

Dmx, Method Man, Nas, Ja Rule

"Super Star"

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[Chorus]

While your shuckin' and jivin' howdy drivin'
Rollin' in my SUV (Westside Nigga)
All my plus three thugs on the way to the club
And when I come you got love for me
Cause I'm a super super star (Staaaar)
You know we're super super star (Staaaar)

[Ice Cube]

Everybody know jail records sell records
Imma catch a case come to court nigga bail naked
I got the formula double murder equal double platinum
I know these bitch niggaz wonderin' why I'm bustin' at
em
The rich a famous ignoramus
It's kind of Haynes with the picture of the world that he
paint us
The most dangerous angriest lyrics that a thug got
Ain't enough nigga where your mug shot?
Where's your drug spot nigga yous a was-not
I cant bump your shit if you never was shot
Before you bust a verse nigga go snatch a purse
You ain't my dogg till you laid up in a hurse
And you'll learn about loyalty when the record company
Try to fuck your family out the royalty
Your number one with a bullet and you took it in the
back
Goddamn that nigga can rap

[Chorus]

[Mack 10]

Now break me down check my resume tell me what it
say
It's the hood or nothing cross em out and put a K
No NO it don't matter how good you spit
If you ain't hit the trauma unit they ain't playin' your shit
Who gives a fuck if your money and game up to par
Cause jail time and bullets make a nigga a star
But it's a shame you ain't gettin' no real as figures
Got these white kid fools like you some real as niggaz

But most of ya'll is cowards ain't nothin' like me
Cause I'm a Westside motherfucker Inglewood G
And fuck sellin' records if I gotta get murd
I'd rather put my hustle down cook and cut up work
And it ain't but a few real killas and scrapers
And all these so-called gangstas really backpack
rappers
And I can care less about a battlin' skills
Cause when you bump Mack 10 you get the real reel

[Chorus]

[WC]

Fucked up down the game is fucked up now
This new rapper got shot and looked up now nigga
Fuck a peace service soon as Dub hit the surface
I got em shakin' and nervous cause ya'll created a
murderous
Brazin' tattoo so blaze the zag fool afraid the gat you
Got my gauge right at you
Fuck Paula Abdul I'm an American Idol
With my album cover posin' with a semi auto rifle
Cause murderin' vital cells and steels ain't real enough
The media wants drama so I ain't givin' a fuck
If I kill me nigga won't get shot in the heart
I can hit the countdown to one-o-six and park
So bang this shit nigga hang that shit
You say you don't but I know you love this gangsta-shit
nigga
Cause bullet holes and record sales go to together
Like cops a radars ash and A and R

[Ice Cube]

To all my niggaz lovin' chicken and watermelon
Talk brokin' English and drug sellin'
Rap murderous lyrics and story tellin'
You got to be a felon to get your shit sellin'
And if it got to be that way
A nigga murder me a rapper today
It just happened today
So if I come clappin' your way
It's just to sell what a nigga sold back in the day
Bang this and my niggaz get dangerous
Bang this with a four five stainless
Bang this and the bitches go painless
Bang this if you want to be famous
Bang this and my niggaz get dangerous
Bang this with a four five stainless
Bang this and the bitches go painless
Bang this if you want to be famous

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