

**Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins****"Everybody Wantz 2 B a Star"**

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I'm gon' do my thing

[ CHORUS ]

Everybody wants to be a star  
And live it up in California with the cleanest cars  
Hot tub, fast women, pull baddest broads  
Everybody got the same dream to have it all  
Well I know that everybody wants to be the one  
To get to blow the most dough and have the biggest  
fun  
Space age cowboy with the biggest gun  
Pop life in the spotlight - get you some  
(Well I know)

Everybody wants to play the game  
Get paid with fame, wrist lit, neck stay with chains  
Porno flicks chicks, everybody callin yo name  
Old friends done changed, hatin how you ball in the  
game  
Video sets, Summer Jam, video sex  
Radio shows, royalty checks, designer clothes  
Rolls Royce with the suicide do's  
The only dream you and I know  
The promised land - ready to go?  
Livin your life the way you always wanted to live it  
MTV Cribs, Lamborghini without a blemish  
Mr. Right Now, number one without a gimmick  
Poised to perpetual ballin, nigga, without no finish  
Bet you wanna see your face on the cover of a Rolling  
Stone  
Or in the Source mag holdin a chrome  
Tyra Banks tryin to blow up the phone  
Can't even get in your house, player, teeny boppers  
surrounded your home  
You know?

[ CHORUS ]

Rent-A-Cop, fashion shows, TV spots  
Got paparazzi chasin your Benz for blocks  
With your and your friends shot, ( ? ) pop

Top-notch livin life on runways and movie lots  
(Ooh, she hot) Even women be gettin they coochie hot  
When they see you on Rodeo chargin the big mail  
Attention, Fendi, Prada, Chanel  
Dolce Gabana, pretty face for sale  
You know

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

What better way for you to get mo' fame, see mo' pay  
First round draft NBA (But can he play?)  
Shoot jays and fadeaways all day  
Jokin with Ahmad, Rashad at the end of the game  
You're livin the high life, ESPN highlights  
Get checks of a fly type, sex with a fly wife  
(I wish it was my life!) True, I bet that you do  
And if was, nobody probably have it better than you  
And almost no one had mo' cheddar than you  
Mo' Gucci Coogi sweaters than you  
Mo' hoochie groupie letters than you  
If not this, then what else would you do?  
(Push crack rock or yak or try to work fast food)  
Don't make me laugh, dude  
I'd rather go dancin at the Playboy Mansion  
With June and July, gettin high with Marilyn Manson  
No lie, you know that it's true  
Which one are you, the wanna-be-a-star-too  
And have your own car too  
You know what I mean?

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

Yeah though  
It's that Westside  
Straight up out the Lleyo  
Link Crew Hustlers  
Fem Diggle  
Ray Luv  
I'm doin it big  
Like my little brother Mitch  
That's how we doin it for 2K3  
And we out  
See ya

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