

Rednex "Year Two Thousand"

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Princess Superstar's year to make a million Women and men scream and cry through the millennium

All up in 'em comin off like

Deep impact in your drawers because

This hoochie mommy's booty

Makes Donald Trump look poor

Like Dionne Warwick

I'll predict your future trick super kicks

You will listen to this

Buy this, 95 cents a damn minute

Admit it, when you were on monkey bars

You thought there'd be candy bars,

Marquee stars

Emblazoned up with your name in it

Maybe you need to shoot me into outer space

Cuz I don't belong here

Not in this place not in this atmosphere

You can take your Palm air Range Rover

Bitch Plastic tit politics

And pay it in ducats to the Corrupt Conglomerate Fuck it!

I Don't need to party like it's 1999

Cuz by that time, the next day at 9:00

That kid'll be working for me bright and early

Waxin for me, Filin taxes for me-- suckin dick for me

What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?

Are you where you wanna be?

2G, Kick it off

I was gonna be a scientist with more dough

Marilyn Monroe to kids mansion & hi rise co condo mondo

Fresh pond in the backyard

High gates and attack guard

Now look on my card (what's it say?)

Bitch in charge of shit at my big dick day job

I got more leg than any legacy to leave

But I got my head, and peeps and me got plenty

Hennessy to pee

Please call Nasa bring my ass back to your planet

See I am something I never thought, never even

dreamed I'd be
Princess Superstar
And at 2G When ya gonna be what you wanna be
When ya gonna be what you really want to be?
What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?
Are you where you wanna be?
2G, Kick it off
(You'll have to ask John Forte the dope shit he kicked next!)

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