

No Superman

Pac Div

I already know I ain't invincible, we in these niggas' scopes
Mama said the realest ones always got the strength to cope
Fuck all the fame, we gon' leave the game with our soul
Jedi mind and we ain't never changed, niggas know
That's how the shit'll go, they build you up to back you down
Though it's wrong, nigga chain smoking black and milds
Four sips from blacking out, one song from Bill Gatin'
Classics in the catalog, niggas still hating
Not from trees but for cheese niggas still hanging
Lost my heart with my brother but we still praying
Life's a catch 22
Put the spark to my blunt, drown my stress in a brew I ain't Superman
I ain't Superman
I ain't Superman
You ain't Superman
I ain't Superman
I ain't Superman
You ain't Superman
You ain't Superman We start out as tadpoles in mama's tummy
And come out as assholes always wanting money
It's me, myself, and all the ones who love me
Cause when I'm on, they don't want nothing from me
Superficial shit be bugging me like
All the superficial bitches fucking me right
We make the superficial sound lovely right
I sell you a dream and you gon' fuck with me right
Is this shit too smart?
Am I saying too much? Is this shit too art? Is yo bitch that bad?
Do you really put on, nigga is that yo car?
Life's a catch 22
Put the spark to my blunt, drown my stress in a brew
When that real shit gon' come back home, it's been decades
Sick of this bullshit spreading over the airwaves
My hand hurting like I'm writing ten essays
My head hurting like I'm fighting ten ese's
Eyes hazy, blowing on kush crazy
Less TV, more books lately, home body
Flow godly, dreads look crazy
Niggas think I'm from Da Bush Babees, bars make 'em push daisies

Alpha, omega, problem and solution
and conclusion, the start and the finish
In a tug-of-war with this art and this business
That's why a nigga gotta play it smart with decisions
Occult symbolism in this art, pay attention
Pagan messages, these niggas lost their religions
They some, false prophets, the rhyme profits
They evade the truth, confront 'em, they go off topic
Don't compare me to these pop objects
You wouldn't compare Fred Segal to Hot Topic
All brains and beats, yep it's called logic
Getting brain from freaks we meet at y'all college, just using raw knowledge
Nag Champas, all conscious like Kweli
Niggas think I'm Wale, women wanna parlay
When I was down and out, ain't nobody wanna call me
See me on my grind, now they all late
But I ain't no Superman
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>