

I Know That You'll Miss Obama

Rucka Rucka ALI

We know
It's been pretty fun for me
Smoking presidential tree
On the White House balcony
And on the porch (monk-keys)
Crackers always be hatin'
On the color of my skin
I'm in the Rose Garden outside
Where weed grows

I put a man on Mars
Stealed a couple cars
And legalized backhanding girls
So they know you're in charge
I shortened the workday (for me)
And smoked a blunt with Dre
And told Korean boy he's gay

I know that you'll miss Obama
Don't lie, you gon' miss the drama
We had fried chicken every night for supper
With a side of beans
I know that you'll miss Obama
I stole your brand new Hummer
I smoked with the Roots fat drummer
Yeah, that shit was sweet

I blew up all the world
And I stole all their fucking gold
I told the whole UN
That the world's too fucking cold (or something)
I said to Hillary
She can suck on my penis ho (blow me bro)
Dancing and sniffing coke
Slapping and beating hoes

I choked
And had sex with girls I liked
Most of them were not my wife
She was teaching black kids to eat white
I played golf
And sold grape soda on the side
And gave gay people marriage rights
I love LGBTs, Mexicans, and dykes

My game is really sharp
My skin is really dark
I used to hang
And sell cocaine
Outside of Rucka Park
Got bitches on the phone
Got snitches on the drone
Got a drone, got a drone, got a drone

I know that you'll miss Obama
I killed my cousin Osama
I chilled with a sick old llama

Jail is where I've been
I know that you'll miss Obama
I blew up the disco-rama
I pray to Saddam Mohammad
Paul Abdul Wakeem

Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono is gay
Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono, Bono is gay
Blasting countries that don't
Have libraries and roads (how it goes)
Blasting countries that won't
Can't seem to find their clothes
(we're gonna need some clothes)
Haven't paid my bills lately
Haven't seen my kids lately (we're not that close)
Blazing on the daily
With some pills and Baileys (this is how I get down)
I have a few grams of coke
I share it with average folks (hit me up for coke)
I sell crack to the average Joe
I lowered the tax on dope (I lowered that shit, yo)
If you're glad to see me go
It's too bad we didn't flow (too bad we didn't flow)
If you voted against me I know
I wrote it down and keep it close
I had your votes deleted, though
So you didn't even need to vote
Dancing and sniffing coke
Slapping and beating hoes

I know that you'll miss Obama
I was born in the Bahamas
My dad never met my mama
He was Bill Cosby
I know that you'll miss Obama
Don't lie, you gon' miss the drama
I'm black and my dick is larger
Ask your bitch for me

I blew up lots of folks
And I gave them iPads and soap
I'd like to invite all of you over
For fried meat loaf
I hope you enjoyed the great
American Dark Dark Age (get it?)
I know you'll miss the days
When I ran the United States (I'm broke)