

The saints marched in, Kurtis +Blow+ing his horn
Tom +Cruise+d the boulevard, Chris +Rock+ed the song
For the hundredth time, they pressed rewind to the beginning
They toast to the rhyme, the juice spilt from John's +Lennon+
They took her to Elizabeth +Taylor+ to dry clean
The lone seamstress, who was schemin on Al's +Green+
You know they shoot for the stars and buckwild
Like the kids in the yard who play with +Jane's Child+
A beautician laced Erykah's +Badu+
Sean +Comb+ed through the evidence, just to get a clue
The needle in the haystack, from outta earth this kid

The Tiger +Wood+ kill him once thrown in Brad's +Pitt+
Jesse +Owen+ the money from the weed Bubba +Sparxxx+
They was journeys seen far as he walked in Dick's +Clark+
Jeffery +Lyons+ stuck with a thorn from George's +Bush+
Paul +Pierce+d in the heart as the crowd pushed
Acting alone... Drew +Barrymore+ bones
of the victims, three blocks from Jim's +Brownstone+
They shared the same bowl, he caught Natalie's +Cole+d
The producer, threw the butter on Esther's +Rolle+
Dempsey +Russel+ed him down, got his jaw wide
In a instant, Brooke +Shields+ him from the gunfire
Angie +Stone+d him to death, with those vocals
Keith +Sweat+ from the workout, just from runnin local

"With CREAM I ain't with the fame"

"Fame is the measure"

"Rap celebs"

"The place where stars are born"