

The world at my fingertips
Just seems so lovely, don't it?
This world sold me a dream, and I bought it
And I believed that I really wanted
Growin' up I was blinded by dreams I created
And what I've seen on the TV screen
I liked them cars and I liked that house
And I really thought "I need these things"
I just wanted to be Deion
I just wanted to be primetime
I just wanted it to be a TV that you see me on in the limelight
Guess I could buy me some nice rims
And go and get the windows tinted
Or just drop me a video ridin' 'round town in the car I rented
Or just buy be a nice watch, and a brand new outfit
And find me a beautiful model type chick to pretend I'm going out with
And just smile for the camera, and just pose for the picture
Forget who I am, forget who I was
As long as they see me as a public figure
I guess I could portray a bad boy
Just whatever's good for the tabloid
Guess I could walk through hell covered in gasoline
Anything I can do for the cover of a magazine
Could pretend I was a dope boy and just rap about that
Now that I got the world's ear, I could just rap about crack
Or some other type of drug and pretend I was a thug
Take away the chrome
Hell, I might as well whip out the gun, just put it up to your mothafuckin' dome
Is that what you wanna hear?
Is that what you wanna be?
When you take a look in that mirror
Is that what you wanna see?
You can try and mimic me
And just ask if you need some help
You can just find out who you are
And just try to be yourself

Well, I guess you could try to be yourself
See, I learned later on in life
You ain't gotta be someone else