

Am

Do I have to change my name? (Uh)

Will it get me far?

Should I lose some weight? (Uh)

Am I gonna be a star?

Missy and Madonna boy, ain't nothin' better
Hotter than fat bitches dancin' in a sweater
Madonna am I okay skinny or fatter
When I rap on this track [sniff] all I smell is cheddar
You and I together, yo' we're tougher than leather
Make pop artists scatter when we talk chit-chat
It really don't matter what time of day or weather
Or who's ass really fatter, my kadunk-kadunk badder
A rap so sick, won't stop, won't quit
All on my dick, like my name was 50 Cent, G-Unit!
I come with the heat, see my hits
Sound so sweet, Missy ain't pissy
Is you dizzy, is you with me
Tip me when you see me, 'cause you tryna get with me
Madonna bring the drama, oh mama that's trauma
Tougher than armor for your papa and your mama

Am

I tried to be a boy, I tried to be a girl

E

I tried to be a mess, I tried to be the best

E7

Dm

I guess I did it wrong, that's why I wrote this song

Am

This type of modern life, is it for me?

I'd like to express my extreme point of view

I'd like to express my extreme point of view

So I went into a bar, looking for sympathy
A little company, I tried to find a friend
It's more easily said, it's always been the same
This type of modern life, is not for me
This type of modern life, is not for free
Do I have to change my name? (C'mon)

Am *C*

American life (American life)

Am *C*

I live the American dream (American dream)

Dm

Em

You are the best thing I've seen

Dm

You are not just a dream

I tried to stay ahead, I tried to stay on top
I tried to play the part, but some how I forgot
Just what I did it for, and why I wanted more

This type of modern life, is it for me?

Fuck it

Ah, fuck it

Ah, fuck it

Ah, fuck it

Ah, fuck it, uh-huh

This is, a Madonna exclusive

This is, the American life, fuck it

I'm drinking a Soy latte

I get a double shoté

It goes right through my body

And you know I'm satisfied

I drive my Mini Cooper

And I'm feeling super-doooper

Yo they tell I'm a trooper

And you know I'm satisfied

I do yoga and palates

And the room is full of hotties

So I'm checking out the bodies

And you know I'm satisfied

I'm digging on the isotopes

This metaphysic's shit is dope

And if all this can give me hope

You know I'm satisfied

I got a lawyer and a manager

An agent and a chef

Three nannies, an assistant

And a driver and a jet

A trainer and a butler

And a bodyguard or five

A gardener and a stylist

Do you think I'm satisfied?

I'd like to express my extreme point of view

I'm not Christian and I'm not a Jew

I'm just living out the American dream

And I just realised that nothing

Is what it seems

What it seems (C'mon)

[AKORTR](#)