

Chipmunk

"Superstar"

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i wanna be a superstar,
you ever wanted something so bad you sacrifice your
life for it,
i wanna be a super star,
take my walk in my crep,
C's up [here we go, here we go]

[chorus one;]
i wanna be a superstar,
yeah,
thats money, the fame, the paps, the mags,
but i dont want the stress,
yes.
i wanna be a superstar,
to be the best of the best,
imma work till im dead,
i wanna be a superstar,
nothin' more nothin'...less.
Ch'yeaah.

[verse one;]
i dress to impress without trying,
look i got CD's who's buyin'?
At 15 i wasnt paid in full,
but i know i had parada's in school,
[i was flash]
Ch'yeaah,ah
uniform with the fly jacket,
rucksack to match it,
swagga,? i had it,
young and easy in front of the cam,
makin' all the pretty girls go mad till the year book
said,
i was most likely to be famous,
piont to prove,
now i can't live my life lameless,
so i hit the stuuds,
started cuttin tunes,
minimal facilities in ironics room,
but we still made do,
i still came through,

haters still talk shit,
still F**k you.
even the lord knows when i started writin' bars,
never thought i'd hit the charts.
yeaah'yeaah.

[chorus two;]

i wanna be a superstar,
yeaah,
thats the money, the fame, the paps, the mags,
the cheques, the cash,
but i dont want the stress,
yes,
i wanna be a superstar,
to be the best of the best, imma work till im dead,
wanna be a superstar,
nothin' more nothin'...less

[verse two;]

age 17 i was spittin' more,
chip diddy chip,
when i kicked off i did it more,
and one label said i aint marketable,
and now look who runs the market..me.
i got the hot verse,
everybody wants mine,
tryna be on everybody's song,
F**K that.
tyrna cut back see,
see who's darin',
sharin' aint always carin'
i got the haters nostriles flarin',
smelling success,
got em' way stressed,
got em' way vex.
finkin afta laugh,
you wanna come test,
you can suck yuorself,
no latex.
i aint tryna sleep for life,[nope]
tryna bring my dreams to life[yep],
feelin like im born to fly,
dont ask me why,
yeaah'yeaah
C's up!.

[chorus three;]

i wanna be a superstar,
yeaah,
thats the money, the fame, the paps, the mags,
the cheques, the cash,

but i dont want the stress,
yes,
i wanna be a superstar,
to be the best of the best, imma work till im dead,
wanna be a superstar,
nothin' more nothin'...less

[verse three;]
and i was too fast learning to rhyme,
now talent got me caught up,
livin 2 lifes [no lie].
chart topper,
everybody knows my name,
but da hood dosent eva change,
its worse when your paid,
and im stil the sam,
[i aint changed]
in ma own zone,
from youth club to a life,
my life showed.
street dreams of a teen from the high road.
the pap lights blind my eyes,
Bro show.

[chorus four;]
i wanna be a superstar,
yeaah,
thats the money, the fame, the paps, the mags,
the cheques, the cash,
but i dont want the stress,
yes,
i wanna be a superstar,
to be the best of the best, imma work till im dead,
wanna be a superstar,
nothin' more nothin'...less [x2]

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