

Cypress Hill, Rock Rap Super Star

chorus:

(B Real)

So you wanna be a rap/rock superstar, and live large
a big house, 5 cars, you're in charge
comin' up in the world, don't trust no body
gotta look over your shoulder constantly

B Real:

I remember the days when I was a young kid growin up
looking in the mirror, dreamin about blowin up
the rock crowd, make money, chill with the honeys
sign autographs or whatever the people want from me
it's funny how impossible dreams manifest
and the games that be comin with it
nevertheless

you got to go for the gusto but you dont know
about the blood, sweat and tears
and losing some of your fears
and losing some of yourself to the years past,
gone by

hopefully it dont manifest

for the wrong guy

egomaniac and the brainiac

dont know how to act

48 tracks

studio gangster, mack,

sign the deal, thinks he's gonna make a mil

but never will til he crosses over

still filling your head with fantasies

come with me, show the sacrifice it takes to make the cheese

You wanna be a rap/rock superstar in the biz

and take shit from people who dont know what it is

I wish it was all fun and games but the price of fame is high

and some cant pay the way

still trapped in what you rapping about

tell me what happened when you lost

the route you took started collapsing

no fans no fame no respect no change no women

and everybody shittin on your shoulder

chrous X2

b-real: (only in rock version)

people see rockstar u know what im saying

but u still trying to get out and work like everyone

u know eles its a fun job but its still a job

theres gunna be another cat comming out looking like me and sounding like me next year i know th

someone trying to spin off like some series

Sen: (only in Rock version)

you ever have big dreams of making real cream

big shot, heavy hitter on the main stream

and you wanna look trendy

in the Bentley, be a snob and never act friendly

you wanna have big fame, let me explain

what happends to these stars and their big brains

first they get played like all damn day

long as you sell everything will be ok

then you get dissed by the media and fans

things never stay the same way they began

I heard that some never give full to the fullest

that's while fools end up dining on the bullet

think everything's fine in the big time

see me in my Lex with chrome raised high

so you wanna roll far

and live large

it aint all that goes with bein a rock star

chorus X2

B Real:
my own son dont know me
I'm chillin in the hotel room lonely
but I thank God I'm with my homies
but sometimes I wish I was back home
but only no radio or video didnt show me
no love, the phony, gotta hit the road slowly
so the record gets pushed by Sony
I'm in the middle like mony
and the press say that my own people disown me
and the best way back
is to keep your head straight, never inflate the cranium
they're too worried about them honies at the Paladium (a venu in LA)
who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on
go on, fall off, the ho's roll on
til the next rap/rock superstar
with no shame
give em a year, he'll be right out the game
the same as the last one who came before him
gained fame, started gettin ignored, I warned him
assured him, this aint easy take it from Weezy
sleezy people wanna be so cheesy, the fuckin people (gun cock noise)
whispered: assassins, assassins
chorus X2