

Main Flow, Super Star Slang

(Chorus - sung)

The days, fly by fast
And your love, may not last
Your fame may have passed
but your, name it still remains
Lyrics will fade
And ex-ec-u-tives paid
will leave your shit played
but your, name it still remains

(Main Flow)

Hey yo I'd rather be rhymin than trapped in court
In fact, make this a Michael Rappaport
When I met you you didn't seem like the testy type
Fuck around on the set kid, Wesley Snipes
We in the mountains where it's brisk
You know you couldn't - everything is Cuba Gooding
End ya man for the Benjamins
And stay out for the ginger lens
My vocals rock crews, plus I got locks too
Young chicks out Vivica Fox you
More than cream and organ beamin
I'm still out here, Morgan Freeman

(Chorus)

(Main Flow)

Black Timb'n, in fact stack women
Dis year y'all Jack Lemmon
Close steppin to me, toast preppin the key
I get live Mos Def-initely
It's for your hidden hand you can't get rid of my plan
You got to be Nicole Kid-man
The don wins, invest with Con-Airs
And write hot shit with Sean Penns
You pour germs, when you know that it's your turn
Now watch how the backwoods George Burns
So face facts, still dealin with snakebacks
Replace tracks when niggaz act Sissy Spacek

(Chorus)

(Main Flow)

Seem louder, now that the cream's milder
You think you wild best believe I'm Gene Wilder
Mack one, this ain't a act hon
Step and get Samuel Jack-son
Felony news, snitches sellin me clues
Blow highs like Penelope Cruz
The type to bug this, stay on your bicycle thug list
When I'm out of weed, I'm Michael Douglas
The pen spiller, this is your end killer
Show me your girl and watch me Ben Stiller
And I'm talkin a, cuddly whore
Hit up the trick have her lookin for Dudley Moore

(Chorus) - 2X