

Time, The "Movie Star"

Visit "[Movie Star](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let's see...
Body oil. Check.
Incense. Check.
Environmental records. Double check.
I'm get some serious drawers tonight? Think I ain't.
Let's see, if I tell Gilbert and Rome to meet me at 11,
then I creep at 10.
That'll give me an hour of free reign.
Mo' drawers.

9:30, gettin' dressed. I had a couple sips of wine.
Boo! I swear to God, my suit was hangin' fine.
Everybody at the club freaked, when I stepped from the
limousine.
They said, "Ooh, it's good to see ya."
I said, "Oh, it's good to be seen."
You know what I mean?

Tell You what's good.
It's a good thing we live close, 'cause I almost
suffocated in that car.
Next time I won't wear so much Paco Rabinni or
whatever that stuff.
I wonder if they got potato chips up in this.
Man, this ain't like them house parties we used to go to.
That's alright, I'm clean.

Tonight, I'm a movie star. I see myself on a silver
screen.
Tonight, it don't matter who you are. I'm the only star
on the scene.
You know what I mean?

Man, I hate makin' movies.
But I like that money, think I don't?

Check me out.
I just walk in, don't even find a seat.
Just threw my coat right on the floor
Grab somebody for a quick dance.
Boy or girl? It don't matter no more, I'm hot!

Ha, ha, ha, shit.
Mix was right.
Bold, Lord.

.... Ouch!
Ha, ha.
Baby, do you wanna... do you wanna get off?

Tonight, I'm a movie star. I see myself up on the silver
screen.
Tonight, it don't matter. I'm the star on the scene.
.... Ouch!

Mix was right. On the one,
the kick drum hit the triple beat. Baby, I was poppin'.
Did one spin, did a second,
did the splits. Came up, looked around, the joint was
hoppin'.
The joint was hoppin'! Somebody say "Movie Star!"

So check it out, you wanna dance?
.... Are you wearing that Paco Rabbit or whatever you
call it?
Oh wow, that's dog.
.... What? Speak up, I can't hear over that suit.
Maybe you can hear this?
.... Am I supposed to be impressed?
That's right, Rolls Royce. Check it out, baby. You wanna
dance now?
.... Maybe next song.
Yeah right, dance floor is not big enough, fat cow.

Ooh, the mix, it's about the mix.
Ooh baby, I like that, but the kid gonna show you a few
tricks.
Can I play with you?

Baby, let's creep, I had enough of this action.
Bartender, on the house. Give everybody in here
somethin'.
Man, I don't care.
I got money to spare, you're cute and your music's
thumpin'.
Yo baby, get the check.
.... Yo baby, my behind. I need my money.

Say, Brother Carothers, can I get some credit?
No? How much money I done spent in this nasty joint?
You need to be slapped!
Darlin', shall we leave now?
.... Go to Hades, boy!

So you like my crib?
It's not mine, it's rented.
Say, how much did you have to drink?
.... What's the biggest lake you've ever been in?

So, do you like environmental records?
Crickets chirpin', water rushin', supposed to make you
horny.
It just make me wanna go to the bathroom.
Actually this one's not bad, check it out.
So like, what's your name?
.... Chrrr.
Oh wow, that's dog!

Visit [Time, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.