

## **Chaka Khan F/ Bobby McFerrin**

### **"Zone for President"**

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(Let's go)

[ J-Zone ]

Here comes the Zone up the ave rollin in his pimp  
Caddy  
(Look at him)  
Backpackers wave while I bump that Trick Daddy  
Prank-callin Funkmaster Flex to get a playback  
Fuck CD's, next year I'm doin 8-tracks  
Video on Betamax with SMPTE on the screen  
Even Hype Williams can't pimp me off the scene  
Rap is a slave trade, so I got the Old Maid  
The only label with the phone and fax on the same line  
I ain't no CEO, just a gift for rap  
My cheapskate behavior keeps me rich from rap  
Cause when I'm trickin at the bar I came in with a  
furnace  
Called you long distance, I was bonin cell service  
Chicks hella nervous when I take em to eat  
Cause I'm out the door when they bring the receipt  
You date me, you wish dishes for a week  
(I ain't bullshittin)  
Even when I beat-make the Zone's bein cheapskate  
Hittin up the dollar bill, it's all about the Washingtons  
You're runnin up to freestyle? My phone bill is overdue  
So I got a fee style while you smoke a bone or two  
She don't like me, I'm here to stay like stretch marks  
Horny, blow me in the key of f sharp  
She's mad at the Zone because he's on that shit  
But she's (totally, completely on his dick)

Hell yeah, baby  
Zone Mission Part V  
I return  
You know how we do  
We don't do no hooks  
Yo, what I think of that kid's record?  
Yo, I thought that shit was (bullshit)  
You know what I'm sayin?  
I'm bein straight up honest, I ain't lyin  
I ain't got no time to play with y'all

But I gotta get somethin off my chest right now  
(I want you to pay very carefull attention to what I'm  
gonna say)

[ J-Zone ]

Internet rappers - blow me  
Askin for a beat tape, cough it up, you don't know me  
You went platinum in a chatroom, write, click and send  
I hope your harddrive crashes if this shit don't offend  
(But I been rappin since '81) Nobody cares  
Talkin 'bout belt buckles nobody wears  
Try to save hip-hop, what are you insane?  
I just play my part cause ain't a damn thing changed  
Still my herbs get the dime pieces, cool cats beat it  
Zone's still zonin while these fools get weeded  
Still cradle-robbin, still lookin for your daughter  
Step to chicks and lose quarters cause my game is out  
of order  
I be like (Yo baby, yo baby) - still 10 years behind  
So I still do the Running Man to keep up with the times  
Still playin Duck Hunt, ( ? ) with the temptation  
To spray my ex with water gats filled up with bleach  
(ho)  
Still can't poplock, still can't graffiti write  
Like five-o still ain't shit ( ? )  
I still hate choruses, I sleep through hooks  
Still scopin Lucy Liu workin off the books  
Still doin shows but wind up gettin kicked out  
Feminists are mad cause I called this dumb bitch out  
Still hate rubbers cause I bone and feel nothin  
2000 something suckers still frontin (frontin) (frontin)

(Keep on talking  
Cause you're the only man around here who's saying  
anything)  
(...I'd rather not vote at all than vote for this crook)  
(Hey you know I am voting for that jive-ass nigga)  
(You damn right) (damn right) (damn right)

Yeah  
I got a little message for all them cats out there makin  
90000 dollars a year  
still wanna download my shit off the net instead of  
buyin the CD  
you cheap bastards  
(Fuck y'all)  
Yeah  
To all the people that come to my shows who wanna  
turn the sound off  
cause they got mad about a little joke  
(Fuck y'all)

And everybody else out there that's a waste of sperm  
your father shoulda pulled out early  
(Fuck y'all)  
(I hope you die and go to hell, you lousy son of a bitch)

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