

The Classroom

Princess Superstar

Hmm, very poignant
And now I point to the teacher and the classroom
And our wild tale commences

Hello everyone, welcome to ancient speaking class
You must speak, that's what I'm teaching
If you're going to telepath you're wasting my time so don't spaz
Hey I heard that! Who just thought their teacher has a big ass
Don't think nasty things like that when everyone here can telepath

Well this is fun, I know it's difficult without tongues
But you're young, still have lots of time to sunscreen under one of the suns
Now who wants to start, will it be you Intel Inside, or you Just Do It
Perhaps Got Milk wants to begin, oh, Coke Is It, stand don't sit
Hit it, ba-da-ba-ba-ba, I'm lovin' it, you begin your report
Don't use your ?, use your rusty, a little dusty, mouth and larynx
Right where you used to put a sandwich, see if we can manage
But we're gonna need a beat, in order for you to handle it
Uh, I'm teaching you in rhyme
Since archaeologists found only Shakespeare and B.I.G.'s "Ready To Die"
When time and age was counted, measured, money was pleasure
Babies branded out the ad campaigns forever
The old world was confused
Attaching themselves to the biblical by the umbilical
Ironically so much like the amoeba they sprung from, the evolution was syphi
cal
But I get ahead of myself, or is that behind myself
Perhaps Coke Is It wants to do her report first, I'm asking
But remember kids, no telepathing

My, um, um, ancient speaking report
Is on my great-to-the-50th-power grandmother whose name was Superstar
I am the descendant of a duplicant
A cyclophant from a cloning plant
(no telepathing, Coke Is It!)

Right, uh, the year of her was 2080
Understandably illusive since we don't count time anymore maybe
It's a bit hazy, but Superstar was crazy
An entertainer back when there was entertainment, pleasure for payment
So that everybody would stop their complainin'
She was very very bad, and I don't mean bad meaning good
I'll explain how bad Superstar was if I could
In those strange days each human
Was allowed one exact clone or duplicant as they called them
To do his bidding, his drinking, his pigging
His cigging, or his unpleasant slash moral thinking
One could do it at any age
And as the originals change, the duplicant would rearrange
But our derranged Superstar was thinking
Why just one duplicant, when she could have a troupe of them, mmhmm
Why settle for one when she could make thousands of bad girl clones
To get a better job done (well what was she like when she was young?)
She dreamed of being a celebrity just like everyone
It was 2005, a strange time to be alive
She knew if she couldn't be famous in her time
She would be one day in 2080
So she found a super computer MRI baby (wow!)

That would preserve her mind until the world was ready to comply
I ain't gonna lie
Not only does she become famous, she becomes the only famous person alive
Listen to her plot, playin' with her friends when she was only nine
(What an insane mind!) yeah, thank God it's not mine