

Pras Michel

"Ghetto Supastar"

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Ghetto Supastar (That Is What You Are)
Pras Michel featuring Ol' Dirty Bastard & Mya
Album: Bulworth (The Soundtrack)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Man, man look up at the sky
All the stars man, the stars look beautiful tonight
Look at em!

Chorus: Mya

Ghetto superstar, that is what you are
Comin' from afar, reachin' for the stars
Run away with me, to another place
We can rely on each other, uh-huh
From one corner to another, uh-huh

[Pras]

Uh, yeah, yo, yo
Some got hopes and dreams, we got, ways and means
The supreme dream team, always up with the schemes
From hubcaps to sellin' raps, name your theme
My rise to the top, floatin' on this cream
Who the hell wanna stop me, I hated those who doubt
me
A million refugees with unlimited warranties
Black Caesar, dating top skeezers
Diplomatic legalese, no time for a Visa
They just begun, I'ma shoot them one by one
Got five sides to me, somethin' like a pentagon
Strike with the forces of King Solomon
Lettin' bygones be bygones and so on and so on
I'ma teach this cat, how to live in the ghetto
Keepin' it retro-spective from the get-go
Lay low, let my mind shine like a halo
P-Politic with ghetto senators on the deelow

Chorus

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

One two, and you don't stop, yo

My eyes are sore, bein' a senator
Behind closed doors hittin' truth to the seafloor
The rich go north ignore, the tug of war
While the kids are poor, open new and better drug
stores
So, I became hardcore, couldn't take it no more
I'ma reveal EVERYTHING, change the law
I find myself, walkin' the streets
Tryin' to find what's really goin' on in the streets

[Pras]

Yea, yo, yo, yo
Now every dog got his day, needless to say
When the chief away, that's when them cats want to
play
I told you, mess around with fools like Cassius Clay
Stretch my heater make you do a pas de bourree
Kick your balls like Pele, pick em doin' ballet
Peak like Dante, broader than Broadway
Get applause like a matador, cry yellin' !Ole!
Who the hell wanna' save me, from B.K., to Cali
Come on

Chorus

[Pras]

Yeah...yo, yeah
Just when you thought it was safe in a common place
Showcase your finest is losin' fast in the horse race
Two faced, gettin' defaced, out like Scarface
Throw your roll money, let me put on my screwface

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Well I'm paranoid at the things I said
Wonderin' what's the penalty from day to day, I'm
hangin' out
Partyin' with girls that never die, you see I was
Pickin' on the small fries, my campaign tellin' lies
Was just spreadin' my love, didn't know my love
Was the one holdin' the gun and the glove
But it's all good as long as it's understood
It's all together now, in the
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Chorus

[Pras]

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh
Yeah
All stars, yeah yeah yeah

Chorus

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Sing it baby, sing it babyeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

To another, aheoehahahahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Yeahhhh,

heeee, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh From: "Rick

Thompson"

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