

BoyWithUke, Rockstar

I just wanna be an all-star, run five hundred yards
Rock star life, buying luxury cars
I want a Bentley, want a nice Porsche
I wanna whip with butterfly doors
Grammy and a billion views
Enough money to afford nice shoes
Girlfriends and a golden goose
And a golden tooth, man, what about you?

I just wanna go back to my room
I don't want the fame, I just want you

I wish I was famous, nobody knows me
I do the same shit, do what they tell me
I have dreams that I'm living in the hills
I'm chilling with my homie Rick Ross paying bills
They call me faceless, I need a face lift
Radio stations hate on my playlists
One day Imma shoot a shot at Mars
Fall into its orbit, let me fall into your arms

I just wanna go back to my room
I don't want the fame, I just want you
I just wanna go back to my room (my room)
I don't want the fame, I just want you (want you)

And I've tried doing all that I can
I'll walk to Japan
If it means that I won't fall
Off, bite my own tongue just to save
All the numbers I made
I feed it like an animal

Pumped up, full of all this love (I don't wanna)
Go, go, though it won't take much (I don't wanna)
Change clothes, since we're so damn close (I just wanna)
Go home, baby, fuck this show

I just wanna go back to my room (my room)
I don't want the fame, I just want you (want you)
I just wanna go back to my room (my room)
I don't want the fame, I just want you (want you)

Forget everything I ever wanted
All I want is to see your eyes
Feel the weight of the stones in my pockets
I just want you to know I'm fine