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Gavin Rossdale

"Superstar"

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[B-Real talking] Alot of a...sharks out there...try'na take a bite of somethin' What's hot Lot of chameleons out there...try'na change up Anytime somethin' new comes along...everybody wants a bite Don't happen overnight

[Chorus: B-Real] So you wanna be a rock superstar? And live large, a big house, 5 cars, you're in charge Comin' up in the world don't trust no body Gotta look over your shoulder constantly

[B-Real]

I remember the days when I was a young kid growin' up Looking in the mirror dreamin' about blowin' up The rock crowd, make money, chill with the honey's Sign autographs or whatever the people want from me Shit's funny how impossible dreams manifest And the games that be comin' with it, nevertheless You got to go for the gusto but you don't know About the blood, sweat and tears and losing some of your peers And losing some of yourself to the years past gone by Hopefully it don't manifest for the wrong guy Egomaniac and the brainiac don't know how to act Shit's deep, 48 tracks Studio gangster mack signed the deal, thinks he's gonna make a mil' But never will 'til he crosses over Still filling your head with fantasies Come with me, show the sacrifice it takes to make the cheese You wanna be a rock superstar in the biz? And take shit from people who don't know what it is I wish it was all fun and games but the price of fame is high

And some can't pay the way

Still trapped in what you rappin' about

Tell me what happened when you lost clout The route you took started collapsing No fans, no fame, no respect, no change, no women And everybody shits on your name

[Chorus 2x]

[Sen Dog talking] People see rockstars, younawhal'msayin? But you still...try'na...get out more like, like everybody else It's a fun job, but it's still a job Save your money man, save your money too It's single don't last very long, younawhal'msayin? I mean...you're lucky in this game too There's gon' be another cat comin' out Lookin' like me, soundin' like me, next year I know this They'll be a flipside, do whatchu you do Somebody'll try to spin off like some series

[Sen Dog]

You ever have big dreams of makin' real cream? Big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream You wanna look shanty in the Bentley Be a snob and never act friendly You wanna have big fame, let me explain What happends to these stars and their big brains First they get played like all damn day Long as you sell everything will be O.K. Then you get dissed by the media and fans Things never stay the same way they began I heard that some never give full to the fullest That's while fools end up dining on the bullet Think everything's fine in the big time See me in my Lex' with the chrome raised high So you wanna roll far and live large? It ain't all that goes with bein' a rockstar

[Chorus 2x]

[B-Real]

My own son don't know me I'm chillin' in the hotel room lonely But I thank God I'm with my homies But sometimes I wish I was back home But only no radio or video didn't show me No love, the phony, gotta hit the road slowly So the record gets pushed by Sony I'm in the middle like mony And the press say that my own people disown me And the best way back is to keep your head straight Never inflate the cranium They're too worried about them honies at the Paladium Who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on Go on, fall off, the hoes roll on 'Til the next rock superstar with no shame Give him a year, he'll be right out the game The same as the last one who came before him Gained fame, started gettin' ignored, I warned him Assured him, this ain't easy take it from Weezy Sleezy people wanna be so cheesy, the fuckin' lethal "Assassins, assassins"

[Chorus 2x]

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