

# The Little Freakazoid That Could

## Princess Superstar

I'm not the baddest or the maddest or the Central Park address  
No Chivas, no Lexus, ain't got the flattest solar plexus  
I throw it down with everything I got  
Cause I'm just a girl--not  
Me, I never use the word just  
To the maximum my axiom get into my taxi, um  
Listen, it wasn't always like that  
I used to feel freaky, icky  
Bein' bad like Darling Nikki  
Never ever fit the mold at school or in the hood  
But now the children sing she's the little freakazoid that could  
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can  
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can  
P-Supe (what) and it don't come from Campbell  
Just move (what) place my butt upon your mantel  
See I cut from the gut to get everything I need  
And I stick with it if at first I don't succeed  
And I'm out and I'm out lettin' my freaky flag fly  
You don't ask why 'cause you know that I try  
Accept yourself, express yourself to the limit  
Body soul or chicken roll you know that I'm in it  
And you know what  
Sometimes you feel like a nut  
And sometimes you don't  
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can  
Freakazoid! I know I can I know I can  
Hey yo Ski-I wantcha to come round here and show the audience we mean  
bonified, fortified, nutrified  
BUSINESS  
Yeah that's what I'm talkin' about  
'cause you know, soon I'll be rollin' in the Rolls to go bowling after the  
show  
  
I'll be strollin', patrollin' the streets with a feather in my hat  
Imagine that, huh, I think I made myself Claritan, clear in that  
I got the throttle cause I'm mack like the truck  
C'mon everybody let's get-----  
Get up Get up Get up --never sit down!  
Woke up I didn't know what day it was

I been through some shit boy you never believe it  
'cause I struggle everyday to keep my head up like a tower  
You know why - I got the Power!  
And I ain't never givin' up sucker  
Put me on the field I'm a cook your ass like Betty Crocker  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
Nobody beats the Priz--cess and uh  
Once again it's on  
People wanna know if I'm a diva  
Well let me see, uh  
I wrote these lyrics at a day job  
Not Nassau Coliseum  
But I'm a get there soon boy  
blow up the spot like in my own platoon boy  
Reading bad press I get depressed really major  
Goddamn yo, at least I'm in the fuckin paper  
And when the goin' gets tough Mr. Ocean said it best  
Put that ass in gear baby put it to the test  
Scuse me, I don't believe I was finished  
Making all your bad hurt feelings be diminished and delicious  
Like a tasty ice cream or scone  
Let me make you pant for the milk bone  
Woof woof and let it all hang out  
Don't you just freak baby freakin freak it out  
Kick it trick it or lick it but please don't stick it up your nose  
If you wanna strike a pose you gotta keep it on the real inside  
Keep it on the real inside, keepit on the real inside.

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