

**Kool Keith & Nancy Des Rose****"Superficial"**

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[Kool Keith] + (Nancy)

Yeah, Kool Keith!

I'm a guest star on this record (that's right)

Y'all can bring your best cars (uh-huh)

And bring your best stars (yeah)

And add on your guest stars

My lyrics tear another asshole through New York (uh-huh)

Your fiancée's anus, burn you like jalapenos

You know I'm the center of the city famous

I'll sign your autograph, one plus two equal three

MC's battle on the graph

You run out West and try to join Aftermath

I'm Jimmy Nash, hit you with a truck insurance cry  
whiplash

Sign another whackie, that's blackie, from the packy

Down South to North Cakalakie, whack negro, don't  
talk~!

You laugh, face like Larry Fishburne, face full of acne

You can't mack G, you can't act B, move out get off the  
D

Watch the open toilet, aim the pee

Y'all play tight D, who's the man? One monkey

Y'all tryin to copy nobody want it sloppy

I roll with real guys, and then barely enough gas

I roll up in a jalopy, you don't want it

[Nancy Des Rose]

Lyrical magical flows, to' it fro from my vocals

I can choose to curse you or bless you

Because the power of life and death is in the tongue

But I'm not gonna stress you who are the few

Suck on some plastic surreal virtual reality

Can't see past your Mac lip gloss as if all that's gonna  
last

You're like glass, I can shatter your superficial reality

I come with the real cause I chill

I don't deal my soul for any kind of dope

You should have a little bit of faith

Like my mustard seed that grew into a big tree

I fed all my people and paid all my bills, I don't lose  
focus  
I don't affiliate with, any kind of hocus pocus, or any  
abracadabra cats  
I'm a highly gifted female, kickin verbal scriptures in  
your ear  
You superficial people, when you gon' wake up?  
That's right, when you gon' wake up, you superficial  
people  
Livin in the darkness, you have eyes but you can't see  
You have ears but you don't understand  
You superficial people livin in a plastic world  
You superficial people clones of the media  
Blindin fools, you're gonna lose, you do what you  
wanna do  
You think this world is gonna last? No one cares about  
your ass  
No one cares about your Mark Jacobs watch or your  
Versace bag  
Because in the end you're the fool who made that  
man's account fat  
Stop trippin on your, material goods  
That Moss can rot, rust covers with dust, treasures that  
thieves can steal  
Today I'm in your ear like a camel goin through the eye  
of a needle  
You'll never fit, because you're still trickin tricks  
They got you locked down in a debt control boot  
Can't pay cash for all those Santa Claus goodies you  
got on Fifth Avenue  
You haven't paid your dues, you're not rich and free  
You're just a media clone, you superficial people  
When you gon' wake up? Yeah, when you gon' wake  
up?

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