

Princess Superstar, Trouble

(C. Kirschner, Mr. Len) Produced by Lenny Lacem for Struck by Many Lightening Fund. Additional

Hold your breath when you see me walking by
I'm obsessed with movies, like Barbed Wire throw a stiletto in ya eye
I confess I'm like Jesse James in an Ames parking lot
Have humorous fun pullin numerous guns on consumers (Run!)
Your man-freaked that, I told John- Get Back
Broke your 8Track A-Dats stole your Kit Kats
Grab your fanny pack and gagged you with a six pack a six White Castle sack
Drip wax in your office fax changed a few facts in your contract
Your advance is axed and A & R is gonna write all ya new tracks
I'm on the dole with mad loot sellin bootlegs of poor artists
Got two legs to work but I beg for change to drink Bacardis
Hearty meals got these Hardy Boys hard then taught Nancy Drew and her dog
How to jerk off and how to steal from drug dealers
Ahh enough of this I killed Snuffalufagus
With pills and made a snuff film to prove to Big Bird he exists (See he is real!)
I'm ill cant deal with mere mortals
Got a portal in my knee to beam me to a balance beam but I just drank 3 Jim Beams
My Olympic team is gonna scream at me, is it my turn? I gotta pee
I'm 14 but haven't grown since I was three
Get my kicks feedin drinks to kids in rehab clinks
Minx took Pink to my sink and used her hair die to die my minks
Tattoo inks with Ajax I highjacked Pat Sajak
Sent him back to Wheel of Fortune with a bad limp and a crack habit
Silly rabbit this song is for kids, the way the messed up system is
If I was a black man I'd be up on a 8 year bid
Id ego you know I wish I owned those, but I sold em to buy nice speakers
(What kind?) Bose
Trouble-We like it like that
Trouble capital T stands for me punchin ya tummy cover you with honey and ants
Fatal Attraction boil a bunny while I breakdance
Fart in my hotpants in a crowded theatre at Sundance (must have been the hot ranch)
So let's dance because I killed Bowie's wife with a bowie knife
C'mon mon it was Iman and man Bowie's my man gimme one more night
I just upchucked my pills and Tom Collins on Phil Collins, I mean Phil it was just a spill-chill
Bad upbringing I made Jerry's kids phone stop ringing
I'm only kiddin with this sick singing I'm just givin what this track's bringin
Trouble I'm not subtle I need more air so I popped that kid and stole his bubble
Stuck him in some double Tupperware, A clean death inject ya with Crest and crystal meth
Obsessed with my own breasts won't look at you so don't get undressed for sex
I guess I'm on a rampage for underage idols
Did Malcolm's bro in the middle and little Kenny with subtitles
I strike quick like the emperor not the right temperature and I think it's too easy to make fun of 98 D
And now that you mention it Britney, Christina, and Nsync-
Why even bother, we'll all be gone by next week