

# Druglord Superstar (MILK Remix)

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, uh! Breathe Lyte! Breathe! 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 drug lord 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 three of them motherfuckas is nothing but suckas I got feds at my door want to 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 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 a back 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 Motherfucker, 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 don't  
I'm through with you motherfucker  
Just get out!  
You put me through too much heartache  
Too much shit I had to go through,  
I can't do it no more

Songwriters

Mc Kenzie, Kevin Harold / Smith, Rashad / Moorner, Lana Michele Published by  
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