

Presidential Candidates "I'm Goin' In Remix"

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[Verse 1: Nasty Boi]

Smokin' on that Cali Kush, my boy sells it by the bush
I'm packin' heat with the .45 magnum in my belt
Shawty lookin' so fine, wish I could've felt
When I drugged the bitch, the drug I could've melt
I'm feelin' so fine in the back of my Hummer
Ridin' down a main street, I'm stuntin' like a winner
I've been in the running for a long time
I feel it's safe to say that DPalm can bust a bomb rhyme
When I write down a verse, there ain't no controversy
Look at your bitch, she's fifteen, call that statutory
Smokin' on Arabian shit, don't you know? the good
stuff
The smoke hit the back of your throat, the shit is rough
Told you suckers, DPalm gonna murder this
investigation
Who's the next bad rapper? Turnin' on a mutilator
Fry you bitches up in, what is called frialator
I worked at fast food, don't fuck with what I'm sayin'
I don't wanna be the next rapper on TV
I just wanna be me, enough about succeeding
Smokin' spliffs and we be hittin' that Mauwie Wowie shit
Drinkin' 'til we daze-y, knockin' back down shots of
Bacardi

[Verse 2: Prez]

Parental advisory stickers all over my merchandise
Like I was gonna put a "Fuck you" in front of my
merchants' eyes
Who the fuck is Dana Carvey? I'm the master of
disguise
Get as high as I am right now, and you'll be clappin' in
the skies
Don't be foolish, that plot's kinda like the flick "Mission:
Impossible"
Your homeboy's sayin' shit that got me actin' kinda
pausable
(Pause) That's A.K.A. for actin' gay
Concoct your own acronym for "Prez is gonna spray"
Best believe me, I'll do it, my words are the truest

And I will throw some shit that leaves you lyin' in your fluids
Young Money co-signer, please free Weezy
So we can be broadcast live, like cable TV
I'm new to this league, but great like John Wall
We be burnin', Sean Paul, hard to kill, Steven Seagal
We goin' in, like a robber, hide your toddler
Windows we smash 'em, TVs we grab 'em, don't holler
No problems, solutions we got 'em
Melt your head off in layers, like a human Gobstopper
Orville poppin', Smith & Wes Glockin'
And we treat red lights like bed nights, and we ain't stoppin'

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