

Princess Superstar "Who Writes Your Lyric"

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I'm the flyest MC the finest MC the nicest MC oh that's boring see
There's another MPC so why you think most hip-hop sounds the same except for me?
Cryptic kick shit from the crypt sadistic lick hits with wit I'm quick
Rip crickets in a wicket I'm plain wicked thick in the rig wearing kid lipstick
I wreck shit on the next shit spit it in ya ear bit like a Qtip
Big silly bitch wickedly witch lickety split in a sitch no dick but talk big carry a big stick
So I'm a girl, yeah I'm white and I write all night with a bare swingin light
On the computer alright a producer alright
I produced this song- so you know who you are you know you were wrong
No I was not in that porn On Golden Blonde got it goin on more James Bond than Sean John
Conned James Cahn for a ticket to Cannes and I Love Ferris Bueller like tchhickachickkaa
Please don't ask me who writes my lyrics
I'll spit up in your face much faster than you could hear it
Don't ask me who writes my lyrics
Damn ya you're enamored I'm a slam ya hotter than your can down in Alabama
Where's my camera I need a Kodak moment of the moment I made you feel like Hammer
Son of Sam? I'm the daughter of Sam, slaughter a man on the microphone
Pardon me ma'am was that part of a man or your son I just whipped on the mic and sent home
Big quick shit New York- Stockholm
Kike and a Wop Wipin a cock walkin the block drop ya jaw to jock to your sock
I get that a lot yeah stop take stock shhh let me show you what I got
Made up my mind- like made it up I imagined it-I don't got a mind I abandoned it in a cabinet
So I could be a candidate for writin a few hits walkin a few pits and cashin in on that shit
I put out my first tape in '94 if you got one, I'll buy it

I don't got one no more it was called Mitch Better get
my Bunny
That shit was shitty but funny I admit it was dumb but I
did it with no money
In 9-5 my first CD called Strictly Platinum but it didn't go
Platinum it went back to them
And instead of waitin for someone to put me on
I started a label ran it 'til the money was gone, then
came along, then was gone,
Money money money, don't try to make it with your
songs
But like Salt 'n Pepa in El Segundo we push it a long
(Push it!)
And then Fat Beats wouldn't take my last LP
So I got egg beaters threw em back at the backpacks
on 6th Ave. passin me
At the Bagel Buffet planted a bomb next to Grays
And when the records rained I sold 'em back for double
to Fat Beats in LA
It's all OK cuz when Fat Beats still wouldn't distribute
my record
I renamed it-Pharoah Monch featuring Chubby Checker
Ha ha mic wrecker don't sleep, Princess Superstar Â-
The shit is deep

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