

# Ghetto Superstar

## Corey

Can I tell y'all a story  
About my history  
I'm sure a lot y'all can relate to me  
You see I'm from the ghetto  
A place where me and my brother shared  
The hardwood floor when the winter was cold  
I'm talkin' about the ghetto  
'Cause I know, I know, I know, I know  
I'm not going to stay here no  
I got plans to get out of here  
I see my name, big lights  
Oh Lord, I wanna taste some of that good life  
I wanna be  
I want to be  
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar  
Oh, I wanna be, yeah  
I've got big dreams  
Of being a, superstar  
A young ghetto superstar  
That is all I wanna be  
A superstar  
What you know about that hard knock life?  
What you know about that ware fare life?  
Scrape for dinner and government cheese  
Praying for the Lord  
Lord to bless me  
Oh, and get grandmama out  
Try to buy every foot locker out  
Living ghetto fabulous no doubt  
You know what I'm talking about  
  
I wanna be  
I want to be  
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar  
Oh, I wanna be, yeah  
I've got big dreams  
Of being a, superstar  
A young ghetto superstar  
That is all I wanna be

A superstar  
Rolling out slamming Cadillac doors  
Holding down every homie I know  
Never ever ever will I be broke  
I wanna be, I wanna be a ghetto superstar  
Rolling out slamming Cadillac doors  
Never ever ever will I be broke  
Holding down every homie I know  
I wanna be, I wanna be a ghetto superstar  
And if some of y'all went through what I went through  
You know I just want y'all to Bob y'all head  
'Cause you know every one didn't come from great homes  
I want to be  
A superstar, a young ghetto superstar  
Oh, I wanna be, yeah  
I've got big dreams  
Of being a, superstar  
A young ghetto superstar  
That is all I wanna be  
A superstar

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