

## Juvenile F/ Big Tymers

### "Super Luv"

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[Tamika Jones]

"Yo, what's up I'm Tamika Jones from 'Keep it Real' Magazine, and I'm about to enter the minds of two of the most controversial rappers of one of the most underrated rap groups of all time, the Ultramagnetic MC's. First, Kool Keith, why in your songs do you always refer to the words anal and rectum? And why do you always use the words doo-doo and pee-pee?"

[Kool Keith]

"Because that's what the whole fucking rap industry is. Besides, I have other words like gorilla, parakeet, giraffe, and also.....monkey"

As I strike in your area, shut down close your shops  
Your crew got high blood pressure, you still bite on pork chops  
Your style is greasy, so what your hair is nappy peasy  
I wet your brain and tie your penis to the two train  
Drag you down the tracks, spray paint like artifacts  
With the rest of your crew, tied and smeared with dog doo-doo  
You know my trash bags are packed, lick my nut sacs  
Emcees are still wack, on the new smell like mildew  
Gimmicks is your plan, strategy is stop your marketing  
When you rhyme the mic steps from the socket and  
You could never be classic, your rappin skill's plastic  
All that hard and mean look I'll get your ass kicked  
Pistol whupped like a bitch, get smacked by your pimp  
Your steelo's undercover, corny on the real brother  
Keep that mop down, just like your album sound  
You flop, no niggas bound to make my head bop  
So save that cartoon shit for Saturday  
Everything is booty

Between your legs you sport a cootie  
Don't fuck with me

[Tamika Jones]

"Holy anal catastrophe Kool Keith, that's fucking  
amazing! But I think  
your fans will want to know how you'll accomplish this.  
Can you  
explain this to me?"

[Kool Keith]

With the A1 6600 phone detector  
Y'all can't tap my shit, eavesdropping in the projects  
Missiles dropped, your narrow hard times stories flop  
I'll throw grenades and blow your rectum out your  
fucking block  
Hush town, your staircase becomes a mental town  
Cover your peephole, wires reach bombs in your  
window  
Your elevator stopped, your bubblegum sitting below  
I thought so, your verbal shit wasn't fucking pro  
Go flush your toilet, crack the bowl, see the fucking  
bomb  
Three seconds flat your fucking chest splatters in your  
palm  
Iranian arab with muslim bells on my face  
Skeleton bones, I stash bazookas in the chicken place  
My helmet's from haiti, infrared's at my house  
Uptown bronx with cheese traps for you fucking mouse  
Federal tax bullshit I light your real estate  
Raw in to stop (?), your asshole's tied to a milk crate  
Suck my nuts with dual tube night vision goggles  
Biological agents blew Waco Texas  
Dynamite's packed in trunks, alarms on your Lexus  
Suck my dick for real, my 44 mag is steel  
I'll catch you out there, your crew'll have grey hair

[singing]

"Super luv, super luv, baby, super luv, superman,  
superman luv, lois  
lane, superman luv, superman."

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