Superman, the Gift and the Curse

Jon Bellion

Cocaine like the kid was born in '84

How long you really plan to sleep on me for?

When I decide to put my cape on the floor

Superman won't save you no more Your favorite rapper's be taking beats that I'm shitting up

Your favorite lyricists tell me that I don't spit enough

Ten steps ahead of you musically, how you plan to stop me?

Just count your blessings that I consider rap a fucking hobbyCocaine like the kid was born in '84

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Superman won't save you no moreSuperman won't save you no more

Superman won't save you no more

Superman won't save you no more

Superman won't save you no more, more, more

Imagine locking the tone of Sarah McLachlan

The fashion of Jimi Hendrix and a box of the bible doctrine

I look for potential, why? She looking for famous Johnson

She hungry for the Action, in New York we call that BronsonCocaine like the kid was born in '84

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Superman won't save you no more

Superman won't save you no more, more, moreShe literally told me, "You're too much of a genius

You're gonna be too famous"

She literally left me

Tell me that shit ain't a gift and a curseShe literally told me, "You're too much of a genius You're gonna be too famous"

She literally left me

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