Supergalactic Lover

Kool Keith

Yeah

Supergalactic lover Supergalactic lover

I 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 bills

I 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 parlor

Gave 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 captain

Outside 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 late

Supergalactic lover Comin' from the projects on the hill Supergalactic lover In my monkey green rag top Seville

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Exquisite 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 dress

Important 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 enterprise

Open 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 well

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Sippin' 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 switch Adjust 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 block

Power jets millennium, level five is next (Crank up the space, beam up)

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