

Death of Rockstar

Cyssero

My city call me the Virus, I'm sick with the flu yea you signed to the Game, but I'm sicker than you
Niggas don't mention me, when they mentioning you
Same niggas listen for me, when they listen to you
Virus, I'm the metaphor of Barbarian
What's a Rockstar, bar for bar I'll bury him
I'm blame Game for creating you, he gave u a buzz
Than you blew up but now I'm deflating you
I feel I'm greater I aint hating you
You aint shared the spot light so now I'm erasing you
I aint saying that you not hot nigga
But you putting all the work that made Cyss the top nigga
Battle everybody and told 'em to drop figures
So all this Rockstar shit comes to a stop nigga
Put that on my block nigga, and wit that said
Bag 'em Cyssero the Virus, Rockstar is deadMan this rap shit easy to me
That's why I got the top spot and that's easy to see
Being the hottest aint easy
But there aint a soul on the globe that can make it look as easy as me
See, I'm G as can be, you a gat flasher
I spit the gat and hit your cap its a rap after
When I clap the black clappa
It sounds like a concer crowd its loud and clap at ya
Yea they call me a arrogant black bastard
Even if you think that you hotter I laugh at ya
Grands on the piece, grand on the bezel
Money man, making hundred grand plans wit my rebels
Wit my hands on the metal you can call me Lucifer
Cause you don't stand a chance in a dance wit the devil
I'm what the streets made me, and wit that said
Bag 'em Cyssero the Virus, Rockstar is dead

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