

Goombay Dance Band

"Rock Stars"

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"And now it's time bring out the headliner for the evening..."

"Very Special... Please welcome to the stage..."

(Goretex)

Escape from New York, but I be on some Brooklyn bullshit

I pull clips as fast as I dose chicks with ope tits
Call me Necor, set the coke surviving the sticks
Got my name all in your mouth like your liable to brick
Click me on the tube, chain swinging down to my shoes
Light up the room, african boom, spark it and zoom
Disciple of rock, the type to range rifles and cops
I'm spiteful, fake's get left shaking like Michael J. Fox

(Ill Bill)

?? the age affected me through accupuncture
Gangster and hustler murderer and kidnap a suspect
Wrap her in ??, with Blood red to Crip blue
My shit's to colorful, running through with a hundred
goons and maniacs
If a bitch like to suck dick, she a brainiac
Bust up in they mouth piece, see how they react, take it
back
Like a instant replay, live in the PJ's, watching my Uncle
freebase
Analyzing the angles on a fiend's face
I learn to love my trees lace, the way the PCP taste
The way it make me see things, old school dice spot
bills and sheep skins
As I write, yes I'm rocking Iceberg jeans and Tims
Thinking where I'm going be in 2007
Either a house in the Hamptons or a house in Heaven
I be chillin on the beach in the South of Venice
Or merking the President live on Channel 7

[Chorus: DJ Premier scratches] - repeat 2X

"Coming through rocking"

"Wild like Rockstars who smash guitars" (Inspectah
Deck)

"Non-Phixion"

"Unadulterated"

"Emcee's"

(Sabac Red)

I be Brooklyn till I die don't even question it twice
My crew's nice, late night at the corners we shooting
dice
It's like, summertime in New York, jeans, shorts, tims,
??
Tanktops to roofies, groupies acting loosely
Who'll be, in a black drop, with his hat cocked, that
can't block
Puff on the stove, get spit in snapshots
I'm trying to live, feed the kids, drive some whips,
handle biz
Own a crib, do my shit, in the streets, that's how it is

(Ill Bill)

If I say Rockstar, I'm talking about rocking the mic
My shit's hot like the rock fiend dropping a pipe
These cats are idiots, with raps so pussy they catch
period's
I'm serious, my life is like a drug experience
A porno movie with no plot and I'm the only guy in it
Like Vivid video's with Kobe Tai dime bitches
Ill Bill rap crusader, chilling in the black Navigator
Canarsie to Pennsylvania

"Wild..."

"Like..."

"Rock...Rockstars"

"Who...Who smash guitars"

Chorus 1x

(Goretex)

Break with me your out, bang you with shells and
heaters out
Blast off the terrorist, blow bombs and speakers out
Hookers and bricks, gutter cats, bitches and pimps
Cripples and Gimps, ex-cons, pushers and tricks
Street poet, speak the essence, what's realer than this
Up in the club smoked out coke, the feeling of Cris
You lighting the wrist, Richard Simmons fro with a pick
Taking my record label hostage if they stompin my shit

(Sabac Red)

I remember them cold nights and long lines for clubs
Now it's strictly V.I.P., free drinks and drugs
Pounds and hugs, getting back rubs, be them
Underground thugs

Stay street but got new found love, take a Continental,
driver rental
Travel the globe, Non Phixion to the end worldwide we
rock shows
Explode from out the projects, Glenwood to Drysneck
Hold your drink up, and make a toast to how the gods
get

[Chorus] - 2x

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