

Princess Superstar "Who Writes Your"

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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
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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

