Neighborhood Superstar

Hot Boys

Talking (Juvenile): Suga Slim Million Dollar spot

Verse 1: Juvenile
Wodie ask them motherfuckers how the CMB play it
Tanqueray and Alize it, take the llello and weigh it
735's I drive fits ta match, when I past
Bitches ask, "Who the fuck was that?"
Girl thats Juvenile you don't know'em he on fire
17 inch momos black magic on his tires
Crushed out stoned, plushed out homes, cellular phones
And concerts in the Superdome
Now I can pump my Beamer and play the Navigator
Sport tailor made outfits with matchin alligators
Visa gold, bank account on swole
Got my million dollar destiny under control
Millions a fantasy, Juvenile's reality
Bitch I write my own checks bitch I pay my own salary
You want business with me
Boss playa ya have to be
I'ma million dollar nigga these bithces run after me
I got a gold and crome Beretta
I got a 1997 Mercedes compressor
And I can bet a - hundred G's and my pockets won't hurt
Nigga set for life nigga puttin' in work
(Chorus) 2x
All kinds of cars
Neighborhood superstar
Feared by many and loved by broads
Verse 2: Baby
Neighborhood superstar
Ridin' in these pretty cars
Uptown niggas livin' like movie stars
Flyin' ta tennessee chillin' with lil jimmie
And transportin' coke back and forth to my city
Takin' flights
Be in Las Vegas over night
Chillin' with Lo Jack
Sippin' on cognac
Goin' to casinos

Gamblin' with the young ninos
Loosin' 20 Gs worth of C notes
Nigga I sold dope all my life
Turned a hundred Gs into two million over night
I guess 'cause I'm rich
These hoes say I'm a stuntin' bitch
Thats why I look at all these hoes like the aint shit
But I'm a star
Bitch you can keep that gar

Give me the money and a brand new car
Livin' in eastover dealin' big balla parties
Invitin' all the fuckin' female roovers
Ridin' in lambruginis
Beaches hoes and bikinis
Me and Fresh tag teamin'
Ridin' in convertible land roovers
Hoes be sweatin' 'cause of the mouth full of golds
Nigga baallin' out of control
(Chorus) 2x
Verse 3: Mannie Fresh
I come with TVs and VCRs in the cars
And I pack a big dick down in tha draws
I'm a neighborhood peppa boy
Platinum steppa boy
Rolls Royce of my choice not a reppa boy
Young G
Ridin' in a hum v
Broads tellin' bitches tellin' hoes come see
20 inch rims, on Yokahama slims
Check the neck for the diamonds and the gems
Don't nobody got mo ends than me
Don't nobody drive a fuckin' benz like me
I got a house in cali and a ranch in texas
17 inches on a brand new lexus
Picture project hoes dancin' on marble floors
Kissin' one nigga from his head to his toes
Who you wanna be like manny or mike
How you gone shine dark or bright
'cause these hoes be wishin' to ride in a 97 expedition
When I pass I make'em stop look and listen
For tryin' ta follow tha big body empala
Don't love'em don't need'em bitch sorry can't holla
verse 4: Lil Wayne
Now tell me what kinda

Nigga got diamonds that'll *bling* blind ya
I'm only 14 I'm a big tymer
I'm sittin' on crome all week shiner
My golds hang low
Crystal on the flo
I'ma flex
Twenty thousand dollar rolex
I got my name on a street up in every city
And look everywhere I be I got a mirror wit me
Look I'm feared by many loved by broads
I'm livin' marvelous I'ma superstar (superstar)
(Chorus) 4x

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