

AZ**"Superstar"**Visit "[Superstar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

You know we came so far
Young superstar
(money in the bank)
We want more, you know we want more
We want more, you know we want more
We want more, you know we want more
We want more, you know we want more

[AZ]

It's no stoppin' him, he's in the books like Pac and em
From early, homey had hip-hop in him
The era of the unlaced kicks, he was rockin' em
Way before the sheepskin flicks, chicks been jockin'
him
Right down the block from Wop and em
N*ggas either dead or the feds is knockin em, he's still
here
Comparisons in these years is real rare
It's embarrassing, the bars he spit, he still care
Never let a b*tch in his ear, it ain't worth it
When alone, you gotta look in the mirror, what's the
purpose?
From the gutter, bad motherf*cker
From under that hustler's umbrella, none other
Than he who speaks would need it
Once said, then his dead homey won't repeat it, well
bred
Black with the solar facts, so exact
I was told they want the old god back, I'm here

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[AZ]

A-Zah Malik Allah
Repertoire like W.E.B. Du Bois, who yall?
Fraus like I came from afar
See bullet wounds, blood leak through the tar, baby pa
I'm the homey Obi Wan Kanobe, no Soke
Supposedly I'm potent with poetry, the almighty
Most likely in the midst of the sheisty
I know the D.A. got dreams to indict me, do the math
I came, I saw, I smashed
Seen n*ggas get millions, get murdered and bagged
All I ask is those that respect the code
Respect my mode, I'm a HBO episode
Filmed in the streets of New York, it's real talk
My whole life is sealed in the cork, it's rap's fault
Coupes, cribs, chauffers and yachts, gimme props
'Til I'm dead and my physical rots, I'm still hot

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[Outro]

Look, the rain is gone, the game
Just like Ming and Sean, Dave and Kareem
We the American dream, with 215 Vacheron Constantin
The \$300,000 Dan Nice and Alain Silberstein
The Princess catalog from Vinny Carl's regime
That's the most prestigious catalog in the world, man
That's \$800,000,000 in diamonds, man, all precious
cut
The \$40,000,000 Gulf Stream
The Enzo Ferrari, the F-1 McLaren
The Pagani Zanda made my Hiroshime
The mansion in Rome and island
Any complainin's all in the dream
I'm like Bo Bill with a twirl of king
I'm like the count of Beijing with a mix of Ming
I'm like, Lebron James holdin' down his team
I'm like, Elijah Muhammad on top of his Din
A wonder and a light you ain't never seen
Y'all in trouble n*ggas, it's a new regime
We on the screen, every magazine
Call me at home in Athens, Rome, n*gga's officially on
N*gga I'm in that zone, we in full rotation and
syndication
Malik man, you still got a crush on Ananda?

Me and AZ in the Pagani Zanda
We in Germany on the auto-don
And I'm the Don and he the Don
The girls wrapped in our arms, seen accentuous charm
Hate if you want but don't front!
It's the billion dollar boys with the billion dollar toys
With the billion dollar b*tches
With the maintenance on livin' about the minute a
month

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