

# Group Home, Supa Star

Intro:

Lil' Dap: Damn son

Melachi: What the fuck is wrong with you man? Shit shouldn't be happening out here man. Niggas don't be realizin' the shit man but yo tell 'em what you be seein' out your window.

Lil' Dap: Yo I be seeing out my window gunshots everyday.

Melachi: Man yo I be seeing sex money and drugs too but yo tell 'em how duke said.

Lil' Dap: The world's about to end.

Melachi the Nutcracker:

Born in the ghetto it's hard to survive  
Some have achieved and many brothers tried  
But I realized which life to choose  
I wanna make money so I gotta pay dues  
But there's no rules and you only have one chance  
If ya fuck up kid you face the circumstance  
At night I use to scream and shout  
Livin' in the ghetto trying to get the hell out  
So I would try as I watch my friends die  
But all I could do was sit back and cry  
These are feelings I'm expressing through my rhymes  
I been through hard times so many problems on my mind  
I wasn't living rich and I also wasn't poor  
I try to appreciate but I deserve more  
Yeah superman supa star  
Give me super fat dough like Pablo Escobar

Lil' Dap:

Feared by bandits, hated by chicks  
Loved by kids, I never did a bid  
Yes the Group Home is thick, plus I don't eat beef  
'Cause these dizzy ass niggas and chicks think shit is weak  
Yo I work hard and hard my man trace it down to the car  
After that keep it movin' have no time to be foolin'  
Around town A&R's you get down with this hype sound  
The things I've seen will make a grown man dream  
A street saying: "Don't buy yourself; be by yourself."  
Let my lyrics vibrate and shake the earth  
I travel ghetto to ghetto back streets to street  
Kick a rhyme or crime with this ill mastermind  
Mom dukes use to tell me with these tears in her eyes  
Now I'm out on my own, surviving with the time  
Like an African tribe little Dap will blow your mind  
Check it out like this

Melachi:

And then like that

"Super star"

Hook:

"So what the fuck y'all movin' on up" -Melachi  
"Yes the Group Home is thick so all y'all punks hear this" (x3)  
"So what the fuck y'all movin' on up"  
"Yo check it check it out like this here we go"-Melachi

Melachi:

Walkin' the tunnels of hell the next level  
It's the Nutcracker givin' hell to the devil  
Playin' the game the New York pain  
Makes me wanna bust but I just maintain  
Cause now-a-days I talk to a brother  
Always love your mother cause you'll never get another

In the streets bustin' off shots fuck the cops  
I got super star props  
Big time doe, money is a thriller  
I'm gettin' more iller than the Zodiac killer  
No lie but before I say bye  
You can't take money with cha when you die

&quot;Super duper star&quot;

Lil' Dap:

Yo I got niggas flippin' they wig  
Chicks grabbin' they cunts  
As they rhyme they get dooper, infants they greet me with blunts  
One times for your mind before I brake these streets  
Ain't nothin' holdin' me back hip hop track  
Yo son you know the feelin' shit will get revealed  
As the times will get better  
And you know I got skills I seen the days turn into nights  
As the stars shine bright  
Motherfuckers Moet and chicks they keep steppin'  
Like Dom Perrion one day will live large  
Word to Allah and it don't seem hard  
No more jealousy and envy  
Curse is put apon me  
Watch me live free as can be  
With my niggas you'll see  
Raisin' to the top like a rocket shit yo I go far  
&quot;Super star&quot;

Hook