

# Death of Rockstar

## Cyssero

My city call me the Virus, I'm sick with the flu yea you signed to the Game, but I'm sicker than  
you

Niggas don't mention me, when they mentioning you  
Same niggas listen for me, when they listen to you  
Virus, I'm the metaphor of Barbarian  
What's a Rockstar, bar for bar I'll bury him  
I'm blame Game for creating you, he gave u a buzz  
Than you blew up but now I'm deflating you  
I feel I'm greater I aint hating you  
You aint shared the spot light so now I'm erasing you  
I aint saying that you not hot nigga  
But you putting all the work that made Cyss the top nigga  
Battle everybody and told 'em to drop figures  
So all this Rockstar shit comes to a stop nigga  
Put that on my block nigga, and wit that said  
Bag 'em Cyssero the Virus, Rockstar is dead  
Man this rap shit easy to me  
That's why I got the top spot and that's easy to see  
Being the hottest aint easy  
But there aint a soul on the globe that can make it look as easy as me  
See, I'm G as can be, you a gat flasher  
I spit the gat and hit your cap its a rap after  
When I clap the black clappa  
It sounds like a concer crowd its loud and clap at ya  
Yea they call me a arrogant black bastard  
Even if you think that you hotter I laugh at ya  
Grands on the piece, grand on the bezel  
Money man, making hundred grand plans wit my rebels  
Wit my hands on the metal you can call me Lucifer  
Cause you don't stand a chance in a dance wit the devil  
I'm what the streets made me, and wit that said  
Bag 'em Cyssero the Virus, Rockstar is dead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>