

You say you know this well known actress who's been shooting more than films
Her bedroom's filled with needle caps and counter-tops of pills
Highly well connected so you're privy to her sins
Not supposed to say but by the way
That's how she stays so thin
At a warehouse deep in Bushwick, you rendezvous with so and so
Whose avant-garde and parties hard and someone I should know
Gossiped about gossip
Hungover over brunch
With the famous close acquainted
And I've heard you've got a bunch

You can be what you wanna be
Make yourself into anyone, anything
You can be what you wanna be
Check the white dust upon on your skinny jeans
You're a star-
You're a star-
You're a star-
You're a star-fucker

So you met somebody on the guest list
Scooped up the dirt on a dude and his mistress
Bash on a rooftop
Lips on a cigarette
Set your eyes on a page six mansion
The nights and the clubs and the shopping sprees
The lights and the drugs and the philosophy
Is he loaded? Possibly
So you're down in the coat room on your knees
Like right when a girl gets popular
You wanna hangout, you wanna talk to her
You wanna laugh and cry with the socialite
You wanna pass the line, yeah I know the type
Well, I can remember when all of my clothes didn't seem so cool
Soon as I'm blowin' up, you're showin' up
Got a caked up face but I see right through

You were lame last year
But now you're not the same
Droppin' names
Doing bad things on a glass mirror

You were lame last year
But now you're on the scene
Got important friends you recommend that I should meet

You were lame last year
But now you know the band
Photograph with loads of drunken bros and older men

You were lame last year
But now you're so and such
Phone's just blowin' up
You're showin' up
You're showin' up
You're showin' up