Perseverance

N.e.r.d.

Hate when they call me superstar
do I look like a superstar
yet unreachable and very far
ever notice i'm right here where wit y'all
I cover my face because
they do not need to see
im no gangsta or no thug
i am just being me
the world smells of drama
so i cover up my nose
the faces like film leave it out to long
it gets over exposed
getting praised by magazines
from my girlfriends in my clothes
I hope they still love me
when i should wait
'cause i'm afraid to blow
chorus:
WANT WAR
(well)
WAR WILL GIVE
(we'll be rockin this)
BANDANA
(well)
SO U CANT SEE SHIT
Now the fear of blowing up
definitely takes its toll
it sends its demons down deep into your mind
to take control
if it thinks its got my mind
then it better think again
I got the pleasure of the piano

and this powerful pen
but you
(YOU)
you had 15 minutes to shine what's your concepts
(huh)
Whats so interesting?

whats your desire?
did u get your cover story
and your precious headlines
so sorry so sorry so sorry they just fucked you from behind
CHORUS
I dont wanna blow up
im smiling 'cause i know
the pieces that make me me
and glisten from my soul
my self esteem is not a thing
it comes from within
can u take a picture
I'll sign whatever you want my friends
still
(still)
still
(still)
YEA!
CHORUS
WANT WAR

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