

Angelwing "Superstar"

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Yo hip-hop, started out in the heart
Uh-huh, yo
Now everybody tryin to chart
Say what? Hip-Hop, started out in the heart
Yo, now everybody tryin to chart
C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby
c'mon, uhh
C'mon now baby c'mon now baby c'mon now baby
c'mon

[singing]
C'mon baby light my fire
Everything you drop is so tired
Music is supposed to inspire
How come we ain't gettin no higher?

Now tell me your philosophy
on exactly what an artist should be
Should they be someone with prosperity
and no concept of reality?

Now, who you know without any flaws?
That lives above the spiritual laws?
And does anything they feel just because
there's always someone there who'll applaud?

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I know you think that you've got it all
And by making other people feel small
makes you think you're unable to fall
But when you do, who you gonna call?

See what you give is just what you get
I know it hasn't hit you yet!
Now I don't mean to get you upset
But every cause has an effect! Uh-huh!

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[rapping]

I cross sands in distant lands, made plans with the sheiks
Why you beef with freaks as my album sales peak? Uhh
All I wanted was to sell like five hundred
and be a Ghetto Supastar since my first album
Blunted
I used to work at Foot Locker, they fired me and fronted
or I quitted, now I spit it -- however do you want it!
Now you get it, writing rhymes, in the Range, with the frames
lightly tinted, then send it to your blcok to have my full name
cemented (Lauryn Hill!) And if your lines sound like mine
I'm taking a percentage (ka-ching!) Unprecedented, and still respected
when it's finished, I'm serious, I'm takin over areas in Aquarius
Runnin red lights with my ten thousand chariots
Just as Christ was a Superstar, you stupid, Star
They hail you then nail you, no matter who you are
They'll make you now then take you down, and make you face it
If you slit the bag open, put your pinky in it and taste it

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