

## George Harrison

### "Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous"

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It's eight a.m. I roll out my silk sheets  
Get fly crash the limo back seats  
Lookin' in the faces  
Of some ladies that I never met  
On the interview tip, no sweat  
They ask me questions  
I throw the words back  
They say they write facts  
I know that's bull crap  
They're kickin' drama  
But then drama's my middle name  
That's the price ya pay for big fame  
The cellular phone rings  
Dot wanta pick it up  
But it's my J-O-B I gotta kick it up  
Another damn reporter  
On the line with a word quiz  
I gotta show cause I'm livin' with the show  
Biz. Out the limo, to the plane  
In the pourin' rain  
I hate flyin'  
But there's no time for slow trains  
another show to do  
I gotta catch my crew  
They left last night  
In the bus around two  
The plane's a small one  
No fun at all  
Bouncin' round the air  
Like a tennis ball  
When it touches down  
I wanna kiss the ground  
But it's time to wreck a new town  
Get to the arena, meet up with the crew  
They tell me all the speakers blew  
The cordless don't work  
Sound man's a jerk  
Somebody's gonna get hurt  
I'm crazy mad  
But my fans want autographs  
I turn my angry frowns

Into fake laughs  
I can't be rude  
Cause they wouldn't understand  
I in't human no more, I'm a superman

#### CHORUS

You can try  
But you'll never understand this  
You can try  
But you'll never understand this  
You can try  
But you'll never understand this  
The lifestyles of the rich a and infamous

Four hours till show time oh well  
I might as well check in the hotel  
Get a little rest  
Before it's time to play  
Ten brothers standin' in the hallway  
All with demo tapes  
They need the hook up  
They heard that I was  
The one to look up  
I can't ditch 'em  
Cause they already saw me  
I'll put my head down  
Maybe they'll ignore me  
No chance "Ice what's goin' on?"  
I listened to twenty-five songs  
And after thaat  
The brothers still wouldn't leave  
They started lookin' at my T.V.  
I was gonna break down  
If they didn't jet soon  
Snuck across the hall  
And crashed in E's room  
But then this freak came in  
Thought I was E  
Straddled her legs across me  
Ripped off her blouse  
Pushed her breast against my face  
Started girating her waist. Sounds fly,  
Like a hype sex thriller?  
But see she looked like Godzilla  
Pushed her off me  
Home girl hit the floor  
This is what it's like on tour  
I hit the hallway it was crawlin' thick  
"Could we take this picture real quick?"  
Jumped into a pose  
That I used a million times before

Took pictures  
With the whole damn floor  
I couldn't say no not to my fans  
You see they wouldn't understand

#### CHORUS

Now it's show time, time to flow time  
Evil lost the records  
But we still gotta go time  
The house is packed  
Everybody's on their feet  
So I say, "Throw on Rakim's beat."  
E hits the fader and the crowd is lit  
I start bustin' off some new shit  
The stage is so smokey  
That I almost fall off, I start inhalin' it  
I'm tryin' not to cough  
I'm catchin' problems from every angle  
The mic cords are tangled  
I try to flow smooth  
But my words are mangled  
Damn near slipped and broke my ankle  
If that ain't enough  
The police are hawkin'  
Listenin' real close  
To the words I'm talkin'  
They wanna put a brother like me  
In the back seat  
Just because I curse the beat  
They wanna tap my phone  
Wanna keep my crib bugged  
Call all my homes  
Felonist street thugs  
You might say  
I think this lifestyle sucks?  
I wouldn't tade it for a million bucks  
Although it's all  
Not glamour and gleam  
It's still my dream

#### CHORUS

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