

Auburn "Superman"

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Yea
Ok, homie
Auburn
And J.R.

Oh, he think he Superman
Oh, he think he Superman
Now, he think he Spiderman
Now, he think he Spiderman
Now, you think you Batman?
Now, you think you Batman?
You need to get back, man
You're not really that bad!

Boy, you ain't no big boss
Who you think, you Rick Ross?
Swear that you's a thug
But your favorite song is "Lip Gloss"
Posted at the bus stop
Actin' like you so hot
Swear you make it rain
But I still ain't seen one drop

You can't be the wonders cause homie this ain't the
Matrix
It'd be better for us if you just stick to the basics
You got a forty cent paycheck
You can't afford Payless
You talkin' so big
But it's better if you say less

La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
Sorry but you have no game
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
You got a better chance with Lois Lane

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Givin' you the scoop, dawg
You're not really Snoop Dogg
Oh, I think they like me
That's highly unlikely
He say he got some groupies
Ridin' in that hooptie?
It's 2008
And you're still Chicken Noodle Soup-ing
Party like a rockstar
But you ain't made the pop charts
You're thinkin' that you're so hard
Sweeter than a pop tart
Thinkin' that you're Underdog
You makin' me wonder, dawg
Swoll up in the chest
Yo, I think you need a Wonderbra

La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
I can tell just by your face
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
You have no friends on Myspace

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I want you to know that real superheros can fly
And you so dumb you keep on wonderin' who'd be
willin' to try
Livin' in yo mama's basement still collectin' the comics
No money in the bank
You must've skipped economics
And every time you see me
You always be on me
But as soon as I reject you
You go runnin' to Mommy
If we was arch-rivals
I'd win the fight
Think you so bad, but boy

I'm your kryptonite

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Homie, and what's with that cape

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Homie, ain't those you mama's drapes?

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