

Year Two Thousand (feat. John Forte)

Princess Superstar

(J. Forte, C. Kirschner, C. Webster)

Produced by Curtis Curtis and Concetta (BMI)

Bass: Concetta DrumsKeys: Curtis Curtis and Concetta

Princess Superstar's year to make a million women and men scream and cry
through the millennium

All up in 'em comin off like deep impact in your drawers because

This hootchie mommy's booty makes Donald Trump look poor

Like Dionne Warwick I'll predict your future trick super kicks

You will listen to this, buy this, 95 cents a damn minute

Admit it, when you were on monkey bars you thought there'd be candy bars,
Marquee stars

Emblazoned up with your name in it

Maybe you need to shoot me into outer space 'cause I don't belong here

Not in this place not in this atmosphere

You can take your Palm air Range Rover bitch Plastic tit politics

And pay it in ducats to the Corrupt Conglomerate

Fuck it I Don't need to party like it's 1999 'cause by that time, the next day at 9:00

That kid'll be working for me bright and early

Wax in for me, Filin taxes for me-- suckin dick for me

What did you dream, what did you dream you'd be?

Are you where you wanna be?

2G, Kick it off I was gonna be a scientist with more dough

Marilyn Monroe 2 kids mansion

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>