

10,000 Hits

Princess Superstar

Now back to the biz
Let's analyse the hit song and shit
Duplicants get ready for a pop quiz
[Scratches]
I'm a bad babysitter, got my boyfriend in your shower

I need 10,000 hits like this to make me rich, okay bitch
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Listen up, every duplicant go way outta retreat
Write me hit songs, don't forget you can't eat!
Smoke cigarettes and drink coffee, email me the copy
I thought I told you nobody on this motherfuckin' planet can stop me
I booked you all into the 40 Seasons hotel
It better go well, think Pink, think Pharrell, gotta sell
Think Britney, Missy, I don't care for shitty
You know who once won a Grammy, Ace Of Bass and Milli Vanilli
Make it snappy, and it better match me
Be as tight as my skin-tight Versace, super catchy
I'm so clever, my next endeavour is to create a new musical trend
Called "I can't believe it's music!", then you clones copy me
I'll be the innovator and the copycat artists, it's a brilliant monopoly
Do this properly, protect my intellectual property
Hairdresser, manicurist, plastic surgeon, get off me!
Call my one thousand agents for lunch
So much to discuss, lots of numbers and abs to crunch
I was already on the charts once
And now I expect ten thousand new hit songs, go clones

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Yeah, go ahead, twenty thousand tits, go