

Superstar

Hush.

Hey yo it's funny nowadays how these fools see rap
As a Road to the Riches like Kool G Rap
And most people see me and think "Damn, not again
They signed another guy who's a friend of Eminem"
But you put me in a booth to the crowds disbelief
That if I spit the illest I'm keeping all my teeth
Then bite your style and feed you the feces
You've been shoving down the throats of these folks with CD's
And believe that I can be dropped just like that
And be right back working a job I might slack at
I can't do it fuck it
I'd rather show you that I love it with a bullshit budget
These cats walk around iced out with gunclaps
And no cash in a corner of fools with dunce caps
And dumb rap on how you're a star whatever yo
You ain't shit without approval from Thom Panunzio

Renting all your fancy clothes
That ain't your car in the videos
Trying to be gangsta
You ain't no superstar...
Your jewelry ain't fooling me
Don't give a fuck about V.I.P
Trying to be gangsta
You ain't no superstar...

See I blew my advance on a truck and Desert Eagle
Cause image isn't nothing it doesn't measure ego
Plus wherever we go we might get into trouble
I haven't made enough to afford a body double
Cats get some duckets and worry about wheels
Instead of saying something with meaning that really feels
Love all the glamour to me it's all glitz
But the music that they make in the back is all shit
For me don't roll out the red carpet
I wouldn't even know how to act in that department
This game is fucked for sure and by far
Topics for the songs are made up by A & R's
(whew! That's banging!...Thanks man...We should get J. Lo on the remix!)
If my album doesn't sell good for Jimmy Iovine
I'll be inside a bank screaming give me all the green

These rappers pose like models in every head shot
But they've blown every chance like the Boston Red Sox
Get a deal throw it away in 1 instance
I got my shit together forever keep your distance
I'd rather have a will in the bank and be respected
You think I need to spend me a mil to be accepted
Forget where you're from and you can't go back
Can't show you still got it like an old throwback
At a bar chicks think you're slick with quick winks
In return they reply to you back and give blinks
Til you walk up on my crew with mixed drinks
(Have you listened to my album?) yeah your shit stinks
No subjects no skills and no spirit
Mink coats iced out chains and no lyrics

Acting in this business like y'all pitched in
And not a modern day baller like Paul Fishkin