

## (Rock) Superstar

Cypress Hill

Alot of a...sharks out there...try'na take a bite of somethin'  
What's hot  
Lot of chameleons out there...try'na change up  
Anytime somethin' new comes along...everybody wants a bite  
Don't happen overnight

R: So you wanna be a rock superstar?  
And live large, a big house, 5 cars, you're in charge  
Comin' up in the world don't trust no body  
Gotta look over your shoulder constantly

I remember the days when I was a young kid growin' up  
Looking in the mirror dreamin' about blowin' up  
The rock crowd, make money, chill with the honey's  
Sign autographs or whatever the people want from me  
Shit's funny how impossible dreams manifest  
And the games that be comin' with it, nevertheless  
You got to go for the gusto but you don't know  
About the blood, sweat and tears and losing some of your peers  
And losing some of yourself to the years past gone by  
Hopefully it don't manifest for the wrong guy  
Egomaniac and the brainiac don't know how to act  
Shit's deep, 48 tracks  
Studio gangster mack signed the deal, thinks he's gonna make a mil'  
But never will 'til he crosses over  
Still filling your head with fantasies  
Come with me, show the sacrifice it takes to make the cheese  
You wanna be a rock superstar in the biz?  
And take shit from people who don't know what it is  
I wish it was all fun and games but the price of fame is high  
And some can't pay the way  
Still trapped in what you rappin' about  
Tell me what happened when you lost clout  
The route you took started collapsing  
No fans, no fame, no respect, no change, no women  
And everybody shits on your name

R: (2x)

People see rockstars, younawhaI'msayin?  
But you still...try'na...get out more like, like everybody else  
It's a fun job, but it's still a job  
Save your money man, save your money too  
It's single don't last very long, younawhaI'msayin?  
I mean...you're lucky in this game too  
There's gon' be another cat comin' out  
Lookin' like me, soundin' like me, next year I know this  
They'll be a flipside, do whatchu you do  
Somebody'll try to spin off like some series

You ever have big dreams of makin' real cream?  
Big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream  
You wanna look shanty in the Bentley  
Be a snob and never act friendly  
You wanna have big fame, let me explain  
What happens to these stars and their big brains  
First they get played like all damn day

Long as you sell everything will be O.K.  
Then you get dissed by the media and fans  
Things never stay the same way they began  
I heard that some never give full to the fullest  
That's while fools end up dining on the bullet  
Think everything's fine in the big time  
See me in my Lex' with the chrome raised high  
So you wanna roll far and live large?  
It ain't all that goes with bein' a rockstar

R: (2x)

My own son don't know me  
I'm chillin' in the hotel room lonely  
But I thank God I'm with my homies  
But sometimes I wish I was back home  
But only no radio or video didn't show me  
No love, the phony, gotta hit the road slowly  
So the record gets pushed by Sony  
I'm in the middle like mony  
And the press say that my own people disown me  
And the best way back is to keep your head straight  
Never inflate the cranium  
They're too worried about them honies at the Paladium  
Who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on  
Go on, fall off, the hoes roll on  
'Til the next rock superstar with no shame  
Give him a year, he'll be right out the game  
The same as the last one who came before him  
Gained fame, started gettin' ignored, I warned him  
Assured him, this ain't easy take it from Weezy  
Sleezy people wanna be so cheesy, the fuckin' lethal  
"Assassins, assassins"

R: (2x)