

Princess

"You Get Mad At Napster"

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Please don't mess with me I'll spit you out like you were
Sunny D
Did you really think you could be mean baby? Listen
this next part is key,
You play a lot of Nintendo, smoke Endo
As far as men go, when ya gonna hit a crescendo and
throw Super Mario and Atari out the window?
Now, we have something in common-You're lactose
intolerant I'm wack host intolerant
Stop talkin about smackin crack hoes you're in college
apologies accepted
I might have left lyrical holes in your mind
You'll fill it later with Cable or Hot 97 or Taco-Bell-n
applyin, you wanna play? Fine
Play-doh, roll you through a machine until you come out
in little strings
I'm obscene I really could eat like 5 Krispy Kremes
Like when they're hot-Like all my tracks are hot
I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm
hot, I'm hot-Like all my tracks are
hot
Stop going on AOL chat to try to find friends, yeah
everyone likes you because you said you
were tall, slim and
Liked Dre over Ren, Cage over Em, Rage over them,
Bahamadia over Lil' Kim
I had no idea you been down with hip-hop since you
were ten
You were out ya playpen rubbin Barbie all over Ken and
marveling over your carving
Of Led Zeppelin in your desk in ya den
I'm hittin mad skins you got bad skin get rad skins for
your MP3 player kid I'm a Real Player!
Hard like Slayer while you a dater with Darth Vader I'm
famous-later-
I hang with both Ralph Nader and Roc Raida, OK?
I swear I'm super you play boring Solitaire on your
computer combed over hair
Wear a boober shirt work at Hooters in your underwear
look like Mr. Hooper I don't care
I was nice to you originally what I'm doin is gonna ruin

you like Druid ruins hear the crowd
booin naturally
Actually this is a big 'ol waste of my time
I would rather be home playing with my parakeets than
making up this stupid rhyme
I mean, I am a sensitive Pisces and I wouldn't want to
make you start cryin-Yeah start cryin
You get mad at Napster when nobody's even heard of
you
I did a search on your name and came up with 1 result-
It was your computer, you're a loser
Lame, your screen name pseudo hip-hop sounding
lingo mixed up lowercase/capital letters
What you think this is Bingo? I got singles out already
People know my name in discerning circles from New
York to LA
While you earn Colonels jerk pay spurt on dirty curtains
in a big shirt singin Hip Hop Hooray
You're idle I'm an idol you're not entitled I got a title
Nobody trades your file chill child when I said I liked
you I was just tired
Go occupy yourself for a while you're lost whatever just
frick off, vile in denial just step off
Why you think I get deals from record labels you get
deals from drug dealers
Unappealing insincere won't eat Happy Meals you spill
bong water like tears filled with lost
fear
Do acid and beer and trip out on how your queer little
beard looks so weird in the mirror man
Guitar noodlin and patchouli let me teach you Ital-go
Fongule
When I was in high school I'd a thought you were so
fuckin cool
Anyway as I was saying before my screen name is
much better than yours, its' ----
What you think I would tell you so you can Instant
Messenger me all day?
I don't think so I am very important and right now I am
eating lunch
Go get signed to Ruffhouse go away, bid on Ebay for a
stuffed Mickey Mouse in a mug,
A sticky handcuffed pic of buff Courtney Love, one of
Prince's aborted doves, a Jackson glove,
A blow up Peter Max pillow of Love, a diamond rug, or
somethin worth more than all that stuff:
A cup that Princess Superstar once drank out of

