

## **Lo Skee**

### **"Superman"**

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Ah how many brothers been charged?  
Go through wires and set fires in my garage  
Sabotage I'm coming to you fools in camafloughe  
Gods must be crazy stole yo' style from the eighties  
Lookin' at that show lady why she look like Brady?  
Shady business wanna stop and look at my profile  
People like me be catching girls with Kangol hats on  
Argyl  
Styles skills I get ill everytime I rhyme  
Quantum leaps stole my jeep gonna catch that fool in  
time  
'Cause I'm Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeeter, with bad aim  
Fame, Now I'm gonna live forever, never say die  
Bronze eyed and black guy with a black eye, fat lip,  
wanna set trip  
Dang y'all, look at my watch, I gotta shake this spot  
So pow, look at this brother with stilts  
Thinkin' his name was Skeeter, Mr. Nine Millimeeter  
What the? holy cow  
A brother hung a couple of sings from these trees  
The day that I became an MC  
[Chorus]

I'm your idol like Micheal, so won't you beat it

I'm deader like Shredder, I joined the Foot now I can't  
be defeated

Mis-treated MC's like it was the eighties

My style is tigher than a wet lycra on a two hundred and  
fifty pound lady

Maybe, maybe not

Maybe you should check that

Pop this in yo' tape deck, play me in yo' cassette

On Channel 7 News At 11 watch these fools get hurt

Have you more confused than a Christian reading a  
bible in a Muslim church

Come down to earth, now ask yourself is worth

Losing your title in a rap recitle?

I've been vital since my birth

MC's get vaided 'cause I'm over-rated

And if you laughed it, you ran

But when I blast it, you lucky you made it

I'm the most hated MC, just like the OB

You'll be outy like last year, cookin' like Gary Coleman

'Cause no man, no children or woman can get with the  
Super

I got the West Coast sewn up and I load up your spot  
trooper

And ain't no to be continuied

When I get in you get looser

Hope that you get used to losing

So shut up and start thinking

Before I leave you danglin' from my mic cords

And you hear me swingin'

[Chorus]

Put yo' gun away, Superman don't run away

See I got x-ray, I can spot you like OJ on the freeway

But anyway, we can do this all today

'Cause I embarrass more people on national television  
than Richard Baye

Today's topic: "MC's who set-up for beat downs"

Sit down and tell me about your last lyrical melt-down

You come to battle you get beat like drums

And I'm a put you on the bus and send you back to  
where you came from

And I don't care if you don't like me now

You go home and tell your friends I'm the mighty one

AKA Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeeter, with bad aim

Also known as Skee-Lo, but you can call me Supreman

Super, Superman

You know they call me Superman

[Chorus]

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