

Cypress Hill "Rock Superstar"

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So you wanna be a rock superstar and live large?
A big house, five cars, you're in charge
Comin' up in the world, don't trust nobody
Got to look over your shoulder constantly

I remember the days when I was a young kid growin' up
Lookin' in the mirror, dreamin' about blowin' up
The rock crowds, make money, chill with the honeys
Sign autographs and 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 don't know about the blood, sweat
And tears and losin' some of your peers

And losin' some of yourself to the years past, gone by
Hopefully it don't manifest for the wrong guy
Egomaniac and the Brainiac don't know how to act
Just deep 48 track

Studio gangsta mack sign the deal
Think he's gonna make a mil but never will
'Til he crosses over, still
Fillin' your head with fantasies, come with me
Show the sacrifice it takes to make the G's

You wanna be a rock superstar in the biz
And take from people who don't know what it is
I wish it was all fun and games
But the price of fame is high
And some can't pay the way

Feel trapped in, what you rappin' about?
Tell me what happened when you lost clout?
The route you took started collapsin'
No fans, no fame, no respect, no change, no women
And everybody on your name

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You ever have big dreams of makin' big green?
Big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream
You wanna look trendy in the Bentley
Be a star 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 everythin' will be okay

Then you get dissed by the media and fans
Things never stay the same way they began
I heard that some never get fooled to the fullest
That's why fools end up dinin' on a bullet

Think everything's fine in the big time
See me in my Lex with the chrome ray shine
So you wanna roll far and live large
It ain't all that goes with bein' a rock star

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My own son don't know me
I'm chillin' in a 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's
Sonna show me no love, they're phony
Got to hit the road solely so the record gets pushed by
Sony
I'm in the middle like Monie

And the press say that my own people disown me

And the best way back to keep your head straight
Never inflate the cranium
They're too worried about them honeys at the
Palladium
Who just wanna swing on, cling on, suck on
Go on suck it, suck it some more

To the next rock superstar with no shame
Give him a year and they'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 ain't easy
Take it from the weazy
Sleazy people want to be so cheesy
They're so evil

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