

# Hush, Superstar

(Verse 1)

Hey yo it's funny nowadays how these fools see rap  
As a Road to the Riches like Kool G Rap  
And most people see me and think "Damn, not again  
They signed another guy who's a friend of Eminem"  
But you put me in a booth to the crowds disbelief  
That if I spit the illest I'm keeping all my teeth  
Then bite your style and feed you the feces  
You've been shoving down the throats of these folks with CD's  
And believe that I can be dropped just like that  
And be right back working a job I might slack at  
I can't do it fuck it  
I'd rather show you that I love it with a bullshit budget  
These cats walk around iced out with gunclaps  
And no cash in a corner of fools with dunce caps  
And dumb rap on how you're a star whatever yo  
You ain't shit without approval from Thom Panunzio

(Chorus)

Renting all your fancy clothes  
That ain't your car in the videos  
Trying to be gangsta  
You ain't no superstar...  
Your jewelry ain't fooling me  
Don't give a fuck about V.I.P  
Trying to be gangsta  
You ain't no superstar...

(Verse 2)

See I blew my advance on a truck and Desert Eagle  
Cause image isn't nothing it doesn't measure ego  
Plus wherever we go we might get into trouble  
I haven't made enough to afford a body double  
Cats get some duckets and worry about wheels  
Instead of saying something with meaning that really feels  
Love all the glamour to me it's all glitz  
But the music that they make in the back is all shit  
For me don't roll out the red carpet  
I wouldn't even know how to act in that department  
This game is fucked for sure and by far  
Topics for the songs are made up by A & R's  
(whew! That's banging!...Thanks man...We should get J. Lo on the remix!)  
If my album doesn't sell good for Jimmy Iovine  
I'll be inside a bank screaming give me all the green

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

These rappers pose like models in every head shot  
But they've blown every chance like the Boston Red Sox  
Get a deal throw it away in 1 instance  
I got my shit together forever keep your distance  
I'd rather have a will in the bank and be respected  
You think I need to spend me a mil to be accepted  
Forget where you're from and you can't go back  
Can't show you still got it like an old throwback  
At a bar chicks think you're slick with quick winks  
In return they reply to you back and give blinks  
Til you walk up on my crew with mixed drinks  
(Have you listened to my album?) yeah your shit stinks  
No subjects no skills and no spirit  
Mink coats iced out chains and no lyrics  
Acting in this business like y'all pitched in  
And not a modern day baller like Paul Fishkin

(Chorus)