

Black Star

"White Trash Millionaire"

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I've got a Trans-Am in primer paint,
Nobody taught me, I was born this way,
No silver spoon to feed a 401k,
On Bourbon Street the girls all scream,
They callin' out my name

Chorus:

I wanna be a white trash millionaire,
Ain't got much and I don't care,
Count your cash and kiss my ass,
The whole damn world gonna know I'm here,
Got two zig-zags and you know I'll share,
I'm everyone from nowhere,
White trash, white trash, white trash millionaire

Some got a castle, a Mercedes-Benz,
Big time appointments and all their fake friends,
So tell me is that is good as it gets,
On the couch on the front porch,
We're all smokin' left handed cigarettes

[Chorus]

[Guitar Solo]

Well get em up, get em up, get em up high,
Now we're gonna go from side to side,
Front to back, back to front, front to back,
Here we go, here we go

[2x Chorus]

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