

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

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