

Path To A Superstar

Boosie Badazz

My path to a superstar
Crazy

I used to listen to Pac
All day up in my room, he was the juke in my box
Stealing all my cousin clothes, he say he changing the locks
I fell in love with watching gangstas, 'cause the gangstas on top
Got some black Locs and got some Dickies
I was fucked up 'bout Eazy
Cross the track, lil Baby Gangsta
Bitch, ain't nothing 'round here easy
My day-to-day dreams was NBA dreams
I thought I made it
Wake up, go outside, get hypnotized
I want a bracelet
Plus I barely see nobody make it
So I wanna make it
Lil nigga trying to quarterback the hood
But I need a safety
I used to ask the dope dealers, "How much that cost?"
They like, "Lil Boosie, mane you nosey as a motherfucker."
No, I'm a hustler
Grew up fighting with my brother
Cursing out my mother
Lil nigga with my Adidas on
LL Cool J "I'm Bad", theme song

Mama, I don't even really know what to tell you
But I'm thuggin'
(This my path to a superstar)
Cousin I'm gone need you to be strapped at all times
And be my muscle
(This my path to a superstar)
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
I know can make it
(My path to a superstar)
Know I ain't gone, know know I ain't gone
Let nobody take it

I started rapping, I blew up
This was my teenage years
Lil Boosie Boo, I gave them teenage girls teenage chills
I started rapping
Hope the gangstas want to see if I'm like that
If you bite, i'mma bite back
They gone see if I'm like that
Three kids 'fo I turn 20
I gotta get it, lil nigga
You get on top, they coming for you
This my city, lil nigga
And that's what happened
All these niggas disrespect and they excuses is "We rapping."
Nigga, thats how it happens
BET? On the camera
Got four videos that's top five
It's '07, even police want me dead
God help me

Mama, I don't even really know what to tell you
But I'm thuggin'
(This my path to a superstar)
Cousin I'm gone need you to be strapped at all times
And be my muscle
(This my path to a superstar)
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
I know I can make it
(My path to a superstar)
Know I ain't gone, know know I ain't gone
Let nobody take it

My first mansion was live, copped at the end of '05
22 years old and I'm ballin'
I'm talking Pompey Drive
I'm giving bikes to the whole city, making sure that they ride
But I'm doing too much in this city
And the police, they tired
Lets skip this bitch to '09
I got a mixtape vault
2009, I'm out my mind
I bought them FN's out
And they locked me up with no bail
I won't be home in the morning
Mama they gone try to put this fucking shit in my arm
But I won, and Mama, this shit over the storm
I came home, got even bigger
Cancer came in my kidney
God did it, ever since then, it's been all ceilings
Millions after millions on millions
Til my gun charge
I'm sorry Ma

Mama, I don't even really know what to say
Since we got money
(God done blessed us Mama, but I'm still trippin')
Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble
Trouble keep on coming
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
I know I done made it

My path to a superstar
(I done made it, I done made it)
It's my path to a superstar
(I done made it, I done made it)
Really had a path to a superstar
Shit I did make me not laugh, cause I'm a superstar