

# Super Nigga

King Tee

It's the p-double-o-h in the sky  
I don't need a cape cause I'm already fly  
Like a skydiver, a nigga got drag  
Like a race car driver, plus i'va  
Spit saliva, liver, than mcgyver  
("bam!") bump mo' bitches than a drunk driver  
Faster than a crackhead, mo' powerful  
Than a loco when I gotcha in a chokehold  
I'm here to rid the city of them wack-ass groups  
Them wack-ass lyrics with them wack-ass loops  
They fakin like gangsters, turn into a crip-tonight/kryptonite  
They don't faze me, cause we can still fight  
But look, it's all about comin (up) up (up)  
Up and away without bummin  
But a nigga don't need no wonderwoman, hmm, I wonder  
Who she been shuckin and jivin and f\*\*kin  
Or some bitch named lois cause the hoe is the lowest  
And she's whiter than snow is ("too much of that snow white!")  
I think I'll fly back to the hood  
Kick it with the homies where you know it's all good  
I'll be the first superhero with a strap  
I know I'm all that.. ("it's a crow, it's a bat, no it's..")

The super nigga boogieman is out to make a killin  
So f\*\*k wastin time leapin over tall buildings  
Cause I can get loose like fluid  
Like diarrhea - I can, run right through it  
I see through walls, 'specially at the malls  
Ladies dressing rooms is where my duty calls  
A lot of super niggaz be trickin they powers  
Givin hoes money, and flyin 'em flowers  
(but can you think of one thing you ever gave a hoe? )  
No cause we super niggaz, not captain save-a-hoe  
So back on up look, I'll catch yo' ass so quick  
And letcho' ass know we the wrong super niggaz to be f\*\*kin wit  
I flash like lightning, powerful as bombs  
I flied back twenty years ago and f\*\*ked your moms  
And now it's ninety-fo', ain't shit changed  
But now you call me daddy, when you call my name  
Cause youse a silly mortal, you ain't down for combat  
I'ma super nigga, and you an uncle tom cat  
When I'm rollin through the hood they wonder is he  
The nephew, of aunt kizzy  
Or dizzy gillespie, and the rest be like  
"that's the guy that's super, the fat track mover"  
So wack mc's come step to these nuts  
And get your crews cut below half, nigga do the math  
I'm the m-a-n, mayne  
I got a fly bitch with an invisible plane  
Me and her be doin some x-rated shit  
When I get the skins, in the cockpit  
She be callin everything from mommy to jesus  
Just ask the homies, cause them niggaz can see us  
Cause them super niggaz too, from the crew  
So please stay tuned, for more adventures of.. a super nigga

Mr. insane king tee motherf\*\*kers from the boondox

I bust the drunken style on my corner with the boombox  
I'm badder than the baddest inmate at (? )  
Retarded, but let me show you what this can do  
Create fright, niggaz scared to touch the mic  
I shock 'em, amazed cause the wino rocked 'em  
The best yet to like really catch wreck on the scene  
O.g. from the alkaholik team  
I just scream (ahhhh!) let my backbone slip  
Gotta get it on then take another sip  
Make it hip, a feeling mc's won't forget  
Bust crazy rounds then load another clip (well bust it)  
Like r. kelly, "my mind's telling me no!"  
But f\*\*k that, I kick the ill flow  
And deep down, I know niggaz is jeal'  
Cause I'm pullin all the hoes and dickin 'em swell  
But hey, cut the crap, cause like herpes I'm back  
To give you what you want, I don't front or skip rap  
With the bo, ba-ba-bye, the wicked with tha likwit  
I'm wild like a winner with the lot-to ticket  
But kick it, you could grab a comb and try to pick it  
The nappy head sound comin from the underground  
Oh shit it's the great, the man with the strap  
I know I'm all that.. ("it's a crow, it's a bat, no it's..")