

# Druglord Superstar

## Mc Lyte

Got a new gig, here you come again kid  
fresh out the dog, done did your bid  
but you can't stay here no more  
Not in this crib  
Not with the foul way that you used to live  
I remember you would take long trips on the first of the month  
not giving a fuck about what I want(Break)  
Hey Lyte, fuck that nigga, smoke this shit.  
Count to ten, it's all good. The day that you left I spent mad dough trying to get shit fixed  
cause of your fucking death wish  
Broken glass everywhere, cause a motherfucka like you just didn't care  
Got my shit shot up, had to buy a new body for my Benz, cause of your wild ass friends  
Years ago when you started on the scene, back and forth smuggling shit from Caribbean  
It was you and your boy Dunn, making them suicide runs  
But it was all in fun till Dunn tried to run with half of your cut  
Now your boss is looking at you saying "What the fuck is up?"  
What's up? But you say, "Fuck him" you could start your own ring and things  
Besides you get a lot of peeps to swing  
Now you got eight men working 7 days a week  
2 be the runners, 5 on the street  
1 be the side kick,, the right hand, you know the one that ride shotgun thinking he the man  
They'd kill to be where you are, oh yeah! The druglord superstar  
You got a new crib, new truck, new car  
trying to fit in, throwing parties for them big type rap stars  
But on the other side of town, shit is getting hot, your man got shot  
and they blew up your tree spot, on 125th and St. Nick, shit is getting thick  
Your boy got caught in St. Martin with a brick, now he's exile  
You down to 6 motherfuckas and 3 of them motherfuckas is nothing but suckas  
I got feds at my door wanna know do I know a black  
now I ain't never called ya no shit like that, I'm fed up  
I can't take it no more, you see I'm blazing at the next nigga knocking at my door  
I heard you're on the run now, D is in the penile  
ratted your ass out and gave that what, when and how  
They'd all kill to be where you are, the druglord superstar  
They found a boy in the sand, it was Poppi your man with his eyes dug out and black engraved in his hand.  
Word around is you're the ass in the biz,  
To let 'em kill your men off you must be soft.  
Heard they shot up your car and ransacked your loft,  
now you need a get away a place to hide, cause your man done snitched on the inside

You was on the run like a slave aback in the days, you must have been nodding when  
they said  
"Crime don't pay"  
I got a new gig, here you come again kid, fresh out the dog  
done did your bid but you can't stay here no more, not in this crib  
not with the foul way that you choose to live  
Motherfucka -- you know what/  
Just, just take your shit all right! Just take it!  
Cause I'm sick of this shit - I can't take it no more  
just take it, I don't know who the fuck you think you are  
Thinking you could just come back here and try to enter my life -- like I need you  
I dont -- I'm thru with you motherfucka  
Just get out! You put me thru too much heartache  
too much shit  
I had to go thru -- I can't do it no more

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