I don't really need the ego
Of being a pop star
Playing rock & roll makes
Me stand hard & tall
Once an old man with blood on
his hands
Said "Pick up my guitar and
use it"
The he took it from me said "Let
Your soul run free"

Chorus
People get so stuck on getting
their
Name in lights
Fuckin' some famous model
Keepin' their assholes tight

So I played that guitar
Til my dick got hard
I fucked that bitch night & day
Time went by and that old man
died
Got a note "Remember what I
said"
Brought flowers to his grave
Laid 'em down, and my fingers
Started to bleed I was finally free
I was finally free yeah

Chorus

Uh uh uh
Don't get me wrong I ain't singin'
This song bout bros who truly
deserve it
But money & fame is for those
truly
Lame. The ones who need
to get their
Heads lit
So I play my guitar, Yeah I played
that bitch all night
Long
Yeah I played my guitar I was
finally free

Chorus-Bridge
So keep your head clear don't
believe what you hear
Just play what comes from your
soul

But if money & fame is your fuckin' game
Then I hope you die fat & old

Repeat