

Chamillionaire f/ Lil Wayne

"Rock Star"

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* album is censored - edited words are in {brackets}

[Chamillionaire]

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 Chamillionaire but got billionaires for my neighbors (rock on!)

[Chorus One: Chamillionaire]

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"

[Chamillionaire]

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

[Chorus Two: Chamillionaire]

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!

[Chorus One]

[Lil Wayne] + (Chamillionaire)

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, jalapeÃ±o 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

[Chorus Two]

[Chamillionaire]

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

[Chorus Two]

[Outro: Chamillionaire]

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

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