

Presidential Candidates "Plastic Cups"

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[Hook: Nasty Boi]

Four in the back, one at the top
Bend the elbows, let it plop
Red, blue, solo, dolo
Pick any cup, it's in the hole
Oh, we gettin' it in
Fill 'em back up, we did it again
Man I'm on fire, let's get it
That's your last cup, now drink it

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Bend the elbows, let it plop
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[Verse 1: Nasty Boi]

Damn, it's hot in here
First thing asked, "Where is the beer?"
Buddy Light, Coors, or Natty
All three will do, that satisfy me
I got game, who wants a try?
Two word game, it's do or die
Just ask Wizzy, he on fire
We off of that white boy high
Shot for a shot, eye for an eye
Bounce it in, man, we sly
Plastic table, love the shape
Ping-pong noise, nothin' relates
Line 'em up, let's get it done
Pyramid scheme, let's have some fun
One shot, two shots set 'em all back
That's how we do, we do it like that
Here's the part where we go crazy
Blast the music, let's all get daze-y
Four in the back, one at the top
Bend the elbows, let it plop
Nike Airs reppin', you know we trendsetters

Have a nice sleep, ya'll goin' home bed-wetters
We all in the zone that is soon to be forgotten
Grab a blunt of kush, and we always sparkin'
Now it's reverse, back into the night
One more to go, win's in sight
This is why they call me the closer
Sink the shit, and it's, game over
Last year it was all about Tampa
Get 'em hands up, I cannot hear ya

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[Verse 2: Prez]

When I see them red cups lined up on the table, I say
"What the fuck", I grab a ball, and I dunk
That's right, I'm dunkin' on these 5'3" chumps, while
I'm standin' over six-feet up
At a club or a party, girls surround me and they on me,
red Solo cups together, like an army
They call me Favre 'cuz my arm be, outta retirement,
chicks like me and they sexually desire me
I like classy girls, that don't flash the world, rashin' on
these girls that wanna sleep to the top
Balls deep and I rock, girls reachin' for cock, while the
pong balls drop in the cup
Think I give a fuck who your boyfriend is? I'mma do you
like your boyfriend never did
Have you shaking like a earthquake, bitch, I'm about to
multiply the birth rate, kid

And now we got the red plastic cups

Filled up, up, up
Filled up, up, up
Filled up, up

If you call it beirut
Throw your hands up, up, up
Hands up, up, up
Hands up, up
Hands

If you call it beer pong
Throw your hands up, up, up
Hands up, up, up
Hands up, up, up

And now we got the red plastic cups
Filled up, up, up
Filled up, up, up
Let's get fucked up

[Hook: Nasty Boi]

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