

## Lupe Fiasco f/ Matthew Santos, T.I., Young Jeezy "Superstar"

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[Young Jeezy]

Lupe {\*audience raving\*}

Ha ha

Young

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

Ah

Ah, ah, oh my God

All this for me, I must be on my job

First album was a classic, never got an award

Took my first ten grand and bought a Honda Accord

And then I pack them thangs inside the Honda Accord

And put them on a highway and watch the Honda

Accord

Excuse me (???) in here, hope you pressin' record

And on behalf of the streets, I just can't be ignored

(YEAH!)

It's phasing all black (Black)

Just like a new glock

All the broads screamin' like they just seen 2Pac

Say his earrings 'bout as big as his ego

Keep a fresh baldhead like he just left Kemo (AY!)

Yes, it ain't mine, this is Lupe's single

And everytime I watch the walls, it's like I just left Bemo

(HA HA!)

Call me malo, come be my Snoopy

Superstar, baby, why when you do me (YO!)

Chorus 1: Mathew Santos

If you are what you say you are

A superstar

Then have no fear

The camera's here

And the microphones

And they wanna' know

Oh, oh, oh

Yeah

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

You on your fifteenth minute of fame and on the  
sixteenth

Beginith the lame, and on seventeen, you lose  
everythang  
The twenty-first is the worse, wishin' you was eleven  
Poppin' like you was seven with the feelin' when you  
was seconds  
Reminiscin' when you was just in  
Now you just ten, no longer the trend they dressin'  
Now you wonderin' where all the press went  
You no longer impress them  
Get arrested, paparazzi will press then {\*camera  
flash\*}  
I fell on purpose to stay a freshmen  
I lose  
But Louaton the school for X-Men  
So when I get my cap and gown and put the rappin'  
down  
I'll only know half my powers, but I spend half an hour  
Like a senior citizen, havin' a baby shower  
Haters wanna budget, but my fans still love it  
So you can ask them exactly who I are  
Nine weeks in number one, I'm a superstar

#### Chorus 2: Mathew Santos

If you are what you say you are  
A superstar  
Then have no fear  
The crowd is here  
And the lights are on  
And they want a show  
Oh, oh, oh  
Yeah

#### [Verse 3: T.I.]

Okay now  
Anyone who know me, they know me, the ride  
But when the shit was sellin' slow, it's just my homies  
and I  
Had to get rid of all the phonies and the homies's  
disguise  
So you speakin' and I don't reply, homie, don't be  
surprised  
You ain't gotta ride for me, I ain't asked you to  
Take a journey on my own, I would glad to do  
You go and turn around, now, I call a cab for you  
I stand up on my own two, he kissed a ass or who  
No way, Jose, we pop Rose, blow dro, there's more, no  
case  
But see, don't say my fault, ain't clip, more yay than  
Cirque Du Soleil  
Cops is (???), all day, kill people and get off like O.J.  
You catch your case, just shut your face, don't get

caught singin' do-re  
Mi-fa-se  
La-ti-do, ghetto, he wrote G Code, I obey {\*audience  
raving\*}  
He's so gaye  
They handle them, he's hangin' 'round me, no way  
It's okay  
Life, listen, learn, I 'gest that you go your way  
I be straight  
No conversation, man, this all I'm gon' say  
Hey

Repeat Chorus 1 & 2

[Matthew Santos]  
If you are  
What you say you are  
Then have no fear

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