

Cypress Hill "Rock/rap Superstar"

Visit "[Rock/rap Superstar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

chorus:

(B Real)

So you wanna be a rap/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 honeys
sign autographs or whatever the people want from me
it's funny how impossible dreams manifest
and the games that be comin with it
nevertheless
you got to go for the gusto but you dont know
about the blood, sweat and tears
and losing some of your fears
and losing some of yourself to the years past,
gone by
hopefully it dont manifest
for the wrong guy
egomaniac and the brainiac
dont know how to act
48 tracks
studio gangster, mack,
sign 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 rap/rock superstar in the biz
and take shit from people who dont know what it is
I wish it was all fun and games but the price of fame is
high
and some cant pay the way
still trapped in what you rapping about
tell me what happened when you lost
the route you took started collapsing
no fans no fame no respect no change no women
and everybody shittin on your name

chrous X2

Sen: (only in Rock version)

you ever have big dreams of making real cream
big shot, heavy hitter on the main
and you wanna look shanty
in the Bentley, be a snob and never act friendly
you wanna have big fame, let me explain
what happens to these stars and their big brains
first they get played like all damn day
long as you sell everything will be ok
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 chrome raised high
so you wanna roll far
and live large
it aint all that goes with bein a rock star
chorus X2

B Real:

my own son dont 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 didnt 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
(a venu in LA)
who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on
go on, fall off, the ho's roll on
til the next rap superstar
with no shame
give em 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 aint easy take it from Weezy
sleezy people wanna be so cheesy, the fuckin people
(gun cock noise)

whispered: assassins, assassins

chorus X2

Visit [Cypress Hill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.