

Streetlife f/ Carlton Fisk, Inspectah Deck

"A Star is Born"

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[Intro: Streetlife]

Do this, do this damn thing, yo
Ohhhh, yeah, I waited a long time for this
Word, cock back that shit, yeah, greatness
Ohhhh, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on

[Streetlife]

This is rap bizarre, another star in the making
Took lot's of patience, deep concentration
Sat back, analyze your M.C.'S mistakes and
Realize most of y'all rap cats is fakin'
Like y'all is serial killers, and ain't murderin' nathan
Funk Flex, pump this, in heavy rotation
Place your bet, whose the next rap sensation?
Mobilize, regulate, a whole generation
Fuck what ya heard, this is Street Education
Pluckin' at your nerve, like a stab wound patient
I feed blatant, styles still flagrant
Catch me on Rap City, loungin' in the basement
Style, still gritty, double dart agent
I master the art, check my rap pages
They stab you in the back, who that? Smiling faces
That's why, I carry the gat in foreign places

[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]

Rap bizarre, another star in the making (ohhhh)
Keep faking, get your seat taken (ohhhh)

[Carlton Fisk]

Yo, inhale this paraphanel', dart from jail
It's P.L.O., see me up north in your cell
Plug your cherry rich glock in hell, find your way out
Tunnel vision like we emburk, fight my way out
Niggaz can't stop me, five seven seven tips probably
Serving me, enter my building lobby
Police recording me, yo, I got I.D.
So on point, pass you a holder with three felonies
Verrazano, horizontal move, first that gave him rules
Niggaz can't fuck with P.L.O., for real
All that shit sound slick, but let's be for real

You a faggot life nigga, that just caught a birth
I'm the raw suspect that'll tuck your eighth
Pistol whip you in the face, make you crack the safe
Man, you can front all you want on cd's and mixtapes
P.L.O. Style, niggaz had to earn they name

[Chorus]

[Streetlife]

This is Shaolin, what? Niggaz grab your nuts
Strut, rock to, what I conduct
After this verse, I might self destruct
Short fuse, overheating, blow the fuck up
Where my ladies at? What up? Wanna fuck?
No disrespect, got a love jones for sluts
Big bag of dud, Deck, burn a Dutch
Fiends control your lust, look, but don't touch
Still Wu, keep the God-U, tucked under the gut
Rap lust, my flow is spectaculaus
Niggaz doubt my skill, like I ain't real enough
Fuck what you feel, that's why you still baggin' up
It be those niggaz you know, that be actin' up
That's why my attitude's corrupt and don't give a fuck
Fans rush the bus, to get star struck
I'm that same road, he's just loungin' in cut

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Inspectah Deck (Streetlife)]

Word up, word up, Streetlife, Size/7
Get ya shit taken on the spot
Rebel I (word up, be on starter)
Wu-Tang, Killa Beez nigga (who request that?)
Forever (word up, ohhhhh)
Yo, pass that bone (you know how we do)
(Word up, Killa Hills, Shaolin, Shaolin, ohhhh)

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