

# Princess Superstar, World Council Entertainment

Well back to my report  
In case you were bored  
Check out what's happening now, wow!

Superstar had achieved a monopoly on popularity  
All over, celebrities fell off like gravity  
Gradually she savagely took over the industry  
A mystery, other celebs total history  
Nobody could squeeze under the killboard charts  
Or the non-variety pages, so voracious, ten thousand spots on the a-list  
She had successfully become the only one famous  
Every magazine cover was of her  
Every act on every show was her or one of her clones  
She was the newscaster at the site of every disaster  
Every studio and record label actor  
She was the only celebrity cook, the only celebrity crook  
Everybody's fifteen minutes she took  
Flashing the trademark look, she said it was time to wipe out famous authors  
'I'm gonna start writing books'  
Well, lots of stoppers tried to stop her  
When murder on one of the duplicants succeeded  
She just went back to Dolly to replace what she needed  
If there was a problem, superstar could beat it  
But then came the world council entertainment dictatorship  
Filled with cliques, cons, tricks, distribution lots  
Head trips, jump off trend tips, plastic tits, what a bitch  
The council reported the rest of the artists in the world weren't too happy  
'Not my fault, they're crappy'  
She mused that she drank the daiquiri at Dolly's factory casually  
'I'm gonna send those men packing'  
'They think they can invade my life and mess with me like I'm an Iraqi'  
Snapping, she realised she had to pay these men a percent  
Otherwise they'd go to the useless government  
And tell about Dolly, the duplicants and the vent  
'Please, I ain't goin' into debt  
If I gotta pay off these fools, I'll tell you what  
Point 001 percent cut, you don't like it kiss my butt  
You think that offer sucks  
Shut up, you got any other artists in this world, what'  
Happy to keep up with the changing celebrity market  
Which was comprised only of her  
The world entertainment council dictatorship got off  
And superstar and her clones had the world in their pocket  
Her plan was perfect, no one could stop it  
She wasn't just a star, she was outerspace and the rocket  
She just wanted more more more 'yeah, now you're talkin'  
'I hear reality shows are all the rage  
Let's put five duplicants together in a cage  
Put ten of me trapped on an island in Thailand  
And viewers can buy them food or if they don't, they die then  
Or a plastic surgery reality show  
Take seven duplicants and make 'em into old celebs that people used to know  
Like Marilyn Monroe, Cameo, Van Gogh, Jackie O, Anna Nicole  
Put them under the knife but once they're transformed they must die  
Why, I'm the only celebrity allowed on this planet, me myself and I