

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"Super Agent"**

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Yea, haha.
Oh, kick that shit G. Nuttin.
Yea.

Sold, black gold, one strong buck,
To the Milwaukee Bucks, for a million bucks.
Just get him off the streets so he don't get bucked.
Super agent to the rescue so he won't get fucked.
Uh. Run nigga run to the auction block.
But you can't pledge alligence to the block.
This buck here, is the right kinda stock.
For sale for passin, the right kinda rock.
Yo. Auctioneer Stern, to massive fuck.
Can a nigga go home to where he used to walk?
Come back, but super agent said, "You can't talk"
I didn't know basketball had a bauk.
Uh the Buck runs laps, while they run craniums.
Players be drainin em, owners be claimin em.
Super agents fraimin em and then nicknamin em.
Drainin they ass, to pack them stadiums.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are
you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are
you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

The players ear word for word verbatum.
Super agent got him locked. Coaches be hatin him.
Super agent wouldn't even come in my hood.
If I had no skills, was wackin' no good.
Uh, in my neck of the woods the leagues concrete.
One can only dream about wood, yea.
Feel the grain and let the bills get paid.
Pay respect to the projects,

And the half court rejects.
Scholarships, save that college shit.
Then championships, don't pay for the head trips.
Can I get a chance if I dont sing or dance?
Right about romance? Or wear short pants?
So I rave and rant, and you can't say I can't,
Get my grants, cold chillin in a b-boy stance.

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Fuck that trophy, find the loot then approach me.
Land a milk and honey can I get a quickness to the
money?
All witness, no cheers the four years I ain't wit this.
Hell wit the N-C-double A cause my super agent's paid.
With his dollars I could buy a fuckin' college.
Mister Ra-ra campus isn't keepin school bustas.
Lookin who's lovin' ya, going for the juggeler.
They know they can't contain me on the regular.
Pimps pushes, the pocket book guzzeler.
Would you pardon my father please, Mister Governer?
Thought he had it made, dreamin about a trade.
Things we get, help but the roof on this bitch.
Dark side of the room when he jumped the broom.
Super agent got this player, nine figure wages.
Back of sports pages, off ghetto stages.
Shootin sleepin pills and runnin to the hills.

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[repeat til end]

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