

# Starfucker

K.Flay

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-  
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

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