

## Gorguts

### "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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