

GE ConXion F/ Samira "Paragraph President"

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Paragraph paralyzer rhythmic aristocrat
Mister rap it's the gift of gab about to twist your caps
Swift the fist so fast fury worry hit the switch ya ass
Its 'n bits 'n fragments so midget quit this diss ya ass
Sit ya ass down while I rip the tracks and spit the facts
Hit the grass, green, brown, or purple I'm the diplomat
Rip your raps, really you don't get the math
Just to have, grief, only rhymer, I was meant to rap into
that
Fire breathing, rhyme heathen, kidnap your mental
black
Hijack your fly dap or con head your intellect
Mind state, arrow blast, center crack, mind gaps
Blind from their eyes back, send ya back crying act
Up pencil pad, my utinsil grab thine attention
Get hit so bad with two jitsu stabs I abid you
And if you rap I'ma send you back rappin in a tavern
If you mad kid it's just too bad
Tell 'em it's the..

paragraph president
And it's official you can hear the cheer coming up
paragraph president
I want to thank you all for having my (?) perform
paragraph president
as a special treat this evening
I have asked America's foremost young poet to read
his latest poem for us

Hit you with the funk it's like, "who cut the provolone?"
Government officials put taps on my mobile phones
Nations overthrown hold my own on my zone
prone to leave your dome blown poem after poem
homes
Jones for the tones rome with me turn your motor on
Overall this war just just got it goin on
Overgrown child never growin old so when knows pokin
notes
Till the never nose ho overdose
On my flows those flows goes deep
Hold your nose bros knows foes yo don't sleep

slow your row, show my soul, total hold
Domination don't ya know
Under comet like Muhammad with the verbal
robodome
It's the..

paragraph president
He's been sweeping the nation with a hard hitting
campaign
paragraph president
As a politician he regards himself as a national (?)
paragraph president
and so mister president we urge you to do something
about the deplorable
state of our nation

I pledge allegiance to the pen and the pad
And the mic and (?) of America
And to the republic, kiss my ass
Thugs fakin, actin hard to get this killer beef that was
given to me
I must bust for all

Leave your city burnin like Gamera
Stamina, blaze up your space, plus I got it on camera
And I'm a animal animator landin a
Blow cleaning clocks nothing left for the janitor
Punching through your granite a good will ambassador
From another planet I could kill and smash ya up
And it won't stop and I can't stop (?)
Can erupt and it does had enough amateur?
A rammin ya feel the goats horns slammin ya
Ham it up every single time that I stand in a
Crowd of emcees backin up when I'm actin up
On a frenzy after ya yellin, "that's enough!"
And it tempts me, that it does, and I'm glad it does
When I flip see spatula style's stackin up
Many big threes rappers on never catchin up
Passin up, ride passenger, is it black enough?
Spectacular! Now you know who's attackin ya
Crackin up mashin ya top mind capturer
I'm the..

paragraph president

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