

Lil Wayne

"Barak Obama A Milli"

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Call the president he's the next new president
He a senator from Illinois yeah
His criteria compared to John McCain just isn't fair
Cuz he's b-l-a-c- so the eyes are on he
Through is pencil he write
Legislation with the country on his mind
And he don't cope ish
Cuz he ain't got time
Every second minute hour kkk wanna devour
He got guards ready to pop him
With their ch ch ch ch choppers
Every brother mother sister cousin grandma wanna
hump him
Even got Hilary Clinton on the side ready to jump him
Tell the Clintons naaaaaaaaah
Couldn't catch him couldn't stop him
They go by the party rules
If you can't beat 'em you can't top 'em
Thought you'd smack couldn't pop em
Delegates couldn't cop 'em
Bill Clinton couldn't help her

Too bad she couldn't drop him

Man Obama so I'll

Obama goes here, Obama goes there

Sayin' yes we can just like Michelle he sittin' in the
deriere

He travel to Arizona ready to cause some drama

Hopin' McCain don't comment

Look at that bastard Obama

He's too young he's too hip

Negroes always causing problems

His pale lookin' face got him lookin' like a goblin

McCain McCain please don't vote for McCain

First they up in office talkin' bout some heart pain

Call the ambulance quick all you hear is sirens

His temper isn't private

Dang I hate a mad prick

Don't you had a mad prick

Plus McCain's an old prick

Barack's a yonger guy so choose him

He's the right pick

But if you choose the wrong pick

Your step-son will probably end up in Iraq quick

His health care plan is so immaculate

So even if you broke you can afford to take a doc trip

You'll be feelin' much better not sick

And he's ok but his wife's sick

And her back's thick and her walk's sick
She's a fly chick
Might hit
Man obama so I'll
He's makin history like x, King, and Douglas
And rfk Obama he s that new black knew that
Red neck said he won't beat john mccain
He don't wear a flag and his middle name's Hussein
But who gon' be that boy dat dat dat boy they call
Obama
Got republicans sweatin like they up in saunas
Even Mccains 90 somethin' momma
He ready to pull his lever every hour
And I'd rather eat a field mouse
Than to see John McCain in the White House
Vote Obama in and I promise you won't turn back
In to some uncle Tom-as
No Aunt Jemima or southern fried chicken
Call him cheif obama or Mr. keeps on tickin
Man pass the riots comment couldn't pass his tally
Even Oprah Winfrey said that she was right behind him
People I say this country shol' holt without him
But he's gotta go out relate to every body
He do what he do like give his wife a hug then a fist
dap
Gotta do that stuff in public so the hood know that he's
black

Gotta use big words white people love to hear them

If they hear it they don't fear him they don't know him
but they feel him

That's real

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