Princess Superstar, The Mysterious Hanger

Um, excuse me teacher
I've gotta go to the recycling toilet
I'm gonna let them take over the story from here (All clear)
It begins with the superstar addressing her duplicant army
In a mysterious hanger

Silence!
My darling, you are so beautiful and dutiful
I'm superstar, life maker, soul breaker, hit maker, love taker
Don't you mess around with me
Ten thousand superstars, I'm getting out my claws
Ready to break all the laws, I told you I was the best there was
Each duplicant think of ten celebrities
These will be your personal enemies
Take away their jobs and give it to me
We're gonna be the only celebrity
Then we can always be there for the photo shoot, the movie role, the recording
The clothing line, the perfume, the adori, my ratings and chart positions soring
Don't want a two thou for this happiness
Anyway, settle for the best you have
You are all equal, but some more equal than others
My sequel, but you are not people
No free wills, no thrills, no gettin' ill
Unless it's ill meaning ill, not ill meaning sick
Quick, everybody line up, no time to think
Get the branding ink
You will be burned a number with my brand CC
Now duplicants, listen to me
Every reality show, movie role
Every famous job must be filled with one of my clones
Superstar food, superstar books
Everybody copy superstar looks
Like the hook this year, makin' my money off the book this year
But let's be clear
If you descent you'll be sent to the vent
Emptied and shelved, soul in the hole
Here are the rules and did I mention, there is no exception

Come on baby, don't you love me
When you see me, don't you love me
Come on baby, don't you love me
When you see me, don't you love me

Ugh, shut up duplicants, listen up
Your weight will fluctuate to more than one tenth of an ounce
Your songs will bounce in count
Your feelings are not allowed and you are my slaves so don't make a sound
You will not fall in love unless it's a career ?
Learn the art of snoozering, pandering me and glandering, I'm very demanding
Excuse me, what's that over there
Me getting old, cease her, zap her soul
Dolly I want a refund on my clone, you gots to go
Off to the vent you go (no, no) go! (no, no!)
I'm gonna conquer the world, meaning the United States and it's outskirts
So good it hurts, can you see the perks
And for every other star it's only gonna get worse
My voice play all on every music station in every nation
Including the tiny colony on Mars, merchandise on all liveable stars
On every channel on TV, movin' pictures of me
Virtual vid game screens on magazines, and direct connect dreams
Now I can be everywhere it seems
I will not be a household name
I will hold the household, hold the pot and pots of gold
Lots to go, I gots to roll

And once more, when I'm winnin' the world game
The word 'fame' will never know what hit it
Let's go bad girls we in it to win it
Let's go you bad bad girls
Bad girls NYC