

*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

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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)