

Rebecca St. James**"10-8 = Not a Dime"**

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[Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

Yeah, you know you go to a club
And you see some corny guy standin there with a
clipboard
You know you in a fake area, a phony area
A real fake plastic place
Where people are lookin for different people
They lookin for stars, they tryin to be a star
They didn't make it yet in Hollywood
They tryin to get they life together
They goin through a lot of strange things

[Verse One: Reverand Tom - Kool Keith]

In the sauna, with girls from Nevada
Al Bury-U he's wearin Don Dada
You wear the product - girls frontin don't bother
Cause kids giggle, your head's shaped like a pickle
Designer glasses, your belly pierced with flat asses
Video freak, givin it all to the masses
Lookin around dumb
We all in here, you the wrong doer, the party screwer
Celebrity searcher, you go 'head and sip on Kahlua
Autograph signer, fake ID youse a MINOR
In a fake eclectic club with a guy with a clipboard
Hold yours
Yo, them big shades look ugly on you, I see the flaws
Think you know how to dance, women with Kangols
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
All y'all up in here Friday with the same pants
You're wearin Boutiques
Look at ya, I see you here every week

[Chorus: repeat 3X]

Y'all wearin the same pants, doin the same dance

[Verse Two: possibly M-Balmer but sounds like Princess
Superstar]

Mmmmm, I know I'm gon' catch me some brothers up
in here tonight
I just left the new Millenium on Crenshaw
Yeah you know the two time Hoodie Award winner

Taurus she will make you unbelievable
Her business cards is platinum
I'm waitin to go see Miss Hoe Kim
She say you need nail file, you need pedicure, special
price for you

[Verse Three: Thee Undatakerz]

Now why you tryin to act like a dime piece when you
know you a 2
Baby I'd rather see you lookin up girl from under my
shoe
Like a babboon, funny lookin, did you escape from the
zoo
I see you in the front of the club wearin your fake gator
suit
Chickenhead, actin silly, saditty attitude too
I can't believe you still think you pretty, resemble Abu

[Verse Four: Thee Undatakerz]

I don't care if Robert Horry bite yo' skirt and yo' suit
You can't get a Happy Meal from me with yo' breath
smellin like poo
I repute your ugly face, erase your memory from mine
Fake designer clothes, fake nails and your fake eyes
Cause girl you so FAKE!
You a Hollywood plastic girl
Girl you so FAKE!
You a Hollywood plastic girl

[repeat 3X]

Youse a phony, stop lookin at me

Stop lookin at me, your fake hair and nails

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