Year Two Thousand

Princess Superstar

(J. Forte, C. Kirschner, C. Webster)
Produced by Curtis Curtis and Concetta (BMI)
Bass: Concetta DrumsKeys: Curtis Curtis and Concetta
Princess Superstar's year to make a million women and men scream and cry through the millennium
All up in 'em comin off like deep impact in your drawers because
This hootchie mommy's booty makes Donald Trump look poor
Like Dionne Warwick I'll predict your future trick super kicks
You will listen to this, buy this, 95 cents a damn minute
Admit it, when you were on monkey bars you thought there'd be candy bars, Marquee stars
Emblazoned up with your name in it
Maybe you need to shoot me into outer space 'cause I don't belong here

Not in this place not in this atmosphere
You can take your Palm air Range Rover bitch Plastic tit politics
And pay it in ducats to the Corrupt Conglomerate
Fuck it I Don't need to party like it's 1999 'cause by that time, the next day at 9:00
That kid'll be working for me bright and early
Waxin for me, Filin taxes for me-- suckin dick for me
What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?
Are you where you wanna be?
2G, Kick it off
I was gonna be a scientist with more dough
Marilyn Monroe 2 kids mansion

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