

R. Kelly f/ Kid Rock, Ludacris

"Rock Star"

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

[Ludacris]

Lights, st-st-stamina, action

I'm a rock star, check the crowd reaction, I'm like

(Repeat 2x)

R. Kelly

Hey, you're a rock star baby

Up in the building makin the club go crazy

Hey, you're a rock star baby

Throw an ass like that, you must be a rock star baby

[Ludacris]

Luda, hey

I'ma strung yo body ya body like a guitar string

Stuntin in Roberto Cavalli mami wit the dime phrame

Hotter than tamales, you probably should be my wild
thang

Tell them other chicks to mind they business and let us
do our thang

I gotcha open, ya open strokin, now you soak and wet

And I'm not from Texas but I hold 'em, rope 'em, and I
yoke they neck

You gon make a player choose, show me what that
thang'll do

Class is in session, let me show you a thang or two

I'll strip ya, I'll strip ya down to your bare minimal

And I'll, I'll lick ya, I'll lick y'all down, you taste like
cinnamon

And I'll grab a little bit of that whip cream, then I'll put
her on the back, get mean

Then I'll get her in a matrix, cut her like lasik, basically
make her scream

At the top f her lungs (Ahh) give her shortness of
breath

How many times can you cum before I poke you to
death

Someone call in the ref, Ludacris is tired of playin

In the middle of the stage with an ass like that, you got
everybody sayin

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Hey, you're a rock star baby
Up in the building makin the club go crazy
Hey, you're a rock star baby
Throw an ass like that, you must be a rock star baby

Say, I'm a rock star baby
Fuckin with this weed and patrone got me hazy
Hey, I'm a rock star baby
So put 'em up if you're a rockstar baby

[R Kelly]

Girl, yo botty so swoll, how you got them jeans around
it?

Girl, yo booty so swoll, why you think I'm singin about
it?

Hit it hard from the back and then I go to sleep and
dream about it

It's like that ass is crack the way you got me fiendin
about it

I'm tellin you now, the way we fuck only to child birthin

Rockin to this guitar is about to have me crowd surfin

Kells'll put on a show up until the closed curtains

Then right after the show, backstage, ass hurtin

Call me Scottie cause girl I'm bout to beam up

Once I get ya, get ya, I'm comin up out them B cups

Strokin it up, strokin it hard while you go your legs up

Makin ya, makin ya sound like you got the hiccups

Know what you want cause I'm boutt o give you what
you need

Up in my room, you screamin "Hercules! Hercules!"

Man, get Kells and Luda on a track, a hit is guaranteed

Evrybody on your feet, this is what your shirt should
read

[Chorus]

[Kid Rock]

I got my drink in my cup, I got my hands in the air

I'm bout to set this bitch off, like I'm a rock star baby

We out of this club, bout to hit the after party

All the ladies comin with me, cause I'm a rock star baby

[R. Kelly] (Kid Rock)

So put your hands up (So put your hands up, so put
your hands up)

Everybody in the building, come on, bounce with me

[R. Kelly & Kid Rock]

IF YOU'RE A ROCK STAR

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]
Lights, st-st-stamina, action
I'm a rock star, check the crowd reaction, I'm like
(Repeat until fade)

Visit [R. Kelly f/ Kid Rock, Ludacris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.