

[Rock] Superstar

Cypress Hill

[B-Real talking]

A lot 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[Chorus]

So you want to be a rock superstar?

And live large

A big house. Five cars, You're in charge.

Comin' up in the world.

Don't trust nobody got to look over your shoulder constantly I remember the days when I was a young kid
growing up

Looking in the mirror, dreaming about blowin' up

The rock crowds. Make money. Chill with the honeys.

Sign autographs and 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

Losin' some of your peers. And losin' 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 track studio gangsta mack sign the deal

Think he's gonna make a mil but never will

'Til he crosses over, still

Fillin' your head with fantasies

Come with me

Show the sacrifice it takes to make the G's You want to 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

Feel 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.[Chorus: x2] People see rock stars, you know what I'm sayin'? But you still try to

get out

More like everybody else, you know, its a fun job, but its still a job. There's

Gonna be another cat comin' out,

Looking like me, sounding like me next year. I know this. It'll be a flipside

Tell what you did someone trying to spin off like some circus. You ever have big dreams? Or makin' big cream?

Big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream

You want to look trendy in the Bentley

Be a star band, never act friendly.

You want to 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 ok

Then you get dissed by the media and fans

Things never stay the same way they began

I heard that some never get fooled to the fullest

That's why fools end up dining on a bullet

Think everything's fine in the big time

See me in my Lex with the chrome ray shine

So you roll far and live large

It ain't all that goes with being a rock star[Chorus: x2]My own son don't know me

I'm chillin' in a 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's gonna show me no love

They're phony

Got to hit the road solely so the record gets pushed by Sony

I'm in the middle like Monie

And the press say that my own people disown me

The best way back to keep your head straight

Never inflate the cranium

They're too worried about them honeys at the Palladium

Who just want to cling on, swing on, and so on

Go on fall off - the ho's fall off

To the next rock superstar with no shame

Give him a year and they'll be right out the game

The same as the last one who came before him

Gained fame started getting' ignored

I warned him

Asured him this ain't easy

Take it from the weazy

Sleazy people want to be so cheesy

They're fucking evil

Assassins, assassins[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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