

Presidential Candidates "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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