

# Princess Superstar, The Classroom

Hmm, very poignant  
And now I point to the teacher and the classroom  
And our wild tale commences

(Princess Superstar as Teacher)

Hello everyone, welcome to ancient speaking class  
You must speak, that's what I'm teaching  
If you're going to telepath you're wasting my time so don't spaz  
Hey I heard that! Who just thought their teacher has a big ass  
Don't think nasty things like that when everyone here can telepath

(Princess Superstar as Teacher)

Well this is fun, I know it's difficult without tongues  
But you're young, still have lots of time to sunscreen under one of the suns  
Now who wants to start, will it be you Intel Inside, or you Just Do It  
Perhaps Got Milk wants to begin, oh, Coke Is It, stand don't sit  
Hit it, ba-da-ba-ba-ba, I'm lovin' it, you begin your report  
Don't use your ?, use your rusty, a little dusty, mouth and larynx  
Right where you used to put a sandwich, see if we can manage  
But we're gonna need a beat, in order for you to handle it  
Uh, I'm teaching you in rhyme  
Since archaeologists found only Shakespeare and B.I.G.'s "Ready To Die"  
When time and age was counted, measured, money was pleasure  
Babies branded out the ad campaigns forever  
The old world was confused  
Attaching themselves to the biblical by the umbilical  
Ironically so much like the amoeba they sprung from, the evolution was syphical  
But I get ahead of myself, or is that behind myself  
Perhaps Coke Is It wants to do her report first, I'm asking  
But remember kids, no telepathing

(Princess Superstar as student Coke Is It)

My, um, um, ancient speaking report  
Is on my great-to-the-50th-power grandmother whose name was Superstar  
I am the descendant of a duplicant  
A cyclophant from a cloning plant  
\*Pause\* (no telepathing, Coke Is It!)  
Right, uh, the year of her was 2080  
Understandably illusive since we don't count time anymore maybe  
It's a bit hazy, but Superstar was crazy  
An entertainer back when there was entertainment, pleasure for payment  
So that everybody would stop their complainin'  
She was very very bad, and I don't mean bad meaning good  
I'll explain how bad Superstar was if I could  
In those strange days each human  
Was allowed one exact clone or duplicant as they called them  
To do his bidding, his drinking, his pigging  
His cigging, or his unpleasant slash moral thinking  
One could do it at any age  
And as the originals change, the duplicant would rearrange  
But our derranged Superstar was thinking  
Why just one duplicant, when she could have a troupe of them, mmhmm  
Why settle for one when she could make thousands of bad girl clones  
To get a better job done (well what was she like when she was young?)  
She dreamed of being a celebrity just like everyone  
It was 2005, a strange time to be alive  
She knew if she couldn't be famous in her time  
She would be one day in 2080  
So she found a super computer MRI baby (wow!)  
That would preserve her mind until the world was ready to comply  
I ain't gonna lie  
Not only does she become famous, she becomes the only famous person alive  
Listen to her plot, playin' with her friends when she was only nine  
(What an insane mind!) yeah, thank God it's not mine

