

### INTRODUCING STAR

we saw you every day  
with your hands on your crotch and so much to say  
you went from bouncing toy cars with golden motors  
to neon striped BMWs and a court of drugged up noddies and quoters  
namefucking fame on all photos  
all cheered on and applauded by even richer promoters  
now when you're a star  
when you've reached this far  
and the world really knows who you are  
(really?)  
you show off your six black Mercedeses and drink Cristal like they all do  
and the poor outside your gates appall you  
and the only hood you see is the one on your car  
do you even have a clue as to who you are?  
bro I don't think so  
I mean Mercedes  
man what a stiff old dull fart's republican shit car  
sick of hearing you preach to the poor like before  
only now you're a coward  
only letting TV through your door  
getting older  
take a bow and just go  
the rage on the stage getting colder like your hits on the chart  
but then the talk shows can still get you hard  
doin' rhymes on your prime time fistfights and spittin' grime in the limelight  
like a star gets a chip off your shoulder  
a boulder that rolls and rolls over and over and over  
there's nothing like a broken childhood  
there's nothing like a broken home  
there's nothing like a tale from your hood  
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders  
outspoken borderline disorders  
a violent long way to the top  
the longer that you fought yourself up  
the longer the spitfall

### THUS QUOTE THE CRAVING

you're so fucking lost that with all of the costs  
you still don't see that in reality  
the one thing you fail to buy yourself is a personality  
you're trapped in a mould of the rap  
you sell but you're sold  
I mean  
can't believe that you're paying all that gold  
to some home decorator that hands you buckets of conformity  
seems you're losing your way together with your policy man  
ending up with a new definition of poverty  
it's a joke  
like those you make in every video  
to reach the kids with the dough  
with every copied "aha yo" and worn out "bro"  
guess what we need is yet another clown  
who can feed our breed  
with another look and hooker hook  
now when "bitch" is mundane you take the lead with "wassup ho"  
and let TV blur your mouth once more

just what we need in every store  
thus quote the craving: "forever more!"  
you're so right  
a shiny knight on a white steed  
truly a hero  
yeah right  
fuck you  
fuck you right down to the core  
you know what?  
you're just another Parental Advisory bore  
there's nothing like a broken childhood  
there's nothing like a broken home  
there's nothing like a tale from your hood  
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders  
outspoken borderline disorders  
a violent long way to the top  
the longer that you fought yourself up  
the longer the spitfall...  
when you're rappin' your shit y'all

#### REDEFINING VOMATORIUM

yo  
I guess when you're that loaded  
you'd better empty the barrel  
every chance you get  
is that so?  
empty your word and pose magazine  
in magazine after magazine  
let every shot go let the shit flow  
'cause the show must go on and on and on  
you're it bro  
but it's sad to know  
when your star implodes  
all that shit hits the fans  
just like your words back when you shone  
but it's getting late in the game  
trapped in repeating your name  
again and again  
like you're scared we'll forget it  
can't blame you  
apart from that name you're all embarrassingly the same  
it's so lame - can't you get it?  
and perhaps you are right in that fear  
more sane than you appear  
in your self deploring cock obsessive  
koks delirium  
but I say  
to me you just redefine  
the old romans' vomatorium  
there's nothing like a broken childhood  
there's nothing like a broken home  
there's nothing like a tale from your hood  
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders  
outspoken borderline disorders  
a violent long way to the top  
the longer that you  
claim that you have fought yourself up  
the longer the spitfall...

#### MAN OF THE MASSES

you're a man of the masses  
took all of the classes  
their asses are yours

all those bores who are paying the bills  
for your palace uphill  
and your pills that will help you proceed  
in your greed  
you are free of the chains that you need on your fans  
to adore you  
to kneel down before you  
more precious to you than your brains and your hands  
they live for you  
if you could just see this old tree  
this patriarchic hierarchy  
up where you want to be  
you need miles of roots to lick your boots  
don't you see?  
you're a man of the masses  
you need all those asses  
their fate to relate to the one that you were  
do you know who you were?  
who you are?  
not the one in your words that they buy  
they concur you conquer  
though a natural flunker  
and you need them to stay not to fly  
to obey like the dogs that they are  
the cogs under the hood of your Mercedes car  
they will pay for your trip to the stiff upper lip  
you're a man of the masses  
your trip is a journey through classes  
you are high  
they are low  
and you need it to be so  
see, without them you'd be nothing more than before  
and you know that's not much  
it is just or unjust such:  
just a sad little man with his hand on his crotch  
there's nothing like a broken childhood  
there's nothing like a broken home  
there's nothing like a tale from your hood  
there's nothing like a record of restriction orders  
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the longer the spitfall...  
the longer the spit falls...  
when you're rappin' your shit y'all

YO

you're just another Parental Advisory sticker surfing beach boy  
yo