

# We Got Panache

## Princess Superstar

You know we got panache  
Style, sass, gettin mad cash, keepin' it under wraps  
Pizazz and class, we sit in the back  
Spendin' mad cash, money, money and we real bad-ass You know we got panache style, sass  
Gettin' mad ass, keepin' it under glass  
Pizazz and class we kiss in the back  
Spittin' mad trash, honey, honey and we real bad-ass You know we got panache, we gettin' mad cash  
Paid a dime a second like Diamond Dave and Damon Dash  
I spit, sonic gas, classy psychopath, psychotic, iconoclast  
I got an iconic ass, it's ironic how erotic my robotic sonnets Get girls in bonnets, hot like Harry Connicks  
Sick on gin and tonics, we, super sonic, hook you on our phonics  
Learned ebonics by Erotic, ebony dick and Mantronix  
Never stoppin' it sock electronic shit allotted the whole club up When we spotted it and if we wanted it  
Fill it with men and spawn and shit, ain't nothing wrong with it  
Let's get the party started, shit, let's get it on and hit  
High ballin' cat callin' no alcohol yo We all suck on a straw, a certain  
Je Ne Sais Quoi at the bar  
I hit it raw, never do look back unless  
We, like what we saw, never do look back, ok, Papa On the case like Steve Case estates, like Oprah's place  
Savoir Faire and grace, every hair in place, here's a taste  
No time to waste, do my makeup in the mirror while I sit up on your face  
We paid great and when we don't, got dates  
Dig in the crates, eat steak and masturbate Spin wax, make tracks, we laid, laid back  
Ladies get laid and stay up late at that  
Now we getting critical mass sass pinnacle  
Like the Citadel not minimal we hospitable,  
Mad kissable it's difficult, Aristicral princess for instance  
We invincible never divisible make you invisible Kit in each car kittens with Kit-Kat bars  
Kickin' etiquette from Connecticut to Zanzibar  
Strip malls to big balls 'n concert halls, New York Dolls Taggin' up bathroom stalls, we all-stars make folly  
North down to Raleigh  
Follow me, suck lollys down in Bali, all enthralled dollies, Arty as Dali  
And when Mr. Rodgers calls me, we allowed on his trolley

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