

Mason Storm "Miley Cyrus Rap"

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Well Miley Cyrus I'm your number one fan
It don't matter I'm a thirty year old man.
Never, Never, Never, Never, Never missed a show,
Hannah Montana, that shit is I'll yo.
And my niece agrees, TiVo every show,
Got all you're CD's
And I got you're autograph, off of ebay
Check you're Myspace three times a day.
Last week bought a ticket to your show,
Three Thousand dollars for a seat in the back row?
But that's all right, money ain't a thing,
I'd pay ten times that to hear you sing.
And you're innocent, yep still
You're only fifteen but you have time to kill,
Once you get older you might shave your head,
You might Marry the wrong guy, and then end up dead
But who knows? Cause today you're a star
Got a million dollars and you can't drive a car
And that might be true, but that didn't stop me
From getting a tattoo
Oh my god you brought Disney back,
Before you're show that channel was crap
And we forgive you for you're dad
Achy Breaky Heart, what the hell was that?

Miley, Miley, Miley, Cyrus

Well Miley Cyrus, A list celebrity
Got more fame than John F. Kennedy
Make a hundred billion dollars like Bill Gates
Everybody knows you're name in all fifty states
And the fans agree, got more talent than Paris or
Lindsay
No sex tapes, No S.T.D.'s, No D.U.I.'s, just MP3's
It's a lie, you're not pregnant yet
You can't believe the things you read on the internet
You're friend, Jamie Lynn she is though
Britney's little sister is a full blown ho.
But Miley Cyrus that ain't for you
Disney golden girl, yep, goodie two shoes, well
Once you get older you might hate your dad,
Get addicted to coke, and then go to rehab

But who knows? Cause today you're fine
Can buy anything but a bottle of wine
And that might be true
But that wouldn't stop me from buying it for you
Oh my god you brought good girl back
Which is a welcome change from Tara Reid's asscrack
Again we forgive you for you're dad
Dancing with the Stars, what the hell was that?

Miley, Miley, Miley, Cyrus x2

Well, when it comes to you're fans Miley, I'm number
one
Ain't afraid of you're dad, but I'm afraid of his gun
And I'd like to hang out, but I don't like to run
See the problem is you're just too young
Yeah, I'll admit it, it's kind of weird
That I'm the only fan you have, that has a beard
And yes I know it's gone on too long,
Relax Billy Ray that's the end of my song.

Miley, Mullet, Miley, Mullet, Miley, Mullet
Miley, Miley, Miley, Cyrus.

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