

Princess Superstar, You Get Mad At Napster

(C. Kirschner)

Produced by Concetta Kirschner for Concetta Music (BMI). Additional Production by Curtis Curtis f

Please don't mess with me I'll spit you out like you were Sunny D
Did you really think you could be mean baby? Listen this next part is key,
You play a lot of Nintendo, smoke Endo
As far as men go, when ya gonna hit a crescendo and throw Super Mario and Atari out the window
Now, we have something in common-You're lactose intolerant I'm wack host intolerant
Stop talkin about smackin crack hoes you're in college apologies accepted
I might have left lyrical holes in your mind
You'll fill it later with Cable or Hot 97 or Taco-Bell-n applyin, you wanna play? Fine
Play-doh, roll you through a machine until you come out in little strings
I'm obscene I really could eat like 5 Krispy Kremes
Like when they're hot-Like all my tracks are hot
I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot, I'm hot-Like all my tracks are hot
Stop going on AOL chat to try to find friends, yeah everyone likes you because you said you were t
Liked Dre over Ren, Cage over Em, Rage over them, Bahamadia over Lil' Kim
I had no idea you been down with hip-hop since you were ten
You were out ya playpen rubbin Barbie all over Ken and marveling over your carving
Of Led Zeppelin in your desk in ya den
I'm hittin mad skins you got bad skin get rad skins for your MP3 player kid I'm a Real Player!
Hard like Slayer while you a dater with Darth Vader I'm famous-later-
I hang with both Ralph Nader and Roc Raida, OK?
I swear I'm super you play boring Solitaire on your computer combed over hair
Wear a boober shirt work at Hooters in your underwear look like Mr. Hooper I don't care
I was nice to you originally what I'm doin is gonna ruin you like Druid ruins hear the crowd booin na
Actually this is a big 'ol waste of my time
I would rather be home playing with my parakeets than making up this stupid rhyme
I mean, I am a sensitive Pisces and I wouldn't want to make you start cryin-Yeah start cryin
You get mad at Napster when nobody's even heard of you
I did a search on your name and came up with 1 result-
It was your computer, you're a loser
Lame, your screen name pseudo hip-hop sounding lingo mixed up lowercase/capital letters
What you think this is Bingo? I got singles out already
People know my name in discerning circles from New York to LA
While you earn Colonels jerk pay spurt on dirty curtains in a big shirt singin Hip Hop Hooray
You're idle I'm an idol you're not entitled I got a title
Nobody trades your file chill child when I said I liked you I was just tired
Go occupy yourself for a while you're lost whatever just frick off, vile in denial just step off
Why you think I get deals from record labels you get deals from drug dealers
Unappealing insincere won't eat Happy Meals you spill bong water like tears filled with lost fear
Do acid and beer and trip out on how your queer little beard looks so weird in the mirror man
Guitar noodlin and patchouli let me teach you Ital-go Fongule
When I was in high school I'd a thought you were so fuckin cool
Anyway as I was saying before my screen name is much better than yours, its' -----
What you think I would tell you so you can Instant Messenger me all day?
I don't think so I am very important and right now I am eating lunch
Go get signed to Ruffhouse go away, bid on Ebay for a stuffed Mickey Mouse in a mug,
A sticky handcuffed pic of buff Courtney Love, one of Prince's aborted doves, a Jackson glove,
A blow up Peter Max pillow of Love, a diamond rug, or somethin worth more than all that stuff:
A cup that Princess Superstar once drank out of