

J-Zone "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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