

# Super Soul Sis

Warren G

Well it's the super, the duper, the Landcruisin trooper? Take action? at times, they hang on my  
rhyme like Mr. Cooper

I'm takin you to a zone that's much far from wackness  
So please could you tell me oh bud buddy can you hack this?  
Yo, oh no, grab a hold of fadeables, gettin her flows on  
like FloJo, runs in a marathon

Smooth like chocolate, so call me Big Mamma Kane  
Feels like another one goin out for her reign  
Step back, because I happen to be all that plus tax  
I got more subscribers than HBO or Cinemax  
Mile after mile I rip style after style

Crack dope in all the vials, ooh I'm glad I used Dial  
Cause it can get funky when I'm singin my song  
but I just flow on, and so on, I'm stinky cause I roll on  
And then I hear rhyme callin I won't give it a rest  
That's how I got the motherfuckin Super on my chest  
(Snoop: Fly through the sky gettin love)  
(?: the whole wide world will watch me)

(repeat 2X)Mister it's the, Masta Aces of the spade  
Rappin skills are thinner than niggaz on AIDS  
Up up and away it's the Super Soul Sis  
I talk so much shit I got, halitosis

I knows this, I flows this, I'm funky, you stank  
You a walkin blood bank I'm withdrawin' with my shank  
Thanks for the memories, remember me no remedies  
surrender the vicinity or catch a cap like a Kennedy  
Cause I'm the Superwoman rapper I deserve a hail  
Chasin MC's, got em on the run like Smurfs from Azrael  
No bluff, the magic I puff, I'm chokin sho nuff  
I'm takin a bite out of rappers as if my name was MC Negra  
(Warren G: She's hotter than the South land on fire)

All you MC's desire, to run through my pyre  
I'm turnin heads like the Exorcist while flexin this  
Cause it's the Super Soul Sis

Sat on the outside, but now I'm the arena  
A superfly mackadocious one you never seen a  
soulful, cause I got a bowl-full of soul  
Strollin because I have no vehicle to roll  
But bring it bring it back to the topic of the solar mind  
I can flow upbeat, to a slow beat, and be off beat and still on time  
I rhyme, and swim waves of soul like Billy Ocean  
Never ashy, lyrics that soothe ya like some lotion

Cause I can Krush any Groove bust on any move ya make  
I keep my rhymes attached, like trains to a freight  
Break ya Achey like Billy Ray, I'm fuckin up the industry  
And fins to be,\* Nanu Nanu like Mork and Mindy

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>