

## Kool Keith "Supergalactic Lover"

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Yeah

Supergalactic lover  
Supergalactic lover

I was your boyfriend girl lieutenant lover flight  
commander  
Member of the air force, remember when I bought you  
a Porsche?  
Diamond rings with roses, I put pearls in your noses  
Put you in heels, paid your school loans and tons of  
bills

I ripped eight thousand, threw a stack up in the  
fireplace  
You couldn't believe it, your mom was there with a sad  
face  
I had you accounts, three million with big amounts  
You wrecked your Impala, I seen you at the beauty  
parlor

Gave you a check engagement ring, four million  
dollars  
Your friends were surprised, your sister couldn't  
believe her eyes  
I walked in with cape, with jewels on, you know I'm the  
captain

Outside by the Cadillac three brothers rappin', soundin'  
wack and  
I kept on steppin' legend status, you know my rep and  
I see you at eight, turn your pager off, don't be late

Supergalactic lover  
Comin' from the projects on the hill  
Supergalactic lover  
In my monkey green rag top Seville

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Exquisite background, with spaceship pictures up on  
the wall  
You changin' lingerie quick, you put on pumps, standin'  
tall  
Tell me what you thinkin' at the table while you drinkin'  
You got stress, tell me love, you need a fly dress

Important reasons I will care for you in different  
seasons  
Daytona beach, catchin' the sun, layin' on a pillow  
Stop your days of [unverified] lookin' out the window  
Captain of program, girl I run this enterprise

Open your eyes, now you realize, now put on thigh  
highs  
Tie your boots up tight, very tight with all your might  
Come in the front row, you're a star in a private show  
I taught you well, gave you earrings that I bought you  
well

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Sippin' real smooth wine, galactic glasses, wearin'  
masks  
Her suit is armor leather jacket, I'ma wear a bomber  
Dark black hats, remember Cato and the Green Hornet  
I step up on it, test the flight switch, move a nice switch

Adjust the tempo makin' complex into somethin' simple  
A masquerade party while bartenders pass Bacardi  
Lemon juice or orange bintz, parked with a sunroof  
Brown rag top, spaceship movin' ridin' down your block

Power jets millennium, level five is next  
(Crank up the space, beam up)

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