

Superstar

Lauryn Hill

Come on baby, light my fire
Everything you drop is so tired
Music is supposed to inspire
How come we ain't getting no higher? Now tell me your philosophy
On exactly what an artist should be
Should they be someone with prosperity
And no concept of reality?
Now, who you know without any flaws
That lives above the spiritual laws
And does anything they feel just because
There's always someone there who'll applaud
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How come we ain't getting no higher? I know you think that you've got it all
And by making other people feel small
Makes you think you're unable to fall
But when you do, who you gonna call?
See, what you give is just what you get
I know it hasn't hit you yet
Now I don't mean to get you upset
But every cause has an effect
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So, how come we ain't getting no higher? I cross sands in distant lands, made plans with the Sheik
Why you beef with freaks as my album sales peak?
All I wanted was to sell like five hundred
And be a ghetto superstar since my first album blunted
I used to work at Foot Locker, they fired me and fronted
Or I quited, now I spit it however do you want it?
Now you get it
Writing rhymes my range with the frames slightly tinted
They send it to your block and have my full name cemented
And if your rhymes sound like mine, I'm taking a percentage
Unprecedented and still respected when it's vintage
I'm serious, I'm taking over areas in Aquarius
Running red lights with my ten thousand chariots
Just as Christ was a superstar, you stupid star
They'll hail you, they'll nail you, no matter who you are
They'll make you now, take you down

And make you face it, if you slit the bag open
Put your pinky in it, then taste itCome on baby, light my fire
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