

## Jay Gordon

### "Fuck My Opponent Remix"

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[Verse 1: Prez]

Okay

I got a minute to real quickly say fuck my opponent  
Fuck my competetion and fuck you if you know 'em  
If you ride for my opponent you can get straight fucked  
Since you played the wrong cards I'mma say "fuck  
luck"

I throw fists at paparazzi like "why they watchin' me?"  
Throw fists at people grabbin' my money like Monopoly  
Throw your stacks in the air, shoot your rubber bands  
at 'em

Get powdered like erasers in the hallway when I clap  
'em

And fuck the record labels too

Basically my competition in this bitch fuck you  
Ain't mean to be so negative but how the fuck I ain't  
signed?

Like Magic Johnson thankin' God, "How the fuck I ain't  
died?"

I come equipped with these components, I'm paying  
my atonement

And one more time, I'll scream "fuck my opponent"  
I'm on hydro, it's a plus if you grow it  
Hold your blunt in the air, and say "fuck my opponent"

[Verse 2: Nasty Boi]

Fuck my opponents, I'm all about that high score (high  
score)

Leave your blood drawn, like a heroin whore  
Got your head spinnin' 'round like a revolving door  
Left speaker, right speaker, sounds make your ears  
sore

Lyrical gore, on the third floor down to the bottom floor  
Make them boys leave their fate, no offshore  
So quick, so fast, can't see me anymore  
Leave you behind like a prisoner of war, for sure  
Call in the corps, I'm an artist with rapport  
Giving information like Colbert Report, four in the morn  
We still up sneakin' through the back like a cold sore

Look at our decor, leave you sore to the core  
Givin' it twice, just as nice, more than once, feelin' right  
Takin' it back, we goin' so long, she like to deepthroat,  
havin' it tight  
We jaw-bustin' suckas, song molesters, make you  
laugh like jesters  
Make you sequester your whole career, we the next two  
chapters  
Ya'll HIV, we be creatine  
Ya'll dyin' slow, we make the crowd scream  
High beamin' make you blind like three blind mice  
Workin' in the studio, gotta make they mind right  
Look at the future it's the Prezidential Candidates  
They fate relates to the grade A taste we create  
He who hesitates make themselves like bait  
Roll 'em up, make a joint smokin' hot like Kuwait

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