

# 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 Newports, 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 telepompusik  
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.