

Superstar

Nappy Roots

Five stars and hammers
Whole city in the slammers
Killing niggas on camera
My lil homies dying for grandma
[?] keep flippin'
Keep my name prolific
Keep my nose in my business
Just want money, clothes, and bitches
Used to wanna [?] for snitches
Anything with a witness
How you ask for forgiveness?
When you never planned to repent this

Both my parents went through hell
Just so I could prevail (prevail)
Couple stories can't tell
[?] still nigga feel
That's just life homie, I swear (swear)
Leave the block, I dare (I dare)
Got my fellas expunged
End of day, nigga, I won
Made me a pie outta' a crumb
Fightin' deez till I'm numb
All holding me down
Shed a few tears in all of my songs
(40)

Why you wanna act like you hate us? (hate us)
We on the front pages of your papers (the papers)
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess that make us superstars (guess that makes us
superstars)
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess that make us superstars

Why you wanna' act like you love us?
When we wearin' nice and when we bust guns
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess you think we superstars
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess you think we superstars

Alright I seen it then on CNN
They did him in, it was calm, I seen his hands
I ain't seen no gun, shot that man up for no reason
Showin' the cop with a hole in his top
And I ain't talking bout' capri sun
So many murders be unsolved
Including the ones the police done
We in the news more than movie stars
Guess that makes us superstars
Flashin' lights from the trooper cars
And we blowin' smoke like a hookah bar
Paparazzi got cops on tape
But their hands caught up in the cookie jar
Judge let him off with a warning
She should've thrown the whole book at y'all
Black neighborhoods where the shootings are
Guess that makes us shooting stars
Take the law in our own hands
Cuz' we don't really know who to call

To the officer who performed Philando coup de gras
Do you tell the teachers before you shoot him
Explain to your students why he ain't gonna make it to school tomorrow?

We turn them red and blue lights into a disco ball
Then we dance on 'em
We dance on 'em

Turn them red and blue lights into a disco ball
And then we dab on 'em
Hit that dab on 'em

You see how they pull up? (skrp?)
They wanna' be just like us (skrp?)

Turn them red and blue lights into a disco ball
And we gon dance on 'em
Gon' dance on 'em

I got tunnel vision, life flashes
Feelin' a little bit outcast'ed
It's southern [?] cadillac'ing
In the good old days when guns were blasting
Hanging around some drunken bastards
Fighting, scheming, wishing, dreaming
One day the playing field is even
Change is coming. Don't believe me?
Some are dying way too easy
We get Swiss cheese, they get paid leave
Front page news, for one day please
Stop killing us, cuz' it's building up
I don't give a damn
I won't give a fuck
We can burn this bitch down
Startin' with this town
The revolution, as real as it sounds
It's killing season
But what's the reason
We hustlin', a few cities and
I don't have a weapon, you can see these hands
Another black man, trying to feed his fam
And the police man get the same chance to live
But what's so sad: this happen way too often
And it feels like every damn day we done lost one
Talkin' to my son, tell him he gotta use caution
But I'm seeing the light, comin' out tha darkness

Why you wanna act like you hate us? (hate us)
We on the front pages of your papers (the papers)
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess that make us superstars (guess that makes us
superstars)
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess that make us superstars

Why you wanna' act like you love us?
When we wearin' nice and when we bust guns
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess you think we superstars
I gue-, I gue-, I gue-, I guess you think we superstars