

# Superstar (Eyes Off Me)

Trip Lee

Verse 1:

Oh yeah they talk a lot, they say they that they walk it out, they say they this  
They making chips, their cake's legit, don't baller block or call the cops  
They think they something, better not say they ain't or that they fake or fronting  
Otherwise their duns wills ride with guns inside their range or something  
That's what all they songs about, they long for wrong they all about  
How they the stuff and they discuss how they all go that baller route  
But me I take that smaller route, them ballers I'm gon' call them out  
And say to dudes the King is true, so that's what I'm gon' talk about  
Look I ain't got no cocky flows bout dollars copped when rocking shows  
Or girls that pop and drop it low, or glocks that I'm gon' lock and load  
It's not for show or lots of dough, I do this for His name  
To get it out, not to get mine exposed, don't do this for the fame  
No time to flow bout shiny clothes, or shoes, or golden chains  
My mind is sold to the God who rose, His truth is on my brain  
So while the average cats is backwards spitting battle raps  
Wrapped up in their habitat of blasting cats, I'm rapping 'bout the Master's acts  
Most cats just can't fathom that, that I don't the spotlight  
It's not right, I'm not tight, I rep Him when I rock mics  
So don't be looking at me, you see me just look on past me  
I'm nothing special, just a vessel, service makes me happy

Hook:

Hey if you looking for a Superstar  
I ain't the one you searching for, I came to bring some worship, bro  
He's perfect I'm just dirt below  
Hey if you looking for a Superstar  
Don't look at me, you got me wrong, I been a sinner all along  
Let's look at Him and not the songs (Repeat)

Verse 2:

Hey what you looking at homie? Get your eyes up off of me  
The credit bro it's not for me, but the one who took the cross for me  
He's holy, I ain't choose Him, He chose me, oh no He sought for me  
Bought me, got me clean homeboy, get it right  
What you looking at sister? I ain't nothing but dust bro  
Who must go and rep His name, He gave me grace to trust so  
I'm nothing more than anybody else, they in the front row  
They think I'm special? I ain't much though no, get it right  
Hey what you looking at homie? Nah I don't mind the autographs  
And pictures but I ain't all for that, I'm preaching Christ and falling back  
My mission is to lift up the risen who put the cross on back  
I'm spitting to help them follow that vision, get it right  
Hey what you looking at sister? Forget about my name and stuff  
I ain't no entertainer, but hope this is entertaining just  
So cats can hear His name discussed and trust the God I came to trust  
His grace is enough for saving us baby, get it right

Hook

Bridge:

Get your eyes off me, I'm just dust from the ground  
Put your eyes on Him, Christ the Son with the crown  
I ain't no superstar, I ain't no superstar

So get your eyes off me, get your eyes off me