

Princess Superstar "Too Much Weight"

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(C. Kirschner, A. Reid)

Produced by Concetta Kirschner for Concetta Music (BMI). Additional Production by Curtis Curtis for The Vertical Corporation (BMI) and Walter Sipser. Samadia Music (ASCAP) Bahamadia appears courtesy Goodvibe/B-Girl/J. Core Recordings. Live Horns by Paula Henderson and Steve Moses. Bass by Walter Sipser. Live drums by Lee Farber.

Don't censor me I live like a saint I meditate every
morning drink carrot juice I'm hardly late
Try censoring your candidate who gets head under the
desk
If that's what you get you can bet I wanna be the next
prez
I deserve the best and if you think my lyrics are
incendiary I'll go back to being an insipid secretary
Won't inspire no one, then the world will be safe I'll just
use words to talk about how Microsoft Word is so great
I feel bad that everyone is crazy and kids are smokin
crack
I also feel bad that Michaelangelo might have hurt his
back
And what if there were no tracts for Shakespeare or
wax for Flash no road for Kerouac
There might not have been rap
Leave us alone make your own family a better place
How much hate could we eliminate if you were down
with your kids' mix tapes
It must have been fate that brought me to this game
So let's gain use the platform for something more than
Phat Farm
Sing about the Bling Bling Sing to help em outta Sing
Sing turn your beepers off ring ring
I'm getting sicker here's the kicker fuck your Advisory
Sticker
I'm advise to stick 'this CD made by Seagram's Liquor'
You're puttin too much weight into words and there's
too much hate in this world

Stop blamin us for all the pain and stuff, fuck, shit man,
it's just a cuss we ain't that dangerous

For every song that supposedly maimed someone's life
there's a million songs that changed someone's life
Change your mind chains in your mind people dyin
gets defined by parents who lie and hurt their child
Dot commers don't affect migrant farmers, Bronx
Bombers get paid enough to help all the baby mamas
I'm a vomit this 'til all the lobbyists in congresses keep
their promises and the artists are all real artists
And the fathers finish what the fuck they started
Comma comma what the hell do I know I'm just an MC
getting real damn busy on the mic
Getting all up in a tizzy I might just shutup and brag on
how I keep my rhymes tight
'cause that's what's selling tonight

(Bahamadia rhyme)

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