

Hill Cypress

"RapRock Superstar"

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So you wanna be a rock superstar, and live large
a big house, 5 cars, a big charge
comin' up in the world, don't trust no body
gotta look over your shoulder constantly
I remember the days when I was a young kid growin up
looking in the mirror, dreamin about blowin up
the rock crowd, make money, chill with the honeys
sign autographs or whatever the people want from me
it's funny how impossible dreams manifest
and the games that be comin with it
nevertheless
you got to go for the gusto but you dont know
about the blood, sweat and tears
and losing some of your peers
and losing some of yourself to the years past,
gone by
hopefully it dont manifest
for the wrong guy
egomaniac and the brainiac
dont know how to act
48 tracks

studio gangster, mack,
sign the deal, thinks he's gonna make a mil
but never will til he crosses over
still filling your head with fantasies
come with me, show the sacrifice it takes to make the
cheese
You wanna be a rock superstar in the biz
and take shit from people who dont know what it is
I wish it was all fun and games but the price of fame is
high
and some cant pay the way
still trapped in what you rapping about
tell me what happened when you lost
the route you took started collapsing
no fans no fame no respect no change no women
and everybody shittin on your name
chrous X2
you ever have big dreams of making real cream
big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream
and you wanna look trendy
in the Bentley, be a snob and never act friendly
you wanna have big fame, let me explain
what happends to these stars and their big brains
first they get played like all damn day
long as you sell everything will be ok
then you get dissed by the media and fans

things never stay the same way they began

I heard that some never give full to the fullest

that's while fools end up dining on the bullet

think everything's fine in the big time

see me in my Lex with chrome raised high

so you wanna roll far

and live large

it aint all that goes with bein a rock star

chorus X2

my own son dont know me

I'm chillin in the hotel room lonely

but I thank God I'm with my homies

but sometimes I wish I was back home

but only no radio or video didnt show me

no love, the phony, gotta hit the road slowly

so the record gets pushed by Sony

I'm in the middle like mony

and the press say that my own people disown me

and the best way back

is to keep your head straight, never inflate the cranium

they're too worried about them hunnies at the Paladium
(a venu in LA)

who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on

go on, fall off, the ho's roll on

til the next rap superstar

with no shame

give em a year, he'll be right out the game
the same as the last one who came before him
gained fame, started gettin ignored, I warned him
assured him, this aint easy take it from Weezy
sleezy people wanna be so cheesy, they're fucking evil
(gun cock noise)
whispered: assassins, assassins
chorus X2

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