

# Cypress Hill, Superstar(Rock)

Chorus:

So you wanna be a rock superstar?  
And live large  
A big house. Five cars, You're in charge.  
Comin' up in the world.  
Don't trust nobody got to look over your shoulder constantly

I remember the days when I was a young kid growing up  
Looking in the mirror, dreaming about blowin' up  
The rock crowds. Make money. Chill with the honeys.  
Sign autographs and whatever the people want from me.  
\*\*\*\*\* Its funny how impossible dreams manifest  
And the games that be comin' with it  
Nevertheless, you got to go for the gusto  
But you don't know about the blood, sweat, and tears and  
Losin' some of your peers.

And losin' some of yourself to the years past, gone by  
Hopefully it don't manifest for the wrong guy  
Egomaniac and the brainiac don't know how to act  
\*\*\*\*\* deep  
48 track studio gangsta mack sign the deal  
Think he's gonna make a mil but never will  
'Til he crosses over, still  
Fillin' your head with fantasies  
Come with me  
Show the sacrifice it takes to make the G's

You wanna be a rock superstar in the biz  
And take \*\*\*\* from people who don't know what it is  
I wish it was all fun and games  
But the price of fame is high  
And some can't pay the way  
Feel trapped in  
What you rappin' about?  
Tell me what happened when you lost clout?  
The route you took started collapsing  
No fans. No fame. No respect. No change. No women and  
Everybody \*\*\*\*\* on your name.

Repeat Chorus (2X)

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Talking:

"People see rock stars, you know what I'm sayin'? But you still try to get out more like everybody else, you know, its a fun job, but its still a job.[...] There's gonna be another cat comin' out, looking like me, sounding like me next year. I know this. It'll be a flipside tell what you did someone trying to spin off like some[thing] serious."

You ever have big dreams? Or makin' big cream?  
Big shot, heavy hitter on the mainstream  
You wanna look trendy in the Bentley  
Be a star band, never act friendly.  
You wanna have big fame  
Let me explain what happens 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 get fooled to the fullest  
That's why fools end up dining on a bullet  
Think everything's fine in the big time  
See me in my Lex with the chrome ray shine  
So you roll far and live large  
It ain't all that goes with being a rock star

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My own son don't know me  
I'm chillin' in a 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's gonna show me no love  
They're phony  
Got to hit the road solely so the record gets pushed by Sony  
I'm in the middle like Monie  
And the press say that my own people disown me  
The best way back to keep your head straight  
Never inflate the cranium  
They're too worried about them honeys at the Palladium  
Who just wanna cling on, swing on, and so on  
Go on fall off - the ho's fall off  
To the next rock superstar with no shame  
Give him a year and they'll be right out the game  
The same as the last one who came before him  
Gained fame started getting' ignored  
I warned him  
Asured him this ain't easy  
Take it from the weazy  
Sleazy people want to be so cheesy  
They're \*\*\*\*\* evil

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