

I'm So...

Princess Superstar

Woke up one morning, I was really depressed
That kinda day when gettin' dressed
Is like the hardest fuckin' thing that you could ever imagine
Suckin' hard, yeah, I was cold tragin'
So I tried to make myself feel better
Called up Kim and then I met her
'Cuz she always makes me feel just a little bit stronger
And I needed advice, wonder if I was wrong for
Splittin' with my baby, it was almost two years
Which is a lot you know in dog years
But anyway, I wrote enough songs about him in our day
So I'm gonna stop now and put it away in the back of my brain
And tell you 'bout the other shit I have to complain about that day
Picked up the guitar, tried to play
Couldn't get past the chord A
And E and C and fuck, it was boring
All of a sudden there's a knock at the door and it was my old neighbor
Who wakes me up every mornin' 7:30 a.m.
Ridin' her exercycle blastin' lite FM
But she tells me I gotta keep it down
I give up, I'm so down
I hate where I be livin' on Clinton Street
The other day I saw a dead guy lyin' under a sheet
And these 14 year old pushers tryin' to sell me dope
And the fuckin' salsa music I can't even cope
I used to really love livin' on the lower east side
But when I walk down the street, "Yo pussy need a ride?"
Is what I hear from every mac muthafucker givin' hassles
Yo punk, I ain't a stripper, you see some tassels?
Crawlin' all over the apartment are cockroaches and moths
And my ex-boyfriend says I act like David Lee Roth
All these record labels calling but they don't produce the cash
Yo boy, shave that goatee and uh, then call me back
I'm working two different jobs and I'm always fuckin' broke
Eatin' tofu everyday and uh, maybe a coke
Feelin' down, feelin' bad, feelin' slow like a turtle
Come on, get me off the mike 'cause I'm frontin' like Urkel

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>