

## **Princess Superstar "Who Writes Your Lyrics"**

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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 whit 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 Q-Tip  
Big silly bitch, wickedy 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 swinging 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 going 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  
I'll spit up in your face much faster than you could hear  
it

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 Wiping a cock  
Walking the block drop ya jaw to jock to your sock  
I get that a lot, yeah, oh stop take stock  
Shh, 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 writing a few hits  
Walking a few pits and cashing in on that shit  
(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, uh uh

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 waiting 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 along, 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. passing 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 L.A.  
It's all okay 'cause when Fat Beats  
Still wouldn't distribute my record

I renamed it, Pharaoh Monch  
Featuring Chubby Checker  
Mic wrecker, don't sleep  
Princess Superstar, the shit's deep

