

Auburn, Superman Song

Yea

Ok, homie

Auburn

And JR

[Chorus:]

Oh, he think he Superman

Oh, he think he Superman

Now, he think he Spiderman

Now, he think he Spiderman

Now, you think you Batman

Now, you think you Batman

You need to get back, man

You're not really that bad!

[Verse 1:]

Boy, you ain't no big boss

Who you think, you Rick Ross?

Swear that you's a thug

But your favorite song is "Lip Gloss";

Posted at the bus stop

Actin' like you so hot

Swear you make it rain

But I still ain't seen one drop

You can't be the wonders, baby this ain't the Matrix

It'd be better for us if you just stick to the basics

You got a forty cent paycheck

You can't afford Payless

You talkin' so big

But it's if you say less

[Hook:]

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Sorry but you have no game (have no game)

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

You got a better chance with Lois Lane

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Givin' you the scoop, dawg

You're not really Snoop Dogg

Oh, I think they like me

That's highly unlikely

He say he got some groupies

Ridin' in that hooptie?

It's 2008

And you're still Chicken Noodle Soup-ing

Party like a rockstar

But you ain't made the pop charts

You're thinkin' that you're so hard

Sweeter than a pop tart

Thinkin' that you're Underdog

You makin' me me wonder, dawg

Swoll up in the chest

Yo, I think you need a Wonderbra

[Hook:]

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

I can tell just by your face (by your face)

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

You have no friends on Myspace

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I want you to know that real superheros can fly

And you so dumb you keep on wonderin' who'd be willin' to try

Livin' in yo mama's basement still collectin' the comics

No money in the bank

You must've skipped economics

And every time you see me

You always be on me

But as soon as I reject you

You go runnin' to Mommy

If we was arch-rivals

I'd win the fight

Think you so bad, but boy

I'm your kryptonite

[Hook:]

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Homie, and what's with that cape (with that cape)

La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Homie, ain't those you mama's drapes?

[Chorus:]

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