

Public Enemy, Super Agent...He Is What He Is

Sold / black gold
One strong buck
To the Milwaukee Bucks
For a million bucks
Just get em off the street
So he don't get bucked
Super agent to rescue
So he won't get fucked
Ya run nigger run
To the auction block
But you can't pledge allegiance
To the block
This buck right here
The right kind a stock
For sale for passin
The right kind a rock
Auctioneer stern to massa falk
Can a nigga go home
Where he used to walk
Come back but super agent
Said you can't talk
I didn't know basketball had a balk
The buck run laps
While they run craniums
Players be drainin em
Owners be claimin em
Super agents framin em
Then nicknamin em
Tra win their ass
To be packin them stadiums
In the players ear
Word for word verbatim
Super agent got em locked
Coaches be hatin em
Super agent wouldn't even
Come in my hood
If I had no skills
Was wack and no good
In my neck of the woods
The leagues concrete
And one can only dream about wood
Yeah deal the grade
Let the bills get paid
Pay respect to the projects
And the half-court rejects
Scholarship save that college
Shit
Them championships
Don't pay for the head trips
Fuck the trophy
Find the loot
Then approach me
Land of milk and honey
Can I get a quickness
To the money
Or a witness four _____ years
I ain't wit this
Hell with the NCAA _____ / because
My super agents paid
With his dollars I can buy a fuckin college
Miss the rah rah campuses
And keep the school buses
Lookin who's lovin ya
Goin for the jugular

They know they can't
Contain me on the regular
Pimps, pushers
Pocketbook guzzler
Would you pardon my father
Mr. Governor
Thought he had it made
Dreamin about a trade
The thanks we get
Put 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
Starmaker makin stars
Hockin burgers and cars
Superstar
How you get to where you are
CHORUS
Chillin off the court
See the nigga got bought
Got kicked out the sport
Unseen hand made em
Kiss the ass of the man
One cursed the flag
Everybody ran
Super agent where are you now?
Have you found another brother
To be your cow
Cause you fumbled my shit
And dropped the ball
You won't even answer my call
Bridge
Can I get a chance
If I don't sing or dance
Write about romance
Or wear short pants
So I rave and rant
You can't say I can't
Get my grants
Col chillin in a B Boy stance