

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort "Pop Star"

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* pre-release single; available only at the website

{*a parody of the 50 Cent song "Wanksta"*}

[Intro]

OK, who's next?

Hi, My name's Jason

And I'm going to sing Somewhere Over The Rainbow

OK. Go for it

(Really bad) Somewhere over the rainbow/ Way over there

Oh dear Lord..

[verse 1]

You think you's a pop star, but you need to stop singin'

I think you should leave now, till my ears have stopped ringin'

You can't sing worth shit, and you can't dance worth shit

What makes you think that if you cut a song it'd be a hit

We do this all the time, some people soundin' fine

But others sound like they're committing sins against mankind

This girl she looks fine, she wants to get signed

Her mouth opens and it sounds like gears when they grind

I tell them all the time, send shivers down my spine

They start to bitch and whine, and tell me I'm a swine

They think they sound like gold, and I'm the one they loathe

But they're all screamin' like they leaned against a hot stove

So I send them away, and they all feel betrayed

But even Paula doesn't have anything nice to say

[chorus]

You think you's a pop star, but you need to stop singin'

I think you should leave now, till my ears have stopped ringin'

When you try to hit a note, you sound like a sea lion

You been singin' for your whole life, you need to stop

tryin' (repeat)

[verse 2]

Damn homie, you sound like
A dying lamb, homie, the hell's up with that?
And then up next is Loretta, and I'm sorry I met her
'Cause when she finished her song, I thought I'd need
a rib spreader
She thinks that she can do better, sing just like Eddie
Vedder
She thinks I'm out to get her, like I had a vendetta
She look good, but she howls like an Irish Setter
She's trying to start the song over but there's no way
I'm-a let her
Get out now, stop the bleeding, don't wanna hear
another word
'Cause you're the worst singer that I think I've ever
heard
I've heard enough now, I'm suicidal
And she still thinks she's the next American Idol

(chorus)

You think you's an idol, but your sound is all dull
Awful and an eyefull, stole your style from Paula
You know that she's washed up, and that you're no
heart-throb
You are absolutely ghastly, don't quit your day job

[verse 3]

Me I'm no monster, me I'm not raptor
Me I'm not mentor, me I'm just me, me
Me I'm no singer, me I'm no actor
But it's me who owns the record company
Now your singing baby was a total mess
You sang flatter than Ally McBeal's chest
And yet you think that you're good, and ready for
prime time
But there's no future for you, well maybe as a mime
Losers sayin' that they don't like Simon Cowell
Is it because I kinda sound like Thurston Howell?
Or is it 'cause they know success takes more than just
luck
And they know I'm right when I tell them they all suck

(chorus)

You think you's a pop star, but you need to stop buggin'
If you keep on singin', I'm-a put my ear plugs in
You ruined my favorite song, even screwed up the title
You're a disgrace, you're no American Idol
Next!

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