

# Ice Cube, Super Star

[Chorus:]

While your shuckin' and jivin' howdy drivin'  
Rollin' in my SUV (Westside Nigga)  
All my plus three thugs on the way to the club  
And when I come you got love for me  
Cause I'm a super super star (Staaaar)  
You know we're super super star (Staaaar)

[Ice Cube:]

Everybody know jail records sell records  
Imma catch a case come to court nigga bail naked  
I got the formula double murder equal double platinum  
I know these bitch niggaz wonderin' why I'm bustin' at em  
The rich a famous ignoramus  
It's kind of Haynes with the picture of the world that he paint us  
The most dangerous angriest lyrics that a thug got  
Ain't enough nigga where your mug shot?  
Where's your drug spot nigga yous a was-not  
I cant bump your shit if you never was shot  
Before you bust a verse nigga go snatch a purse  
You ain't my dogg till you laid up in a horse  
And you'll learn about loyalty when the record company  
Try to fuck your family out the royalty  
Your number one with a bullet and you took it in the back  
Goddamn that nigga can rap

[Chorus]

[Mack 10:]

Now break me down check my resume tell me what it say  
It's the hood or nothing cross em out and put a K  
No NO it don't matter how good you spit  
If you ain't hit the trauma unit they ain't playin' your shit  
Who gives a fuck if your money and game up to par  
Cause jail time and bullets make a nigga a star  
But it's a shame you ain't gettin' no real as figures  
Got these white kid fools like you some real as niggaz  
But most of ya'll is cowards ain't nothin' like me  
Cause I'm a Westside motherfucker Inglewood G  
And fuck sellin' records if I gotta get murd  
I'd rather put my hustle down cook and cut up work  
And it ain't but a few real killas and scrapers  
And all these so-called gangstas really backpack rappers  
And I can care less about a battlin' skills  
Cause when you bump Mack 10 you get the real reel

[Chorus]

[WC:]

Fucked up down the game is fucked up now  
This new rapper got shot and looked up now nigga  
Fuck a peace service soon as Dub hit the surface  
I got em shakin' and nervous cause ya'll created a murderous  
Brazin' tattoo so blaze the zag fool afraid the gat you  
Got my gauge right at you  
Fuck Paula Abdul I'm an American Idol  
With my album cover posin' with a semi auto rifle  
Cause murderin' vital cells and steels ain't real enough  
The media wants drama so I ain't givin' a fuck  
If I kill me nigga won't get shot in the heart  
I can hit the countdown to one-o-six and park  
So bang this shit nigga hang that shit  
You say you don't but I know you love this gangsta-shit nigga  
Cause bullet holes and record sales go to together

Like cops a radars ash and A and R

[Ice Cube:]

To all my niggaz lovin' chicken and watermelon  
Talk brokin' English and drug sellin'  
Rap murderous lyrics and story tellin'  
You got to be a felon to get your shit sellin'  
And if it got to be that way  
A nigga murder me a rapper today  
It just happened today  
So if I come clappin' your way  
It's just to sell what a nigga sold back in the day  
Bang this and my niggaz get dangerous  
Bang this with a four five stainless  
Bang this and the bitches go painless  
Bang this if you want to be famous  
Bang this and my niggaz get dangerous  
Bang this with a four five stainless  
Bang this and the bitches go painless  
Bang this if you want to be famous