No Supastar, just gotta just who you are

25 to life, uh, pass the lighter rude boy The music a hot like a million fire side Come in!

Don't have to be No Supastar (Supastar, Supastar)
Just gotta be just who you are, oh-whoa
In everyone there's a sense of purpose
That's right so Babylon don't you try to control us

Africans who we are, every nigga is a star
Well, the top is where I'm headin far
Pretty chicks and fancy cars, and a nigga into Mars
Drink champagne, dem yam too much caviar
True players in a bar, some of dem smoke a dem cigars
Drown them fools and now we make dem bizarres
Stole the cookie from the jar but you never took him far
Well, him and Killah Priest gon' never spar

We live in poverty due to prophecy from our ancestors
We all transgressors, uh Moses let us
Now cops arrest us, until the jake, job bless us
Left false scriptures to protect us
Rightful ears, the Solomon's sceptors
True Isrealians, Rastafarians
We handle beef like vegetarians, we very sinned
My players sip Dacari's, we live the life of Judas Maccabee
Black fatigues with our hair raggety!
We all Supastars even without +CREAM+ and cars

Know why? Street tycoon up before high noon
Followed by the spot, zoom lens, ghetto peepers singin my tune
They say I'ma die soon, livin without time, sketchin my outline
(It's a hitman!) Too late to make a speedy recovery
Lovely, with shots that done smmothered me and covered me
Choppers above of me, what a startling discovery
Our own brother be the one with the killer instinct
Just because I'm a so-called star

Well, I just wanna be myself, I don't need nobody else Working for long life, and good health
No whats about the wealth, see that's the way I felt
I'm okay, confide in God, will help
Tried to put me on the shelf cuz I'm so excellent
Damn you nowhere with no persistence
You don't want no selfish thing, don't have no confidence
Well, you don't have to be a star to be yourself