

## Public Enemy

# "Super Agent... He Is What He Is"

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Sold / black gold  
One strong buck  
To the milwaukee bucks  
For a million bucks  
Just get em off the street  
So he don't get bucked  
Super agent to rescue  
So he won't get fucked  
Ya run nigger run  
To the auction block  
But you can't pledge allegiance  
To the block  
This buck right here  
The right kind a stock  
For sale for passin  
The right kind a rock  
Auctioneer stern to massa falk  
Can a nigga go home  
Where he used to walk  
Come back but super agent  
Said you can't talk  
I didn't know basketball had a balk  
The buck run laps  
While they run craniums  
Players be drainin em  
Owners be claimin em  
Super agents framin em  
Then nicknamin em  
Tra win their ass  
To be packin them stadiums  
In the players ear  
Word for word verbatim  
Super agent got em locked  
Coaches be hatin em  
Super agent wouldn't even  
Come in my hood  
If I had no skills  
Was wack and no good  
In my neck of the woods  
The leagues concrete  
And one can only dream about wood  
Yeah deal the grade

Let the bills get paid  
Pay respect to the projects  
And the half-court rejects  
Scholarship save that college  
Shit  
Them championships  
Don't pay for the head trips

Fuck the trophy  
Find the loot  
Then approach me  
Land of milk and honey  
Can I get a quickness  
To the money  
Or a witness four \_\_\_\_\_ years  
I ain't wit this

Hell with the ncaa \_\_\_\_ / because  
My super agents paid  
With his dollars I can buy a fuckin college  
Miss the rah rah campuses  
And keep the school buses  
Lookin who's lovin ya  
Goin for the jugular  
They know they can't  
Contain me on the regular  
Pimps, pushers  
Pocketbook guzzler  
Would you pardon my father  
Mr. governor  
Thought he had it made  
Dreamin about a trade  
The thanks we get  
Put the roof on this bitch  
Dark side of the room  
When he jumped the broom  
Super agent got this player  
Nine-figure wages  
Back of sports pages  
Off ghetto stages  
Shootin sleepin pills  
And runnin to the hills  
Starmaker makin stars  
Hockin burgers and cars  
Superstar  
How you get to where you are

Chorus  
Chillin off the court  
See the nigga got bought  
Got kicked out the sport

Unseen hand made em  
Kiss the ass of the man  
One cursed the flag  
Everybody ran  
Super agent where are you now?  
Have you found another brother  
To be your cow  
Cause you fumbled my shit  
And dropped the ball  
You won't even answer my call

Bridge  
Can I get a chance  
If I don't sing or dance  
Write about romance  
Or wear short pants  
So I rave and rant  
You can't say I can't  
Get my grants  
Col chillin in a b boy stance

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