

the show
I'll be strollin', patrollin' the streets with a feather in my
hat
Imagine that, huh, I think I made myself Claritan, clear
in that
I got the throttle cause I'm mack like the truck
C'mon everybody let's get...
Get up Get up Get up, never sit down!

[Verse Three]

Woke up I didn't know what day it was
I been through some shit boy you never believe it
Cuz I struggle everyday to keep my head up like a
tower
You know why - I got the Power!
And I ain't never givin' up sucker
Put me on the field I'm a cook your ass like Betty
Crocker
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Nobody beats the Prinz cess and uh
Once again it's on
People wanna know if I'm a diva
Well let me see, uh
I wrote these lyrics at a day job
Not Nassau Coliseum
But I'm a get there soon boy
blow up the spot like in my own platoon boy
Reading bad press I get depressed really major guard
Damn! Yo, at least I'm in the fuckin paper!
And when the goin' gets tough Mr. Ocean said it best
Put that ass in gear baby put it to the test
Scuse me, I don't believe I was finished
Making all your bad hurt feelings be diminished and
delicious
Like a tasty ice cream or scone
Let me make you pant for the milk bone
Woof woof and let it all hang out
Don't you just freak baby freakin freak it out
Kick it trick it or lick it but please don't stick it up your
nose
If you wanna strike a pose you gotta keep it on the real
inside
Keep it on the real inside, keep it on the real inside!

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