

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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