

## Hill Cypress

### "RockRap SuperStar"

Visit "[RockRap SuperStar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

chorus:]

[B Real]

So you wanna be a rap/rock superstar, and live large

a big house, 5 cars, you're in charge

comin' up in the world, don't trust no body

gotta look over your shoulder constantly

[B Real:]

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 fears

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 rap/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]

[Sen: (only in Rock version)]

you ever have big dreams of making real cream

big shot, heavy hitter on the main

and you wanna look shanty

in the Bentley, be a snob and never act friendly

you wanna have big fame, let me explain

what happens 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]

[B Real:]

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 honies 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, the fuckin people  
[gun cock noise]

[whispered:] assassins, assassins

[chorus X2

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