

# ROCKSTAR

Words and Music by LOUIS BELL,  
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Moderate Hip Hop groove



$\text{♩} = 80$

*mp*



I been fuck-in' hoes and pop-pin' pill-ies, man, I feel just like a rock - star. —



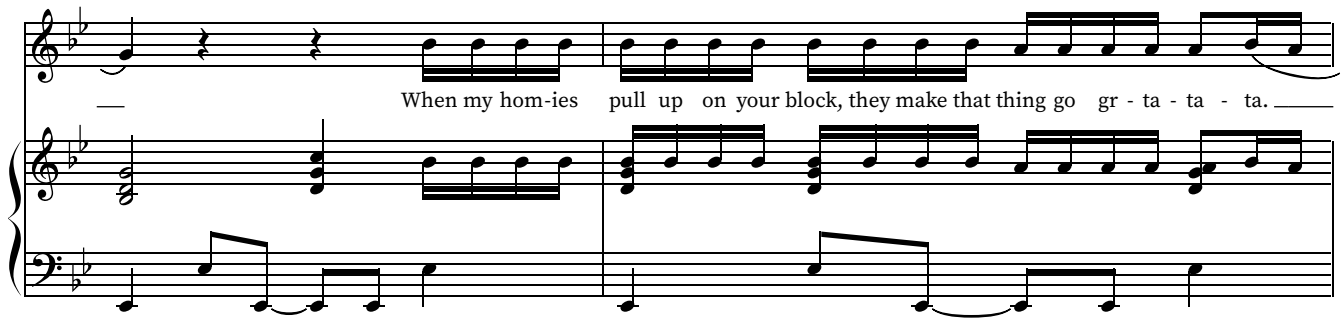
All my broth-as got that gas and they al-ways be smok-in' like a Ras - ta. —



Fuck-in' wit' me, call up on a U - zi and show up, man, them the shot - tas. —

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E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  

When my hom-ies pull up on your block, they make that thing go gr - ta - ta - ta. —

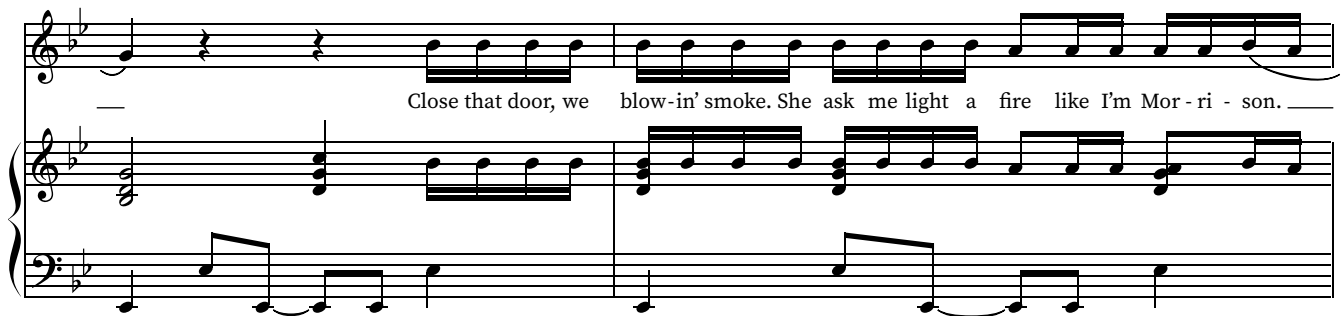
Gm  


B $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  




Switch my whip, came back in black. I'm start-in' say - in' rest in peace to Bon Scott. —

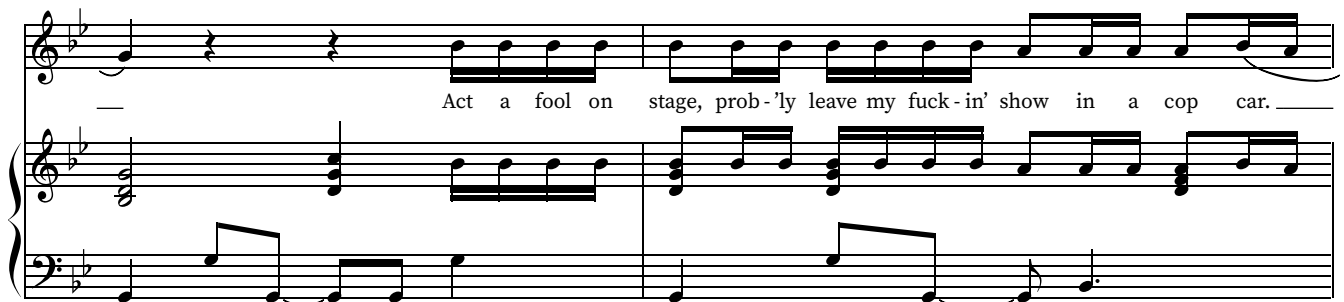
E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  

