# Princess Superstar, Dichotomy

(C. Kirschner, J. Slade)
Produced by Big Jim Slade. Additional Production by Concetta Kirschner for Concetta Music (BMI)

I got a dichotomy inside of me like sodomy my brain and body fight on the potty part of me wants a
It's botherin me you need to bottle me into a pill sell me at CVS next to the dill
Viagra for the terminally ill
Sick and out of control I tried Chicken Soup for the Soul, a dick in my hole, but that didn't roll
Like grassy knoll I shoot my mouth off take my top off on
Get my rocks off on Prada knockoff I'm gone, I cop rock on the dope block I'd rather rot than cop do
I'd rather snot than snort coke I cope with Diet Coke, no pope no beau elope alone on the low
No dough but for those in the know, I'm famous you know? (No)
Sick of talk I'd rather cough sick of rap mixed with rock
Sick of Kid Rock makin off on the chart while I'm caught makin art
I'm a narc smokin trees in the dark part of the car park-Keep on Moving I stopped
Ache for home but can't go there surrounded and lonely I don't care
But you see, I really do, I doDon't let the look fool you
I'm the worst I'm the best I'm a mess I'm a stress
This is the first time you heard this song but then you know the rest
My Lex -no Lex my Tech decks are all wrecked
My ex is on Ex I'm a sex symbol and no sex
I'm shy and kinda awkward when it comes to the men
But I'm Princess Superstar and I got a big mouth like the men-Watch
I'm horny cut like Lizzie Borden fuck this biz I'm bored n keep a Source award
Locked in a mental ward with a guard warden
An oxymoron-I'm a moron and I swore on the Koran I'd never be poor
But now I'm tourin for ½ the door and watch porn at 4 in the mornin recordin the bass p
At the Red Roof Inn while Korn gets bored at the Four Seasons
Hardcore and don't drink I'm part Mormon my Minora, lord, I got Christmas decorations
Impatient I'm patient paid like Peter Gatien erasin past ace education,
My brother was once at Yale now he's on methadone-Nice vacation
Paradox got a pair of rocks in a jewel box but the type of rocks you find in ya tool box
Your school socks bust locks in ya mind dine like a lion pack I leave the meek behind
Line drive like a lineback I'm weak for weeks at a time
Peep me look like a prep speak like a freak lead like a sheep love animals eat lots of meat
White but rhyme on the beat speak at the beep
Are you there? I can't sleep, my new song is amazing but like not good enough to keep
I'm starving I can't eat, I'm hot I got cold feet, hope you sleep better than me
Hope you feel better than meMy life it's just a dichotomy
(And I'm smart but did I use that word properly?)