Wig Wam, Hard To Be A Rock'n'Roller

Chicks, fix, superhits, jewerely for beakfast
At the milliondollar suite at the Hilton Hotel
I've got tweny playmates knocking
At the door in hot stocking each day, oh yeah
Cuz I'm the king of metal, God of pop, the rock'n'roll messiah
Wasting twenty four hours a day, every night
I'm a sell out sensation
with a nasty reputation
Oh yeah, oh yeah...!
Refrain:
You sey hey, it's hard to be a rock'n'roller
Try being a rock'n'roll God
In a world of pleasure
Jackkass, I'll get you soon
Yeah yeah, hey it's hard to be a rock'n'roller
Try being a rock'n'roll star
When the world gets crazy
Baby, so do you, whoo
I have a private plane taking me from L.A. to Bahamas
Making records on the beach that sound like shit, but still sell
And Shakira's the producer
Her hips make me...wanna play
I'm doing lips-sync TV shows, Playing live's outdated
Man, I hate it, did a tour way back in 82
Since I got blessed with success
My fans just have pay-per-view
And they do and who's the fool
Refrain:
Try being a rock'n'roll god
Cash, cash up my ass
Want you be my pay-pal trash
Got everything you need
I got a world of inspiration
Fot fun and penetration
Don't let them know my music sucks
Rafrain:
You say hey, it's hard to be a rock'n'roller
Try being a rock'n'roll God
In the world of pleasure
Jackass, I'll get you soon
Hey!