

## **Insane Clown Posse "Super Star"**

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If I had things my way, I wouldn't be a zero  
Rather be respected like Pierre Ferro  
Every album I touch 5 mics  
I'd be on MTV with Tommy Lee ridden dirt bikes  
Me and Fred Durst cooking brought worst  
And one of those huge barbecues with them Bunny  
skirts  
I wouldn't need a barricade at my shows  
'cause it would be nothing but celebrity friends the first  
10 rows  
I'd have a 90 pound slut on my arm  
Who likes like a little skinny dude with a perm  
But she's a super model and she works in Brazil  
And her daddy places pool on the isle of ???  
I remember when I met at a party in France  
I sent her a rose with a note "May I have this dance?"  
Jeckel whut? I don't even know who they are  
If I had things my way, I'd be a superstar

*[Chorus:]*

I'm so famous I'm so sweet  
I'm so neat I can't be beat  
Call my one time  
I'm so fashion, I'm divine  
I'm so famous I'm so sweet  
I'm so neat I can't be beat  
Call my one time  
I'm so fashion, I'm divine

I got a call this morning Denis Rodman & Carson Daily  
They want to meet me up for lunch at the Bailey  
And I don't even know them people  
But we famous, so we consider each other equal  
Where am I from? Oh yea Detroit city  
I remember that tiny little town, so itty bitty  
I think I used to have some family there  
In fact I wonder if. Rmmm... anyway, jauque do my hair  
Sniffing cocaine off of crystal counter top  
Kissy face, sucking on her ruby red lolly pop  
Shaggy Who? Watch me clean up the ghetto  
I sleep on a mattress sprinkled with rose pedals  
Make my music, write my song I'll come sing it

And when the royalty check comes, better bring it  
Mr Masoose come and rub me down gently  
Mom hers the keys, go and wash the Bentley

(Fast Talking I Can't Even Make Out)

Superstar....

*[Chorus]*

I'm like a zerko, I suck my drummers dick  
I ain't gay or nothing, I just did it for kicks  
I like to play the crazy rock star it helps my rep  
You shoulda seen me at the movie premiere with Johny  
Depp  
I love Hollywood parties, I live like a star  
I'll kiss your ass, even if I don't know who you are  
I'll jump in your pictures and I'll get in your way  
I'm annoying as fuck, I'm like that one kid from Sugar  
Ray  
Do I remember Twiztid? Of course I do, Twisted Sister,  
They used to play with Motely Crue  
Oh you mean them rapper kids that were down with  
me?  
No, I don't recall, excuse me, security!  
I don't need old friends, I'm way bigger  
Sorry, my phones ringing, it's Tommy Hilfiger  
I'll see you when I see if I remember who you are  
After all, you're talking with the superstar

*[Chorus]*

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