

# Superstar

Chipmunk

i wanna be a superstar,  
you ever wanted something so bad you sacrifice your life for it,  
i wanna be a super star,  
take my walk in my crep,  
C's up

i wanna be a superstar,  
yeah,  
thats money, the fame, the paps, the mags,  
but i dont want the stress,  
yes.  
i wanna be a superstar,  
to be the best of the best,  
imma work till im dead,  
i wanna be a superstar,  
nothin' more nothin'...less.  
Ch'yeaah.

i dress to impress without trying,  
look i got CD's who's buyin'?  
At 15 i wasnt paid in full,  
but i know i had parada's in school,

Ch'yeaah,ah  
uniform with the fly jacket,  
rucksack to match it,  
swagga,? i had it,  
young and easy in front of the cam,  
makin' all the pretty girls go mad till the year book said,  
i was most likely to be famous,  
piont to prove,  
now i can't live my life lameless,  
so i hit the stuuds,  
started cuttin tunes,  
minimal facilities in ironics room,  
but we still made do,  
i still came through,  
haters still talk shit,  
still F\*\*k you.  
even the lord knows when i started writin' bars,  
never thought i'd hit the charts.  
yeaah'yeaah.

i wanna be a superstar,  
yeaah,  
thats the money, the fame, the paps, the mags,  
the cheques, the cash,  
but i dont want the stress,  
yes,  
i wanna be a superstar,  
to be the best of the best, imma work till im dead,  
wanna be a superstar,  
nothin' more nothin'...less

age 17 i was spittin' more,  
chip diddy chip,  
when i kicked off i did it more,

and one label said i aint marketable,  
and now look who runs the market..me.  
i got the hot verse,  
everybody wants mine,  
tryna be on everybody's song,  
F\*\*K that.  
tyrna cut back see,  
see who's darin',  
sharin' aint always carin'  
i got the haters nostriles flarin',  
smelling success,  
got em' way stressed,  
got em' way vex.  
finkin afta laugh,  
you wanna come test,  
you can suck yuorself,  
no latex.  
i aint tryna sleep for life,  
tryna bring my dreams to life[yep],  
feelin like im born to fly,  
dont ask me why,  
yeaah'yeaah  
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and i was too fast learning to rhyme,  
now talent got me caught up,  
livin 2 lifes [no lie].  
chart topper,  
everybody knows my name,  
but da hood dosent eva change,  
its worse when your paid,  
and im stil the sam,

in ma own zone,  
from youth club to a life,  
my life showed.  
street dreams of a teen from the high road.  
the pap lights blind my eyes,  
Bro show.

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