

The Group Home "Supa Star"

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Damn son, what the fuck is wrong with you man?
Shit shouldn't be happening out here man
Niggas don't be realizin' the shit man but yo tell 'em
What you be seein' out your window

Yo I be seeing out my window gunshots everyday
Man, yo I be seeing sex money and drugs too
But yo tell 'em how duke said
The worlds about to end

Born in the ghetto it's hard to survive
Some have achieved and many brothers tried
But I realized which life to choose
I wanna make money so I gotta pay dues

But there's no rules and you only have one chance
If ya fuck up kid you face the circumstance
At night I use to scream and shout
Livin' in the ghetto trying to get the hell out

So I would try as I watch my friends die
But all I could do was sit back and cry
These are feelings I'm expressing through my rhymes
I been through hard times so many problems on my
mind

I wasn't living rich and I also wasn't poor
I try to appreciate but I deserve more
Yeah, superman supa star
Give me super fat doe like Pablo escobar
Super duper star

Feared by bandits hated by chicks
Loved by kids I never did a bid
Yes, the group home is thick
Plus I don't eat beef cause get dizzy if ya think shit is
weak

Yo, I work hard and hard my man trace it down to the
car
After that keep it movin' have no time to be foolin'
Around town A&Rs; you get down with the hype sound

The things I say will make a grown man dream

I speak sayings go by yourself, be by yourself
Let my lyrics vibrate and shake the earth
I travel ghetto to ghetto back streets to street
Kick a rhyme or crime with this ill mastermind

Mom dukes use to tell me with these tears in her eyes
Now I'm out on my own survival with the dime
Like an African tribe little dap will blow your mind
Check it out like this

And then like that
Super star

So what the fuck y'all movin' on up, Melachi
Yes the group home is thick so all y'all punks hear this
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Yes the group home is thick so all y'all punks hear this
So what the fuck y'all movin' on up
Yo check it, check it out like this here we go, Melachi

Walkin' the tunnels of hell the next level
It's the nutcracker givin' hell to the devil
Playin' the game the New York pain
Makes me wanna bust but I just maintain

'Cause nowadays I talk to a brother
Always love your mother 'cause you'll never get
another
In the streets bustin' off shots fuck the cops
I got super small props

Big time doe, money is a thriller
I'm gettin' more iller than the zodiac killer
No lie but before I say bye
You can't take money with cha when you die
Super duper star

Yo, I got niggas flippin' they wig
Chicks grabbin' they cunts
As they rhyme they get dooper and then they greet me
with blunts
One times for your mind before I brake these streets

Ain't nothin' holdin' me back hip hop track
Yo son, you know the feelin' shit will get revealed
As the times will get better
And you know I got skills I seen the days turn into
nights

As the stars shine bright
Motherfuckers moet and chicks they keep steppin'
Like Dom Perrion one day will live large
Word to allah and it don't seem hard

No more jealousy and envy
Curse is put upon me
Watch me live free at the clink
With my niggas you'll see
Raisin' to the top like a rocket shit yo I go far
Super star

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