

Super Agent

Public Enemy

Sold black gold one strong buck
To the Milwaukee bucks for a million bucks
Just get 'em off the street so he don't get bucked
Super agent to the rescue so he won't get fuckedRun nigger run to the auction block
But you can't pledge allegiance to the block
This buck right here the right kind a stock
For sale, for passin', the right kind a rockAuctioneer stern to massa falk
Can a nigga go home where he used to walk
Come back but super agent said, "You can't talk"
I didn't know basketball had a balkThe buck run laps while they run craniums
Players be drainin' 'em, owners be claimin' 'em
Super agents framin' 'em and then nicknamin' 'em
Framin' their ass to be packin' them stadiumsSuper agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you nowThe players ear word for word verbatim
Super agent got 'em locked coaches be hatin' 'em
Super agent wouldn't even come in my hood
If I had no skills was wack and no goodIn my neck of the woods the leagues concrete
And one can only dream about wood
Yeah deal the grade let the bills get paid
Pay respect to the projects and the half court rejectsScholarship save that college shit
Them championships don't pay for the head trips
Can I get a chance if I don't sing or dance
Write about romance or wear short pants
So I rave and rant you can't say I can't
Get my grants col chillin' in a B boy stanceSuper agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you now
Super agent, where are you nowFuck that trophy find the loot and approach me
Land of milk and honey can I get a quickness to the money
Or a witness no jizzle four years I ain't wit' this
Hell with the N C A A 'cuz my super agents paidWith his dollars I can buy a fuckin' college
Miss the rah rah campuses and keep the school buses
Lookin' who's lovin' ya goin' for the jugular
They know they can't contain me on the regularPimps, pushers the pocketbook guzzler
Would you pardon my father, Mr. Governor
Thought he had it made dreamin' about a trade
The thanks we get put the roof on this bitchDark side of the room when he jumped the broom

Super agent got this player nine figure wages
Back of sports pages off ghetto stages
Shootin' sleepin' pills and runnin' to the hills
Super agent, where are you now
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