

## **Presidential Candidates "The Thrill Remix"**

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[Intro: Nasty Boi]

Smokin' for the hell of it (hell of it)  
Like a girlfriend gotta hold on and start to commit  
But with no other drug will I start to benefit this quick  
Hahaha

[Verse 1: Nasty Boi]

Wake up, still got the Asian eyes  
But I smoke the Cali kush gettin' high  
These trees make me addicted to nature  
So I picked out the bag just for her  
Got the love blunt made and she doesn't know  
Covered up the leaf, with nothing to show  
Tryna make our blunt like our relationship  
Wrap it up tight, turn the light off, say goodnight  
Scaling buildings, holding on  
Never thought I'd be this gone  
Called her, picked up in a ring  
Feeling special, it's her thing

[Hook: Empire of the Sun]

How can I explain?  
Talking to myself  
Will I see again?

We are always running for the thrill of it (thrill of it)  
Always pushing up the hill, searching for the thrill of it  
On and on and on, we are calling out and out again  
Never looking down, I'm just in awe of what's in front of  
me

Is it real now?

Two people become one  
I can feel it  
Two people become one

[Verse 2: Prez]

Uh  
Sick of all these imitations, these stupid clones  
Tryna get my life on track like Marion Jones  
Young Snoop, east coast, smoke bones, but I'm still  
growin'  
I'm in the sky, ya'll stuck in the garden, gnomes  
Best believe when we take this over, we take it all  
My Blackberry Curve will be filled with calls  
Everybody gonna wanna collab wit Prez and DPalm  
Two young white boys suck smoke outta six-foot bongs  
This feeling is like nothing I've ever known  
And I'm on the cieling 'cuz this weed I've never blown  
Runnin' shit like Corleone, yeah I'm the Don  
And if you co-sign Prez, guarantee that your pockets  
grow

[Hook: Empire of the Sun]

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Talking to myself  
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