

# Dichotomy

Princess Superstar

I got a dichotomy inside of me like sodomy my brain and body fight on the potty part  
of me wants a lobotomy  
It's botherin me you need to bottle me into a pill sell me at CVS next to the dill  
Viagra for the terminally ill  
Sick and out of control I tried Chicken Soup for the Soul, a dick in my hole, but that didn't roll  
Like grassy knoll I shoot my mouth off take my top off on  
Get my rocks off on Prada knockoff I'm gone, I cop rock on the dope block I'd rather rot than cop dope  
I'd rather snot than snort coke I cope with Diet Coke, no pope no beau elope alone on the low  
No dough but for those in the know, I'm famous you know? (No)  
Sick of talk I'd rather cough sick of rap mixed with rock  
Sick of Kid Rock makin off on the chart while I'm caught makin art  
I'm a narc smokin trees in the dark part of the car park-  
Keep on Moving I stopped  
Ache for home but can't go there surrounded and lonely I don't care  
But you see, I really do, I do...Don't let the look fool you  
I'm the worst I'm the best I'm a mess I'm a stress  
This is the first time you heard this song but then you know the rest  
My Lex -no Lex my Tech decks are all wrecked  
My ex is on Ex I'm a sex symbol and no sex  
I'm shy and kinda awkward when it comes to the men  
But I'm Princess Superstar and I got a big mouth like the men-Watch  
I'm horny cut like Lizzie Borden fuck this biz I'm bored n keep a Source award  
Locked in a mental ward with a guard warden  
An oxymoron-  
I'm a moron and I swore on the Koran I'd never be poor  
But now I'm tourin for ½ the door and watch porn at 4 in the mornin recordin the bass player  
snorin  
At the Red Roof Inn while Korn gets bored at the Four Seasons  
Hardcore and don't drink I'm part Mormon my Minora, lord, I got Christmas decorations  
Impatient I'm patient paid like Peter Gaten erasin past ace education,  
My brother was once at Yale now he's on methadone-Nice vacation  
Paradox got a pair of rocks in a jewel box but the type of rocks you find in ya tool box

Your school socks bust locks in ya mind dine like a lion pack I  
leave the meek behind  
Line drive like a lineback I'm weak for weeks at a time  
Peep me look like a prep speak like a freak lead like a sheep l  
ove animals eat lots of meat  
White but rhyme on the beat speak at the beep  
...Are you there? I can't sleep, my new song is amazing but like  
not good enough to keep  
I'm starving I can't eat, I'm hot I got cold feet, hope you sle  
ep better than me  
Hope you feel better than me...My life it's just a dichotomy  
(And I'm smart but did I use that word properly?)