

Princess Superstar "You Get Mad At Napster"

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Please don't mess with me I'll spit you out like you were Sunny D

Did you really think you could be mean baby? Listen this next part is key,

You play a lot of Nintendo, smoke Endo

As far as men go, when ya gonna hit a crescendo and throw Super Mario and Atari out the window?

Now, we have something in common-You're lactose

intolerant I'm wack host intolerant Stop talkin about smackin crack hoes you're in college apologies accepted

I might have left lyrical holes in your mind

You'll fill it later with Cable or Hot 97 or Taco-Bell-n applyin, you wanna play? Fine

Play-doh, roll you through a machine until you come out in little strings

I'm obscene I really could eat like 5 Krispy Kremes Like when they're hot-Like all my tracks are hot I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot-Like all my tracks are hot

Stop going on AOL chat to try to find friends, yeah everyone likes you because you said you were tall, slim and

Liked Dre over Ren, Cage over Em, Rage over them, Bahamadia over Lil' Kim

I had no idea you been down with hip-hop since you were ten

You were out ya playpen rubbin Barbie all over Ken and marveling over your carving

Of Led Zeppelin in your desk in ya den

I'm hittin mad skins you got bad skin get rad skins for your MP3 player kid I'm a Real Player!

Hard like Slayer while you a dater with Darth Vader I'm famous-later-

I hang with both Ralph Nader and Roc Raida, OK? I swear I'm super you play boring Solitaire on your computer combed over hair

Wear a boober shirt work at Hooters in your underwear look like Mr. Hooper I don't care

I was nice to you originally what I'm doin is gonna ruin you like Druid ruins hear the crowd

booin naturally

Actually this is a big 'ol waste of my time

I would rather be home playing with my parakeets than making up this stupid rhyme

I mean, I am a sensitive Pisces and I wouldn't want to make you start cryin-Yeah start cryin

You get mad at Napster when nobody's even heard of you

I did a search on your name and came up with 1 result-It was your computer, you're a loser

Lame, your screen name pseudo hip-hop sounding lingo mixed up lowercase/capital letters

What you think this is Bingo? I got singles out already People know my name in discerning circles from New York to LA

While you earn Colonels jerk pay spurt on dirty curtains in a big shirt singin Hip Hop Hooray

You're idle I'm an idol you're not entitled I got a title Nobody trades your file chill child when I said I liked you I was just tired

Go occupy yourself for a while you're lost whatever just frick off, vile in denial just step off

Why you think I get deals from record labels you get deals from drug dealers

Unappealing insincere won't eat Happy Meals you spill bong water like tears filled with lost fear

Do acid and beer and trip out on how your queer little beard looks so weird in the mirror man

Guitar noodlin and patchouli let me teach you Ital-go Fongule

When I was in high school I'd a thought you were so fuckin cool

Anyway as I was saying before my screen name is much better than yours, its' -----

What you think I would tell you so you can Instant Messenger me all day?

I don't think so I am very important and right now I am eating lunch

Go get signed to Ruffhouse go away, bid on Ebay for a stuffed Mickey Mouse in a mug,

A sticky handcuffed pic of buff Courtney Love, one of Prince's aborted doves, a Jackson glove,

A blow up Peter Max pillow of Love, a diamond rug, or somethin worth more than all that stuff:

A cup that Princess Superstar once drank out of [Thanks to sk8shoe_182@excite.com for these lyrics]

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