

Superman

Charles Hamilton

Yo
Sometimes I swear... I'm made for this
Heh
Cause when I get in the booth, I just...
Hehe
Turn into Superman. Dig?
It's a wonderful feeling, you know?
Cause I really do it for love, nah mean?
Uh
Charles Hamilton
Shout out to Lupe
It's all love
I'm just sick of all the comparison

Yes I am who I say I am, I'm Superman
I'm flying high, and that's the plan
So don't shake my hand
I don't give a damn, how you feel
Noooo
Cause I am who I say I am, I'm Superman
I'm flying high, and that's the plan
So don't shake my hand
I don't give a damn, how you feel
Noooo

Thank you, Mr.Fiasco
Now watch me rip like and asshole
When taking a shit on a flagpole
You get rape in this biz, if you mad slow
I'm Sonic in this bitch, cause I'm fast so,
Catch up or drop down when this cat flow
I spit flames, got a mouth full of Tabasco
In hell Newport, out come tobacco
Inhale haze, the outcome is bad though
In hell days, Is like mountains of cash flow
Never ending, Never pretending, the Devil is in me
Whoever should tempt me, is asking for I
That's some Morbid shit, but it's this way till I have to call it quits
Some days I get mad and bald my fist
Should I black out? Ask the audience
French kiss Death, playing mad accordion
The high school drop out, valedictorian
The sixth man, I have to score again
Cause I may never have the ball again
Laugh at Charles, because that's some Charlie shit
Have a Marley hit, call it mean
I want Charlie to shine, you want Charlie Sheen
I'm Martin Sheen, I fathered this shit
Tough pill to swallow, swallow this dick
I am nice, acknowledge it bitch
Simone Porter that's my baby, never thought of cheatin'
I smell her scent in the air, the world is Puerto (Porter) Rican
I'm sort of speaking, Metaphorically
The more that you think it, the more that the meaning, is me
No more quarter keeping, I'm trying to ball out
Go all out, in the lab 'till I fall out
Call out my name, I won't answer

This soul cancer, makes me feel like an old dancer
I can't move without making a face, can't sleep,
Can't eat, without breaking a plate,
Line drive down the middle, man
I'm safe at the plate, take it away
The umpire made a mistake
I'm OUT
Uh...
Hehe
Forgot I had another at bat
Bottom of the ninth yeah I'm loving that fact
A-Rod meets C-H-A-R
L-E-S, nigga keep your day job
I make pods, put it in your eye
Call it eye pods, Look into the sky
I Sun gon' shine forever
So as long as I'm here, you niggas need to get your rhymes together
I could rhyme forever
Would rhyme for ever-y single time, niggas try to rob my leather
Cause they knew I was a geek
That didn't pop Berettas, now niggas sayin
They wanna get chopped together, Nah
Not enough weed, for me to just be cool
With you shaky mother fucker saying, "trust me"
I just breath, just believe
This is telepopmusik
Adjust to me
Fuck with me
You better not fuck with me
Cause your boy here, dangerous like, the Busta beat
Cause this, is, serious, the industry got me delirious
I know what it is, I'm not hearing it
It's predictable like rhymin' serious, and delirious
With period, so here it is.
Period. Uh
Fuck college, I fucked up in Ithica
Cause of the Chanel bitch, I fucked up in Ithica
Excuse me? Huh? What? Give a fuck?
Nigga, what is this "fuck" that I'm giving up?
I'm never giving up, never am I tapping out
I'm a fighter, and that's what I rap about
I'm never giving up, never am I tapping out
I'm a fighter, and that's what I rap about

Charles Hamilton
But for right now, you can call me Superman
I'm in the booth
One
Charles Hamilton
But for right now your can call me Super Man, I'm in the booth
One.