

Twisted Tower Dire

"Superstar"

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

"Whassup, man?"

"What up?"

"Can you believe I went in this motha fucking place and this, this arrogant son of a bitch behind the counter had the nerve to call me a fucking superstar"

"Rock star"

"No, I, no, a superstar, a rock star none the less, but a superstar, yes, no, and, and what I don't understand is how the fuck am I a superstar? How are you a superstar? We don't got a fucking video on MTV"

"No!"

"I got one car! And it's got a flat tire and a fucking broken rear view mirror"

"I got two cars"

"You got two cars?"

"But still..."

"You might be a superstar"

"No"

"I seen you flashin' 'round the hood"

"No!"

"You might be a superstar"

"Never!"

"Ok, well look, so I don't understand that shit, basically that shit ain't shit to me, I ain't a mothafucking..."

"You might be a rock star. Ya know, maybe a rock star"

"You could be a rock star. With a little bit of effort and a video. I can work you into some A&R. I can get you on the radio, you, my friend, can be a rock star"

"Nice"

"Warped Tour, baby"

(Chorus)

Superstar, you ain't shit

Superstar, you ain't shit

Everybody come on

Superstar, you ain't shit

Superstar, you ain't shit (Say what?)

Superstar, you ain't shit

Superstar, you ain't shit

Everybody come on

Superstar, you ain't shit

Superstar, you ain't shit
Don't let it go to your head

(Monoxide)

I'm rocking a phat ass mink, and some chipped
sunglasses
So sweet and sticky they call me Lil Molasses
Don't let it fool you though, I'm a neck slitter
Chest hair permed, all covered in glitter
I got bitches falling out of my pockets at all times
Lying on me, spreading these rumors, to all kinds
Hating on me, leaving these people with false lines
Bitch, you must be out your god damn mind
Understand I'm the mothafucking shit, bitch
And you ain't got to say it, I can see it on your lips,
please
Put my dick on a hot dog bun and put that in your
mouth
And keep my name off your tongue, hoe (BIATCH!)
Pink fun and that Twiztid thong
I got my homie in the car waiting all night long
I ain't shit (Yeah)
You can let the whole world know
The only way I gets some pussy's if the bitch is a hoe
(Eat a dick)

(Chorus)

Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Everybody come on
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit (Say what?)
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Everybody come on
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Don't let it go to your head

(Madrox)

Superstar with the boots and a big old dick
Neck, chest, and dick tip covered in lipstick
Rhinestone sunglasses
Nipples tells us about those tender young asses
And fucking in a casket
We like ass with bounce to the ounce
All you lame hoes go and ask your friends what I'm
talking about
Light built, with dollor bills
Got a chauffer with a limo
I ain't never touch a steering wheel

Besides I'm too fine to drive
And after the show it's about getting high
Let's talk about you for a second
Then let's talk about me for an hour and a half
Oh yeah, here go that autograph you asking about
And don't forget to flash your titties on the way out
See, I'm a superstar, hell I'm on my own dick
Even though I ain't shit
And everyone knows it

(Chorus Repeats Till End)

Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Everybody come on
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit (Say what?)
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Everybody come on
Superstar, you ain't shit
Superstar, you ain't shit
Don't let it go to your head

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