

Princess Superstar "We Got Panache"

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You know we got panache
Style, sass, gettin' mad cash, keepin' it under wraps
Pizazz and class, we sit in the back
Spendin' mad cash, money, money and we real bad-
ass

You know we got panache style, sass
Gettin' mad ass, keepin' it under glass
Pizazz and class we kiss in the back
Spittin' mad trash, honey, honey and we real bad-ass

You know we got panache, we gettin' mad cash
Paid a dime a second like Diamond Dave and Damon
Dash
I spit, sonic gas, classy psychopath, psychotic,
iconoclast
I got an iconic ass, it's ironic how erotic my robotic
sonnets

Get girls in bonnets, hot like Harry Connicks
Sick on gin and tonics, we, super sonic, hook you on
our phonics
Learned ebonics by Erotic, ebony dick and Mantronix
Never stoppin' it sock electronic shit allotted the whole
club up

When we spotted it and if we wanted it
Fill it with men and spawn and shit, ain't nothing wrong
with it
Let's get the party started, shit, let's get it on and hit
High ballin' cat callin' no alcohol yo

We all suck on a straw, a certain
Je Ne Sais Quoi at the bar
I hit it raw, never do look back unless
We, like what we saw, never do look back, ok, Papa

On the case like Steve Case estates, like Oprah's place
Savoir Faire and grace, every hair in place, here's a
taste
No time to waste, do my makeup in the mirror while I sit
up on your face

We paid great and when we don't, got dates
Dig in the crates, eat steak and masturbate

Spin wax, make tracks, we laid, laid back
Ladies get laid and stay up late at that
Now we getting critical mass sass pinnacle
Like the Citadel not minimal we hospitable,
Mad kissable it's difficult, Aristicral princess for
instance
We invincible never divisible make you invisible

Kit in each car kittens with Kit-Kat bars
Kickin' etiquette from Connecticut to Zanzibar
Strip malls to big balls 'n concert halls, New York Dolls

Taggin' up bathroom stalls, we all-stars make folly
North down to Raleigh
Follow me, suck lollys down in Bali, all enthralled
dollies, Arty as Dali
And when Mr. Rodgers calls me, we allowed on his
trolley

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