

## **Trina F/ Money Mark**

### **"Superstar"**

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Yo hip-hop, started out in the heart  
Uh-huh, yo  
Now everybody tryin to chart  
Say what? Hip-Hop, started out in the heart  
Yo, now everybody tryin to chart  
C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby  
c'mon, uhh  
C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby  
c'mon

[singing]  
C'mon baby light my fire  
Everything you drop is so tired  
Music is supposed to inspire  
How come we ain't gettin no higher?

Now tell me your philosophy  
on exactly what an artist should be  
Should they be someone with prosperity  
and no concept of reality?

Now, who you know without any flaws?  
That lives above the spiritual laws?  
And does anything they feel just because  
there's always someone there who'll applaud?

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I know you think that you've got it all  
And by making other people feel small  
makes you think you're unable to fall  
But when you do, who you gonna call?

See what you give is just what you get  
I know it hasn't hit you yet!  
Now I don't mean to get you upset  
But every cause has an effect! Uh-huh!

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[rapping]

I cross sands in distant lands, made plans with the sheiks  
Why you beef with freaks as my album sales peak? Uhh  
All I wanted was to sell like five hundred  
and be a Ghetto Supastar since my first album  
\_Blunted\_  
I used to work at Foot Locker, they fired me and fronted  
or I quitted, now I spit it -- however do you want it!  
Now you get it, writing rhymes, in the Range, with the frames  
lightly tinted, then send it to your blcok to have my full name  
cemented (Lauryn Hill!) And if your lines sound like mine  
I'm taking a percentage (ka-ching!) Unprecedented,  
and still respected  
when it's finished, I'm serious, I'm takin over areas in Aquarius  
Runnin red lights with my ten thousand chariots  
Just as Christ was a Superstar, you stupid, Star  
They hail you then nail you, no matter who you are  
They'll make you now then take you down, and make you face it  
If you slit the bag open, put your pinky in it and taste it

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