

Skee-Lo, Superman

Ah, how many brothers been charged?
Go through wires and set fires in my garage
Sabotage, I'm coming to you fools in camafloghe
Gods must be crazy, stole yo' style from the eighties
Lookin' at that show lady, why she look like Brady?
Shady business, wanna stop and look at my profile
People like me be catching girls with Kangol hats on Argyl
Styles, skills, I get ill everytime I rhyme
Quantum leaps stole my jeep, gonna catch that fool in time
'Cause I'm Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeter, with bad aim
Fame, Now I'm gonna live forever, never say die
Bronze eyed and black guy with a black eye, fat lip, wanna set trip
Dang y'all, look at my watch, I gotta shake this spot
So pow, look at this brother with stilts
Thinkin' his name was Skeeter, Mr. Nine Millimeter
What the? holy cow
A brother hung a couple of sings from these trees
The day that I became an MC

(Chorus)

I'm your idol like Micheal, so won't you beat it
I'm deader like Shredder, I joined the Foot now I can't be defeated
Mis-treated MC's like it was the eighties
My style is tigher than a wet lycra on a two hundred and fifty pound lady
Maybe, maybe not
Maybe you should check that
Pop this in yo' tape deck, play me in yo' cassette
On Channel 7 News At 11 watch these fools get hurt
Have you more confused than a Christian reading a bible in a Muslim church
Come down to earth, now ask yourself is worth
Losing your title in a rap recitle?
I've been vital since my birth
MC's get voided 'cause I'm over-rated
And if you laughed it, you ran
But when I blast it, you lucky you made it
I'm the most hated MC, just like the OB
You'll be outy like last year, cookin' like Gary Coleman
'Cause no man, no children or woman can get with the Super
I got the West Coast sewn up and I load up your spot trooper
And ain't no to be continued
When I get in you get looser
Hope that you get used to losing
So shut up and start thinking
Before I leave you danglin' from my mic cords
And you hear me swingin'

(Chorus)

Put yo' gun away, Superman don't run away
See I got x-ray, I can spot you like OJ on the freeway
But anyway, we can do this all today
'Cause I embarass more people on national television than Richard Baye
Today's topic: "MC's who set-up for beat downs"
Sit down and tell me about your last lyrical melt-down
You come to battle you get beat like drums
And I'm a put you on the bus and send you back to where you came from
And I don't care if you don't like me now
You go home and tell your friends I'm the mighty one
AKA Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeter, with bad aim
Also known as Skee-Lo, but you can call me Supreman

Super, Superman
You know they call me Superman

(Chorus)