

# Party Like A Rock Star

Shop Boyz

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Totally, dude!

[Chorus:]  
Party like a rock...  
Party like a rock star  
Party like a rock...  
Party like a rock star  
Party like a rock...  
Party like a rock star  
Party like a rock star  
Totally, dude!

I'm on a money makin' mission  
But I party like a rock star  
I'm flyin' down twenty, lookin' good in my hot car  
You know them hos be at my show  
Worried 'bout where my chain go  
I'm tryin' to rubba hold my pants  
But these hos won't let my thang go  
I do it like I do it  
'Cause you know them hos be tryin' us  
Ho, don't you know I fuck wit' fine diamonds  
That look like Pamela  
They fine and they hot, brah  
When I'm in the spot, brah  
I party like a rock star!

[Chorus x 2]

Party like a rock star  
Do it wit' the black and the white like a cop car  
Me and my band, man, on the yacht with Marylin Manson, gettin' a tan, man  
You know me, wit' a skull belt and wallet chain  
Shop Boyz, rocks stars, yeah, we 'bout to change the game, change the game?  
uh oh  
They know that I'm a star; I make it rain from the center of my guitar

[Chorus x 2]

As soon I came out the womb my mama knew a star was born  
Now I'm on the golf course trippin' wit' The Osbournes  
I seen the show with Travis Barker: "Rockstar Mentality"  
I'm jumpin' in the crowd just to see if they would carry me  
And white bitches wanna marry me; they see me, they just might panic  
My ice make 'em go down quick, like the Titanic  
Yeah, I'm wit' Da Shop Boyz; you know what we do  
I'm surfin', screamin' "Kowabunga!"  
Totally, dude!

[Chorus x 2]

Totally, dude!

[Chorus x 2]