

## 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 a  
n 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 u  
p when we spotted it  
And if we wanted it fill it with men and spawn and shit  
Ain't nothing wrong with it lets 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 ti  
me 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 sta  
y up late at that  
Now we getting critical mass sass pinnacle like the citadel not  
minimal we hospitable  
Mad kissable it's difficult aristical 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