

Superstar

Goose

Don't worry Goose
Soon we're gonna make you a superstar
Everybody's gonna know who you are
People gonna scream your name

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First thing I remember was my mother cooking breakfast
And watch out for some station in this giant stack of records
My father played the trumpet and taught me to play it too
So I was memorizing Dizzy Gillespie at age two
Then I got my first horn through the lagel towers away
And my parents made me practice it for six hours a day
Every good boy deserves fudge I just played
Till I stared sign reading jazz ballads in fifth grade
They labeled me a prodigy and kept giving me lessons
Kept giving me compliments then asked so many questions
Sent me off to music school to study all the arts
Understand the rangments to write and read charts
I could transport pockets three keys if they asked
Cause I was getting better than my teachers pretty fast
And sometimes I would wish that I grow wings and fly away
"Musics boring mommy why can't I just go outside and play?"

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Next thing I know I'm up in college with these ignorant professors
Who couldn't write a lyrics if their life depended on them
And really that's sad that some washed up musician gonna try

To teach me about whats good and whats bad whats sharp and whats flat
Whats this and whats that whats right and whats wrong without writing one song

I hate this freaking class I'll prolly never pass
I'm about to stick this moutherfucking trumpet up his ass
Dropped out came home and cried that night
Dad co-signed a 5k loan and that's nice
So I bought myself a drum machine a couple fat mics
And started making hip-hop beats that I like
Then put some rhymes on them it's demos but still
Send them out to all the record labels asking for a deal
Then one day prolly graham records offer me bread
They really like my music wanna meet me right away and say

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And they all told me...

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In the end I'm just a "could of been" and gave up on my dreams
Cause music business industry just ain't what it seems
The label went and dropped me before the record got released
Christine was in some movie but I never got a piece
Ritchel married a doctor, Renee married a vet
And Kelly ran away with some car sales man she met
I walk around in dirty clothes I'm such a joke to see
Nobody wants to hang out with a guy as broke as me
Really kinda sucks as I'm begging for a meal watching other rappers
Make it when they're fake instead of real
So please don't try to sympathize and tell me how you feel
To even write songs for twenty years and still can't get a deal
I was at the Delano I was living low and though
Still you making promises to hook me up with so and so
That's the story of my life I'm done playing
Truth is I'm just getting really tired of everybody saying

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Lyrics submitted by Iryna.

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