

# Ja Rule "Superstar"

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Here's a toast to living my life like a superstar  
Party all through the night just like a rock star  
Girl, when we make love it's like a porn star  
And whenever I ball, bitch, I'm an all-star  
I'm a superstar, superstar, superstar  
I'm a superstar, superstar, superstar  
I'm on my stairway to Heaven, dear heavenly Father  
God had on no Gucci, guessing cause Devil wears  
Prada  
You know? don't let my bitch get money  
I know you want get it, still you can't take nothing from  
me  
A nigga living comfy, hoes imported from London  
Half white, half good loving, ? packages shipped to the  
Runners  
? he be straight from Cuba, life is a mo'fucker  
Until you finally fuck her, found out you shouldn'ta trust  
her  
The lifestyle of a hustler, blow money fast, fuck 'em  
Throw it up in the air, make it all back before sun up  
Every bitch is a come up, no matter who you are  
Here's a toast to the trap stars, biatch  
I'm on my stairway to Heaven, dear heavenly Father  
The devil told me not even Heaven's better than  
stardom  
Got 'em fucking applauding, had me fooled for a  
moment  
Like so many others, them cameras done turned into  
photos  
I seem them flashing lights, but really what's the  
fucking motive?  
Been motivated all my life, couldn't wait for this  
moment  
Big house out by the water, maybe I came with the  
chauffeur  
Now I said? like twelve summers  
We straight from the Bahamas, got me spending like?  
These boys? go somewhere where we got options  
But once I get there, I start to notice my biggest  
problem  
How am I so alone when I'm so surrounded?  
Still on my stairway to Heaven, dear heavenly Father

This devil wore a blue dress: Angelina, Madonna  
Fame monster, no relation to Gaga  
Bitch got a lot of problems, money ain't one of 'em,  
promise  
Graduated with honors, she don't drink, she don't light  
up  
We're heavy on that powder, now every night is young  
Red murcileago, who the fuck gon' stop her?  
She's been racing towards an early grave, and guess  
who's the driver (Fame)  
She thought she'd live forever  
Like so many stars whose souls we captured on  
cameras  
I need my privacy, said it?  
Here's a toast to living my life, man

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