

Supergalactic Lover

Kool Keith

YeahSupergalactic lover

Supergalactic loverI was your boyfriend girl lieutenant lover flight commander

Member of the air force, remember when I bought you a Porsche?

Diamond rings with roses, I put pearls in your noses

Put you in heels, paid your school loans and tons of billsI ripped eight thousand, threw a stack up in the fireplace

You couldn't believe it, your mom was there with a sad face

I had you accounts, three million with big amounts

You wrecked your Impala, I seen you at the beauty parlorGave you a check engagement ring, four million dollars

Your friends were surprised, your sister couldn't believe her eyes

I walked in with cape, with jewels on, you know I'm the captainOutside by the Cadillac three brothers rappin', soundin' wack and

I kept on steppin' legend status, you know my rep and

I see you at eight, turn your pager off, don't be lateSupergalactic lover

Comin' from the projects on the hill

Supergalactic lover

In my monkey green rag top SevilleSupergalactic lover

Comin' from the projects on the hill

Supergalactic lover

In my monkey green rag top SevilleExquisite background, with spaceship pictures up on the wall

You changin' lingerie quick, you put on pumps, standin' tall

Tell me what you thinkin' at the table while you drinkin'

You got stress, tell me love, you need a fly dressImportant reasons I will care for you in different seasons

Daytona beach, catchin' the sun, layin' on a pillow

Stop your days of [unverified] lookin' out the window

Captain of program, girl I run this enterpriseOpen your eyes, now you realize, now put on thigh highs

Tie your boots up tight, very tight with all your might

Come in the front row, you're a star in a private show

I taught you well, gave you earrings that I bought you wellSupergalactic lover

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In my monkey green rag top SevilleSippin' real smooth wine, galactic glasses, wearin' masks

Her suit is armor leather jacket, I'ma wear a bomber

Dark black hats, remember Cato and the Green Hornet

I step up on it, test the flight switch, move a nice switchAdjust the tempo makin' complex into somethin' simple

A masquerade party while bartenders pass Bacardi

Lemon juice or orange bintz, parked with a sunroof

Brown rag top, spaceship movin' ridin' down your blockPower jets millennium, level five is next

(Crank up the space, beam up)Supergalactic lover

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Songwriters

Keith Thornton;Kurt Matlin;Leon Huff;Kenneth GamblePublished by

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