

Hip Hop Star

Classified

(Yo, I love your shit man!)
(Halfpipe's the shit bitch!)
(Yes, I love it!)

Yeah, I'm a hip hop star (yeah), I stay on the grind
You think that I fail? (nah), I'm takin my time
I'm on your TV (yeah), I'm on your radio (yeah)
On your call the station kid but get no commercial play though (uh uh)
Love your videos (right), no high rotation
But seen me all day on your much vibe station (oh)
I got young kids tryin to get to know me
Signin autographs, while I'm out gettin groceries
Regular cat, mow my own lawn
Wife get excited when Oprah is on
I never had spinners (nah), not your average thug cat
But got rusted hubcaps that match with my mud flaps
People laughin, expect somethin else
Starin at me funny, like "don't your albums sell? "
Shit I'm gettin by, I'm doin somethin right
I love the life I lead, 'cause there ain't nothin like
Bein a hip hop star

A hip hop star?
Yeah, a hip hop star
Yo, a hip hop star?
Canadian hip hop star
Yeah, it's real simple
Make yourself a rhyme or video and a demo
You're a hip hop star
A hip hop star?
Yeah, a hip hop star
Yo, a hip hop star?
Another hip hop star
It don't mean nothin
I'm puttin in the work, tryin to turn it into somethin

Now I've been rockin for a minute (yep), still ain't got no plan yet
Never flew first class, we stand by on canned jet
Ain't got a gold card and never had an AmEx
I got a student Visa and shit I'm a damn vet
I've spent years stayin here to get my hands wet
This whole game's more disgustin than man sex
Take an underground poll - how many independent records has your town
Sold?
Tell me, have you found gold?
I could of got a record deal if I brown nosed (yep)
Shit, I'd be rich if I's paid for my downloads
Stealin from me, it make me feel sick
But that's the way it goes with the things you deal with
When you a hip hop star

A hip hop star?
Yeah, a hip hop star

Yo, a hip hop star?
Canadian hip hop star
Yeah, it's real simple
Make yourself a rhyme or video and this demo
You're a hip hop star

The shows, the bitches, the gold, the riches
It's not what you think!
The tours, the bling, the whores, the rings
The platinum, the actin
It's not what you think! (It's not what you think...)

I know you gettin mad 'cause I call myself a hip hop star (yep)
You ain't ever heard a hick talk hard (nope)
Or you pissed 'cause I drive a little shit box car
Disappointed, feel like you were ripped off hard
I know this one girl on tour (uh huh), who thought I was well known
(right)
Then she laughed her fuckin head off when she saw my cell phone
Is that what I'm judged on, a bad first impression?
(No, I can't take your picture, I can barely get reception!)
Music industry isn't what you see on TV (nope)
It's clone tryin to be Jay-Z but that ain't easy
You people ain't stupid, so don't fall for it
They make a livin off of garbage, 'cause we support it
You fuckin hip hop stars

Keep your hands up
Let's get this goin
Yeah, now without any doubt if we in the house, say hell yeah
(HELL YEAH!)

Yeah, I'm a hip hop star

You want to be a rapper
You want to be a hip hop star
It ain't all what it's cracked up to be