

# No Superman

Pac Div

I already know I ain't invincible now  
We in these nigga scopes  
Mama said the realest ones always got to strip the cope  
Fuck all the fame we gon' lead the game with our soul  
Jedi minded we ain't never change niggas know  
That's how this shit go they build you up to back you down  
Though it's wrong nigga chain smoke and black and malls  
Four sips from black channel one song from Bill Gaten  
Classics in the catalogue niggas still hating  
Not from trees but from cheese nigga still hanging  
Lost my heart with my brother but we still kept playing  
Life's a catch, 22, put a spark to my blunt  
Round my stress in the blue I ain't superman

Super [x4]  
I ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
I ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
You ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
I ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
I ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
You ain't superman  
Super [x4]  
You ain't superman

We start out like tap holes in mama's tummy  
And come out likes assholes wanting money  
It's me myself and all the ones who love me  
'Cause when I'm on they doin' nothing for me  
Superficial shit be buggin' me like  
All the superficial bitches fuck with me right  
We make the superficial sound lovely right  
I sell you a dream that you gon' fuck with me right  
Is this shit too smart  
Am I saying too much, is this shit too art?  
Is your bitch that bad do you really put on  
Nigga is that your car  
Life's a catch 22, put a spark to my joint  
Join the trust in my brew  
I ain't superman

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Now the real shit gon' come home it's been decades  
To get his bullshit spread over the air waves  
My head hurting like I'm writing 10 essays  
My head hurting like I'm fighting 10 esses  
Eyes hazy blowing on kush crazy  
Less TV more books lately home body  
Flow galley, dress look crazy  
Nigga think I'm from the bush baby  
Bars make 'em push daisies  
Alpha omega, problem is solution  
And your in conclusion  
In the start and the finish  
In the thuggle war between this art and this business  
This why a nigga got to play it smart with decisions  
A cold symbolism and his art pay attention  
Pegan messages these niggas lost their religion  
Make them false prophets the rhyme prophets  
They get fate to choose confront them they go off topic  
Don't compare me to these prop objects  
You wouldn't compare Fred Segal to Hot Topic  
All braids and beads yea it's called logic  
Getting braid from freaks we meet at your college  
We using raw knowledge  
Narc shoppers all conscience like quarley  
Niggas think I'm walley women wanna parlay  
When I was down and out ain't nobody wanna calm me  
See me on my grind now they all late, but I ain't no superman

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