayne  
I'ma throw a pool party, me and the Playboy bunnies  
gon' be swimmin in a pool of paper like Scrooge McDuck  
Heh, you invited, if you can swim  
Ha ha, rock on