

411**"Ride For Obama"**Visit "[Ride For Obama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Obama oh-eight.
I ride for Obama, I ain't messin' with McCain.
Stop the war on terror, 'cause we ready for a change.
Gas prices too high, plus these jobs ain't payin'.
I ain't a politician, but my nigga I'm sane.
(Repeat)

Step on the track with my shoes off, yeah I'm feelin' free.
Rock City, not Pretty, you know who the hell I be.
Virgin Island driver's licence if you need to see I'd
Fuck the government, and I'mma yell it 'til I D-I-E
Obama 0-8, doesn't that sound great?
My President is black, yours is a disgrace.
V.I. govenor is wack, and I say it to his face
Tell them crooked ass cops back up and give a nigga space
'Cause...

[Original chorus]

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Sticks and stones may break my bones
But words can never hurt me.
A lot of mothafucka's done lost their homes
And people they still ain't workin'.
Rent goin' up, taxes goin' up,
New Orleans under water but they don't give a fuck.
Who we gonna trust? 'Cause all we got is us.
If you wanna see a change, put your middle fingers up.
'Cause...

[Original chorus - twice]

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Gas prices too high, plus these jobs ain't payin'
I ain't a politician, but nigga I'm sane...
(Repeat)
I ride for Obama...

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