

## Trip Lee

### "Superstar"

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[Verse 1:]

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

[Hook:]

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)

[Verse 2:]

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

[Hook]

[Bridge:]

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

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