

# 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