

# Kool Keith, Supergalatic Lover

[Kool Keith]  
Yeah..

Supergalactic lover! [x2]

I was your boyfriend girl lieutenant lover flight commander  
Member of the air force, remember when I bought you a Porsche?  
Diamond rings with roses, I put pearls in your noses  
Put you in heels, paid your school loans and tons of bills  
I ripped eight thousand threw a stack up in the fireplace  
You couldn't believe it, your mom was there with a sad face  
I had you accounts, three million with big amounts  
You wrecked your Impala, I seen you at the beauty parlor  
Gave you a check engagement ring, four million dollars  
Your friends were surprised, your sister couldn't believe her eyes  
I walked in with cape, with jewels, on, you know I'm the captain  
Outside by the Cadillac three brothers rappin soundin wack and  
I kept on steppin legend status, you know my rep and  
I see you at eight, turn your pager off, don't be late

[Chorus: x2]

Supergalactic lover!  
Comin from the projects on the hill  
Supergalactic lover!  
In my monkey-green ragtop Seville

[Kool Keith]

Exquisite background, with spaceship pictures up on the wall  
You changin lingerie quick, you put on pumps, standin tall  
Tell me what you thinkin, at the table while you drinkin  
You got stress, tell me love, you need a fly dress  
Important reasons I will care for you in different seasons  
Daytona Beach, catchin the sun, layin on a pillow  
Stop your days of worryation lookin out the window  
Captain of program, girl I run this Enterprise  
Open your eyes, now you realize, now put on thigh highs  
Tie your boots up tight, very tight with all your might  
Come in the front row, you're a star in a private show  
I taught you well, gave you earrings that I bought you well

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Sippin real smooth wine, galactic glasses, wearin masks  
Her suit is armor leather jacket, I'ma wear a bomber  
Dark black hats, remember Cato and the Green Hornet  
I step up on it, test the flight switch, move a nice switch  
Adjust the tempo makin complex into somethin simple  
A masquerade party while bartenders, pass Bacardi  
Lemon juice or orange bintz, parked with a sunroof  
Brown ragtop, spaceship movin ridin down your block  
Power jets millineium, level five is next  
(Crank up the space, beam up)

[Chorus]

Supergalactic lover! [x5]