

## Presidential Candidates

### "Show Out Remix"

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[Hook: Roscoe Dash]

Oh  
Everywhere I go I  
Dress up and I go out  
I got lots of gwalla, let me show you how I show out  
Everywhere I go I  
Dress up and I go out  
I got lots of gwalla, let me show you how I show out

(Show out) Gucci, Louis, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars  
(Show out) I be all up in the mall, ballin like there's no tomorrow  
(Show out) Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my dollars  
(Show out) I be all up in the mall ballin like there's no tomorrow

[Verse 1: Prez]

Every time I show out, you know I bring the glow out  
Girls around me wanna throw down, if I'm payin' got my dough out  
Mostly get the free ones, you know I choose to keep ones  
Like Usher, they my freak ones, and I love them good physique ones  
You know I'mma show out, play my songs and go out  
Speakers, yeah they blow out, like pimps I keep the hoes out  
This mixtape goin' gold, dawg, we breakin' the mold, dawg  
This game's 'bout to unfold, dawg, so icy, that we we cold, dawg  
Someone pass the dutchie, this girl really wanna touch me  
And I see some muthafuckas, I think they gon try jump me  
Rims always be spinnin', put your hands up, 'cuz we winnin'

Stay in church 'cuz I be sinnin', rewind this beat to the  
beginning  
(Yahh)  
OK  
OK

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(Show out) Gucci, Louis, Prada, man I'm all about my  
dollars  
(Show out) I be all up in the mall, ballin like there's no  
tomorrow  
(Show out) Gucci, Louie, Prada, man I'm all about my  
dollars  
(Show out) I be all up in the mall ballin like there's no  
tomorrow

[Verse 2: Nasty Boi]

I'm feelin' 151 today, and maybe a blunt tonight  
The way I'm takin' Delta on this next flight, I'm ridin' on  
an airplane  
Got my rockstar cats on the side,  
call 'em High Street, blowin' the roof off this bitch  
Fistpumpin' you know we be so stoned not knowin'  
what's goin' on  
Flip the lights on, still dark everywhere we out,  
it be a blackout, 'cuz we always spark  
Gettin' crunk, crunk, crunk, gettin' high, high, high  
Tryna fight with me, I wouldn't even try  
Comin' in strapped, feeling like everybody's gonna die  
Stepped on the scene and had all the haters starin'  
My swag's on fire, can you see the shit glarin'  
I'm whippin' down the freeway, stereo blarin'  
Everybody be hatin' on the chain I be wearin'  
I can rap on a beat without even swearin'  
No doubt I be hearin' this crowd cheerin'  
I'm all about my Benz, money, and strippers  
'Cuz when I see the girls they all wanna be strippin'  
You wanna be young forever? Then come wit me  
I'm no Jay-Z, but we smoke that tree  
Don't worry 'bout it, wit me it's free  
OK  
OK

[Hook: Roscoe Dash]

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