

Lucy Kaplansky

"No V.I.P"

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No I'm no V.I.P.

No, I'm no V.I.P.

The bouncers think I've got fake I'd
Don't have a hit record or a DVD
But my rhymes fit on my bars so nicely
So no I'm no V.I.P.
I'm not Beyonc?, Christina or Britney
Unlike them you can't trick me
Cos I don't move slowly
I move quickly

Nowadays, rappers with gold act like kings
They're put on pedestals and given sparkling wings
It's about time we cut those strings cos when it's all
gone
That's when it really stings
They flash their diamonds they flash their rings
But I don't give a shit about their shiny things
Cos real happiness is what money never brings
So in the long run it's me who wins
I've got the same damn shoes the same damn laces
But they can still take me to new places
I don't need Gucci incrustated bracelets
Five different cars or a hundred suitcases
I might not be recognised by a thousand faces
But karma's a bitch if you're the one
Who never ever embraces
Your gems are worthless if your actions don't leave
traces
And not all sparkling doors lead to crystal stair-cases
So follow the white rabbit down the rabbit-hole
Where the constant search for stardust
Makes your heart turn cold
Your dreams will disappear and then never unfold
You'll be forgotten by tomorrow
Cos not all that glitters is gold.

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Nowadays, it's not about the filling but about the icing
Want extra sprinkles no that's not surprising
Cos magazines keep writing
Saying it's the bling bling that's enticing
Now I'm the editor and I'm retyping
Cos penniless pockets wont stop me from climbing
Who needs rocks when words are blinding
When the power of speech is forever shining
No I might not have a mansion in the hills
A chain like Eminem or blazing grills
Who needs that stuff when it never fulfills
But celebrities swallow it like placebo pills
All it does is leave them with empty tills
So stay true and protect your skills
You might have problems
Yeah, you might have bills
But remember one thing
Too much stardom only ever kills

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