

# American Rapstar

## Big Krit

[Intro - Talking] An A&R once told me "you can determine the worth of a song within 15 seconds of it playing"  
With complete n utter lack of the fact that it takes takes all 3 minutes and 40seconds of a song

to comprehend what I'm sayin'

It aint a single if it don't fly

It aint a hit if it don't ride

Now he couldn't tell me the components of a smash but the ringtones were their alltime high  
And a rappers only as big as his chain, the flashier the better

[Chorus] They say money make the World go round

You never lost til you lose your crown

And they don't love you till you're on the ground

Or when you're maxing out your bank account

Yeah, you do it all just to live the life

Even if it means you don't live it right

And even if it means you don't survive the night

But if even if you do you won't survive the hype

Of an American rapstar

[Big K.R.I.T - Verse 1] Push it to the limit just to get up high

With a wood grain kitted?

Ride around town like I never lived in it

Gun in my dash, pray I never kill with it

I'm that real with it

Got my eyes on the prize

Bills still due, muthaf-ck 9-5

Searching for a freak that wanna f-ck once or twice

Wanna buy a bottle but I aint paid my ties

This aint no lie, I got a vision and a masterplan

To hit the block and blow up like a Taliban

I make run the plane never have to land

I make it where them lames never stand a chance

Shit, you'll never know what the time'll tell

And see the star or find the scale?

We be buying or you tryna sell

You either fall or you grind the rails

[Chorus][Big K.R.I.T - Verse 2] So watch me get it how I live

Waiting on my momma, screaming f-ck how they feel

Dodging jail cells and them pigs down in ?

They shot Oscar Grant swear it gave a n-gga chills

Lets keep it real, if you aint looking keep your eyes closed

Will I pay what I owe, only God knows  
I aint for show, give me strength just to change what I can't  
And understand the difference between a n-gga and the King that I am  
Gotta keep ya finger on the trigger  
Pac died, Biggie died, they aint found a killer  
Momma say she worried 'cause I rap about the Government  
And how the Church caked other people out there struggling (its real though)  
I just call it how it is foe  
I'm breathing for a reason, what you here for?  
They got us with the villains who a chill for?  
Cause they murdered all the heroes  
[Chorus]

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