

## The Cult

### "Dirty Little Rockstar"

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So you be a Dirty Little Rockstar  
Blood stained sleeve your Slimane Dior  
You live a lie sold your soul for the paper  
Ya be a slave be a media whore  
Snake skin heal and a cold black coal  
Shootin sapphires up a dead man's arm  
Hyenna lurk outside your door  
You're passed out on the bathroom floor

Bite your lip  
Shake your hip  
Taste the whip  
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar  
I don't see no Dirty Little Rockstar

Chaos breeds under heaven's skyline  
Your young hearts are melting only phoenix survive  
Stay in the game you sick lil hipster  
You get it all, ya get it ahead

Shake your hip  
Bite you lip  
Back the whip  
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar  
I don't believe no Dirty Little Rockstar  
You wanna be a Dirty Little Rockstar  
You know we need no Dirty Little Rockstar  
You know we need no Dirty Little Rockstar

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