

Corey "Ghetto Superstar"

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Can I tell y'all a story
About my history
I'm sure a lot y'all can relate to me
You see I'm from the ghetto

A place where me and my brother shared
The hardwood floor when the winter was cold
I'm talkin' about the ghetto
'Cause I know, I know, I know, I know

I'm not going to stay here no
I got plans to get out of here
I see my name, big lights
Oh Lord, I wanna taste some of that good life
I wanna be

I want to be
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar
Oh, I wanna be, yeah
I've got big dreams
Of being a, superstar
A young ghetto superstar
That is all I wanna be
A superstar

What you know about that hard knock life?
What you know about that ware fare life?
Scrape for dinner and government cheese
Praying for the Lord
Lord to bless me

Oh, and get grandmama out
Try to buy every foot locker out
Living ghetto fabulous no doubt
You know what I'm talking about
I wanna be

I want to be
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar
Oh, I wanna be, yeah
I've got big dreams
Of being a, superstar

A young ghetto superstar
That is all I wanna be
A superstar

Rolling out slamming Cadillac doors
Holding down every homie I know
Never ever ever will I be broke
I wanna be, I wanna be a ghetto superstar

Rolling out slamming Cadillac doors
Never ever ever will I be broke
Holding down every homie I know
I wanna be, I wanna be a ghetto superstar

And if some of y'all went through what I went through
You know I just want y'all to Bob y'all head
'Cause you know every one didn't come from great
homes

I want to be
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar
Oh, I wanna be, yeah
I've got big dreams
Of being a, superstar
A young ghetto superstar
That is all I wanna be
A superstar

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