

# Presidential

Young Dro

Anythin' you want I can get my hands on it  
If you keep comin' put some extra grams on it  
You know I keep glad to prove who I am  
If it ain't presidential, we don't got damn want it

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My Chevy look cinnamon, my bitch is a Indian  
Plus, I'm bilingual, I'd be talkin' like Dominican, como esta  
Think I look innocent, Bentley on twenty six  
Brown when I'm sellin' dope to e'rybody in this bitch

Everybody get a brick, I break 'em down randomly  
Whoever try and tell on me I shoot they whole family  
Fish scale, jammer gym, I'm clean with my mammal feet  
Dope boy, I'd be sellin' dream like a jamboree

Paint a Rica tangerine, beatin' like a tambourine  
Mac 90 magazine, longer than the back lean  
Back plead to the whole block for the crack G  
Y'all remember me, I had the Chevy with black D

Neck from black D, white D, purple D  
Cartier frame, [?] Urkel D  
Nigga keep chirpin' me, they courteous, they work for me  
Straight drop glad I got these haters who wanna murder me

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Trans Am homie with that blam, blam, homie  
Dead fresh, I look like I got that yam, don't it'  
Drop top spider with that candy yam on it  
It's hard to stick on my block, I spray Pam on it

If it ain't presidential, we don't goddamn want it  
Bentley truck bitch me and goddamn boney  
I sell a brick to whoever goddamn want it  
And guess who the feds is, my goddamn homie  
You a lie

The spy cam finally take pictures while I order out  
I get the bricks and sort 'em out and pump em' like the Carter house  
Case is out, I fought em' out, and plus I gotta quarter house  
Break downs at dead end that's slaughterhouse

I'm hangin' out in Germany, the Mafia concernin' me

My nickname schoolboy, ain't nobody learnin' me  
Burnin' heat, poke one in the pot this is '63  
Is all in the wrist, scale fish, nigga, mention me

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You can't see Dro, I am Lou Ferrigno  
Green Benzito, rim big like my ego  
Bricks come from Chico and my old school amigo  
They call me Action Jackson like my first name, Tito

The first chain three co, berry car, very far  
High up off the ground, man, I do this shit to every car  
Betty crock, Betty rock, got this shit from very far  
All that walkin' all up on me gon' getcha Chevy popped

Frenetic mob, fresh and successful in the compressor  
I hop up on Pacatis and Relium like the Messer  
Helium got your chest up, really you 'bout to mess up  
Gold point bullets, you really don't have to fess up, neck up

I am flamboyant, you so annoying  
Drop top jag at ya pad, cho, yoing, yoing  
When I pull up on your bitch in the Benz, she's glowin'  
So much ice in my mouth when I talk, it be snowin'

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