Close that door, we blow-in' smoke. She ask me light a fire like I'm Mor - ri - son. —

Gm  


B $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  

Act a fool on stage, prob-'ly leave my fuck-in' show in a cop car. —

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

Shit was leg - en - dar - y, threw a T - V out the win - dow of the Mon - tage. —

Gm

B $\flat$ 

— Co - caine on the ta - ble, li - quor pour - in', don't give a damn. — Dude, your girl - friend is a group - ie. She's just try - 'na get in,

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

say - in', "I'm with the band," aay, aay.

Gm

B $\flat$ 

Now she act - in' out - ta pock - et, try - 'na grab up on my pants. Hun - dred bitch - es in my trail - er say they ain't got a man.

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

And they all brought a friend, yeah, aay.

Gm

N.C.



I been fuck-in' hoes and pop-pin' pill-ies, man, I feel just like a rock - star.

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

All my broth-as got that gas and they al-ways be smok-in' like a Ras - ta.

Gm

B $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

Fuck-in' wit' me, call up on a U - zi and show up, man, them the shot - tas.



To Coda

When my hom-ies pull up on your block, they make that thing go gra - ta - ta - ta.



N.C.

I been in the Hills fuck - in' su - per-stars, feel - in' like a pop star.



Drink-in' Hen-ny, bad bitch-es jump-in' in the pool and they ain't got on no bra.



Hit her from the back, pull - in' on her dress and now she scream-in' out, "No más."

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

N.C.

They like, "Sav-age, why you got a twelve-car ga-rage and you on-ly got six cars?"

Gm

B $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

I ain't with the cak-in'. How you kiss that? Your wif-ey say I'm look-in' like a whole snack.

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>

Green hun-dreds in my safe, I got old racks. L. A. bitch-es al-ways ask-in' where the coke at.

Gm


N.C.

Liv-in' like a rock-star, smash out on a cop car. Sweet-er than a Pop-Tart. You know you are not hard.

E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  


N.C.

I done made the hot chart. 'Memb' I used to try hard. Liv - in' like a rock - star, I'm liv - in' like a rock - star. \_



Gm  


D.S. al Coda

Gm  


B $\flat$   


N.C.

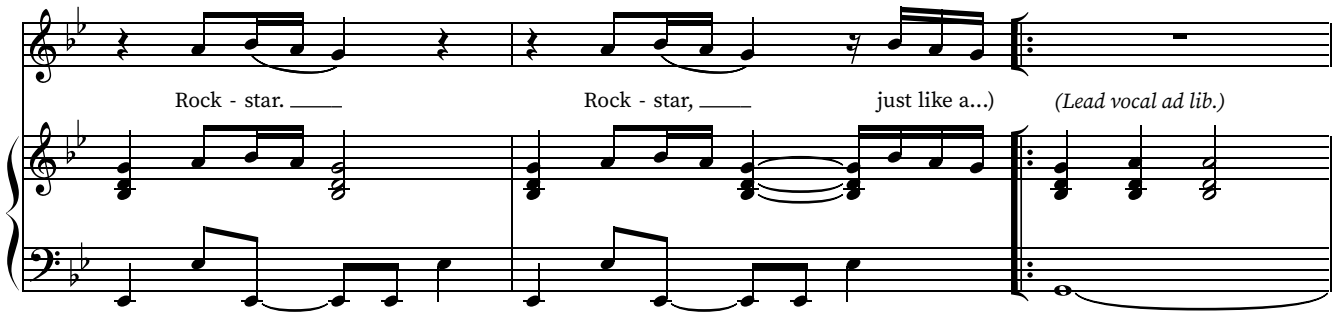
I been fuck-in' (Rock - star. \_\_\_\_ Rock - star. \_\_\_\_



E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  


Gm  


Rock - star. \_\_\_\_ Rock - star, \_\_\_\_ just like a...) (Lead vocal ad lib.)



E $\flat$ maj<sup>7</sup>  


Gm  