

Trip

"Superstar"

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

Oh yeah they talk a lot, they say they that they walk it
out, they say they
This
They making chips, their cake's legit, don't baller block
or call the cops
They think they something, better not say they ain't or
that they fake or
Fronting
Otherwise their duns wills ride with guns inside their
range or something
That's what all they songs about, they long for wrong
they all about
How they the stuff and they discuss how they all go
that baller route
But me I take that smaller route, them ballers I'm gon'
call them out
And say to dudes the King is true, so that's what I'm
gon' talk about
Look I ain't got no cocky flows bout dollars copped
when rocking shows
Or girls that pop and drop it low, or glocks that I'm gon'
lock and load
It's not for show or lots of dough, I do this for His name
To get it out, not to get mine exposed, don't do this for
the fame
No time to flow bout shiny clothes, or shoes, or golden
chains
My mind is sold to the God who rose, His truth is on my
brain
So while the average cats is backwards spitting battle
raps
Wrapped up in their habitat of blasting cats, I'm
rapping 'bout the
Master's acts
Most cats just can't fathom that, that I don't the
spotlight
It's not right, I'm not tight, I rep Him when I rock mics
So don't be looking at me, you see me just look on past
me
I'm nothing special, just a vessel, service makes me
happy

Hey if you looking for a Superstar
I ain't the one you searching for, I came to bring some
worship, bro
He's perfect I'm just dirt below
Hey if you looking for a Superstar
Don't look at me, you got me wrong, I been a sinner all
along
Let's look at Him and not the songs (Repeat)

Hey what you looking at homie? Get your eyes up off of
me
The credit bro it's not for me, but the one who took the
cross for me
He's holy, I ain't choose Him, He chose me, oh no He
sought for me
Bought me, got me clean homeboy, get it right
What you looking at sister? I ain't nothing but dust bro
Who must go and rep His name, He gave me grace to
trust so
I'm nothing more than anybody else, they in the front
row
They think I'm special? I ain't much though no, get it
right
Hey what you looking at homie? Nah I don't mind the
autographs
And pictures but I ain't all for that, I'm preaching Christ
and falling
Back
My mission is to lift up the risen who put the cross on
back
I'm spitting to help them follow that vision, get it right
Hey what you looking at sister? Forget about my name
and stuff
I ain't no entertainer, but hope this is entertaining just
So cats can hear His name discussed and trust the God
I came to trust
His grace is enough for saving us baby, get it right

Get your eyes off me, I'm just dust from the ground
Put your eyes on Him, Christ the Son with the crown
I ain't no superstar, I ain't no superstar
So get your eyes off me, get your eyes off me

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