

Case

"Super Nigga"

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[D] Pooh]

It's the P-double-O-H in the sky
I don't need a cape cause I'm already fly
like a skydiver, a nigga got drag
like a race car driver, plus I'va
spit saliva, liver, than McGyver
("BAM!") Bump mo' bitches than a drunk driver
Faster than a crackhead, mo' powerful
than a loco when I gotcha in a chokehold
I'm here to rid the city of them wack-ass groups
Them wack-ass lyrics with them wack-ass loops
They fakin like gangsters, turn into a Crip-
tonight/Kryptonite
They don't faze me, cause we can still fight
But look, it's all about comin (up) up (up)
up and away without bummin
But a nigga don't need no Wonderwoman, hmm, I
wonder
who she been shuckin and jivin and fuckin
Or some bitch named Lois cause the hoe is the lowest
and she's Whiter than Snow is ("Too much of that Snow
White!")
I think I'll fly back to the hood
Kick it with the homies where you know it's all good
I'll be the first superhero with a strap
I know I'm all that.. ("It's a crow, it's a bat, no it's..")

[Chorus]

[Rashad]

The Super Nigga Boogieman is out to make a killin
So fuck wastin time leapin over tall buildings
Cause I can get loose like fluid
Like diarrhea - I can, run right through it
I see through walls, 'specially at the malls
Ladies dressing rooms is where my duty calls
A lot of super niggaz be trickin they powers
Givin hoes money, and flyin 'em flowers
(But can you think of one thing you ever gave a hoe?)
No cause we Super Niggaz, not Captain Save-A-Hoe
So back on up look, I'll catch yo' ass so quick

and letcho' ass know we the wrong super niggaz to be
fuckin wit
I flash like lightning, powerful as bombs
I flied back twenty years ago and fucked your moms
And now it's ninety-fo', ain't shit changed
but now you call me daddy, when you call my name
Cause youse a silly mortal, you ain't down for combat
I'ma Super Nigga, and you an Uncle Tom cat
When I'm rollin through the hood they wonder is he
the nephew, of Aunt Kizzy
or Dizzy Gillespie, and the rest be like
"That's the guy that's super, the fat track mover"
So wack MC's come step to these nuts
and get your crews cut below half, nigga do the math
I'm the M-A-N, mayne
I got a fly bitch with an invisible plane
Me and her be doin some X-rated shit
When I get the skins, in the cockpit
She be callin everything from mommy to Jesus
Just ask the homies, cause them niggaz can see us
Cause them super niggaz too, from the crew
So please stay tuned, for more adventures of.. a Super
Nigga

[Chorus]

[King Tee]

Mr. Insane King Tee motherfuckers from the boondox
I bust the drunken style on my corner with the boombox
I'm badder than the baddest inmate at (?)
Retarded, but let me show you what this can do
Create fright, niggaz scared to touch the mic
I shock 'em, amazed cause the wino rocked 'em
The best yet to like really catch wreck on the scene
O.G. from the Alkaholik team
I just scream (AHHH!) let my backbone slip
Gotta get it on then take another sip
Make it hip, a feeling MC's won't forget
Bust crazy rounds then load another clip (well bust it)
Like R. Kelly, "My mind's telling me no!"
But fuck that, I kick the ill flow
And deep down, I know niggaz is jeal'
cause I'm pullin all the hoes and dickin 'em swell
But hey, cut the crap, cause like herpes I'm back
to give you what you want, I don't front or skip rap
with the bo, ba-ba-bye, the wicked with Tha Likwit
I'm wild like a winner with the lot-to ticket
But kick it, you could grab a comb and try to pick it
The nappy head sound comin from the underground
Oh shit it's the great, the man with the strap
I know I'm all that.. ("It's a crow, it's a bat, no it's..")

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