

# Superman

Skee-Lo

Ah, how many brothers been charged?  
Go through wires and set fires in my garage  
Sabotage, I'm coming to you fools in camouflages  
Gods must be crazy, stole yo' style from the eighties  
Lookin' at that show lady, why she look like Brady?  
Shady business, wanna stop and look at my profile  
People like me be catching girls with Kangol hats on Argyl  
Styles, skills, I get I'll everytime I rhyme  
Quantum leaps stole my jeep, gonna catch that fool in time  
'Cause I'm Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeter, with bad aim  
Fame, Now I'm gonna live forever, never say die  
Bronze eyed and black guy with a black eye, fat lip, wanna set trip  
Dang y'all, look at my watch, I gotta shake this spot  
So pow, look at this brother with stilts  
Thinkin' his name was Skeeter, Mr. Nine Millimeter  
What the? holy cow  
A brother hung a couple of sings from these trees  
The day that I became an MC

I'm your idol like Micheal, so won't you beat it  
I'm deader like Shredder, I joined the Foot now I can't be defeated  
Mis-treated MC's like it was the eighties  
My style is tigher than a wet lycra on a two hundred and fifty pound lady  
Maybe, maybe not  
Maybe you should check that  
Pop this in yo' tape deck, play me in yo' cassette  
On Channel 7 News At 11 watch these fools get hurt  
Have you more confused than a Christian reading a bible in a Muslim church  
Come down to earth, now ask yourself is worth  
Losing your title in a rap recitle?  
I've been vital since my birth  
MC's get vaided 'cause I'm over-rated  
And if you laughed it, you ran  
But when I blast it, you lucky you made it  
I'm the most hated MC, just like the OB  
You'll be outy like last year, cookin' like Gary Coleman  
'Cause no man, no children or woman can get with the Super  
I got the West Coast sewn up and I load up your spot trooper  
And ain't no to be continued  
When I get in you get looser  
Hope that you get used to losing  
So shut up and start thinking  
Before I leave you danglin' from my mic cords  
And you hear me swingin'

Put yo' gun away, Superman don't run away  
See I got x-ray, I can spot you like OJ on the freeway  
But anyway, we can do this all today  
'Cause I embarass more people on national television than Richard Baye  
Today's topic: "MC's who set-up for beat downs"  
Sit down and tell me about your last lyrical melt-down  
You come to battle you get beat like drums  
And I'm a put you on the bus and send you back to where you came from  
And I don't care if you don't like me now  
You go home and tell your friends I'm the mighty one  
AKA Skeeter, Mr. Nine Milimeter, with bad aim  
Also known as Skee-Lo, but you can call me Supreman

Super, Superman  
You know they call me Superman