A Star Is Born

Streetlife

Everyday a star is born
(Can you say New York City?)
Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, hey
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Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, hey
I've seen Ma$e do it, seen 'Ye do it
X came through, caught lighter fluid
Still I came through it, clap for 'em
But I'm the Blueprint, I'm like the map for 'em
I dropped another classic, make Puff pass it
Nobody could touch Puff back when Puff had it
Wayne's scorching, I'll applaud him
If he keep going, pass the torch to him
50 came through like hurricanes do
I thought I'd finish his ass at Summer Jam 2
I had the "Illmatic" on bootleg
That shit was so ahead, thought we was all dead
Wayne did a milli, 50 did a milli
'Ye too but what Em did was silly
The white boy blossomed after Dre endorsed him
His flow on renegade fucking awesome, applaud him
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Snoop Dogg did, Nelly came down
Face Mobb kept it ghetto for the H-town
Luda moved digits after he moved bitches
Drake's up next, see what he do with it
Rule had a run, couple movie parts
T.I literally wanted to shoot up the charts
What up Jeezy, what it do?
Y'all remind me of us in early '92
Outkast landed, Three Thou was ill
Like a male version of Lauren Hill
Mobb Deep shook it but Prodigy took it a lil' too far

Can't fuck with Brooklyn
Wu-Tang gang banged it, Meth ate
Rae took on the date with the Purple Tape
Passed on to Ason and then Ghostface
They had a hell of a run, standing ova, hey
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And I am one of one
Can't you see just how long my run
My brain, new Lou sunshine
Been a star since I was back in one time
One time give it up for him, December 4th
A star was born, clap for him
He went from moving that corner
To this corner office is so enormous
Hey, Pres Carter, watch him get a Monica on all day
Hey, got so many different monikers but only one Jay
They come they go, some real, some faux
Some friends, some ho's, but know I goes nowhere, this Hov
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And could I be a star?
Does fame in this game have to change who you are?
Or could I be the same one who came from a faraway life
Just to make it in these Broadway lights?
Now shining in the broad daylight, go figure
A slow transition from a lil' broke nigga from the 'Ville
Got a deal, a real life saver
Dreams of being behind the wheel like Jada
I chill now, cup of lil' ice later
Cole, you got the glow like a lil' light saber
So clap for him then applaud Hov
He gave him the platform, flow so sick
Thought he wrote the rap for him, no sir
The flow cold as the shoulders of gold diggin' ho's
When a broke nigga approaches, told ya, I'm focused, man
I'll let you motherfuckers soak it in, clap for 'em

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