

Princess Superstar

"World Council Entertainment Dicktatorship"

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Well back to my report
In case you were bored
Check out what's happening now, wow!

Superstar had achieved a monopoly on popularity
All over, celebrities fell off like gravity
Gradually she savagely took over the industry
A mystery, other celebs total history
Nobody could squeeze under the killboard charts
Or the non-variety pages, so voracious, ten thousand
spots on the a-list
She had successfully become the only one famous
Every magazine cover was of her
Every act on every show was her or one of her clones
She was the newscaster at the site of every disaster
Every studio and record label actor
She was the only celebrity cook, the only celebrity crook
Everybody's fifteen minutes she took
Flashing the trademark look, she said it was time to
wipe out famous authors
'I'm gonna start writing books'
Well, lots of stoppers tried to stop her
When murder on one of the duplicants succeeded
She just went back to Dolly to replace what she needed
If there was a problem, superstar could beat it
But then came the world council entertainment
dicktatorship
Filled with cliques, cons, tricks, distribution lots
Head trips, jump off trend tips, plastic tits, what a bitch
The council reported the rest of the artists in the world
weren't too happy
'Not my fault, they're crappy'
She mused that she drank the daiquiri at Dolly's factory
casually
'I'm gonna send those men packing'
'They think they can invade my life and mess with me
like I'm an Iraqi'
Snapping, she realised she had to pay these men a
percent
Otherwise they'd go to the useless government
And tell about Dolly, the duplicants and the vent

'Please, I ain't goin' into debt
If I gotta pay off these fools, I'll tell you what
Point 001 percent cut, you don't like it kiss my butt
You think that offer sucks
Shut up, you got any other artists in this world, what'
Happy to keep up with the changing celebrity market
Which was comprised only of her
The world entertainment council dictatorship got off
And superstar and her clones had the world in their
pocket
Her plan was perfect, no one could stop it
She wasn't just a star, she was outerspace and the
rocket
She just wanted more more more 'yeah, now you're
talkin'
'I hear reality shows are all the rage
Let's put five duplicants together in a cage
Put ten of me trapped on an island in Thailand
And viewers can buy them food or if they don't, they
die then
Or a plastic surgery reality show
Take seven duplicants and make 'em into old celebs
that people used to know
Like Marilyn Monroe, Cameo, Van Gogh, Jackie O, Anna
Nicole
Put them under the knife but once they're transformed
they must die
Why, I'm the only celebrity allowed on this planet, me
myself and I

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