

# Lil Wayne, Obama obama (A millie remix)

Call the president he's the next new president  
He a senator from Illinois yeah  
His criteria compared to John McCain just isn't fair  
Cuz he's b-l-a-c- so the eyes are on he  
Through is pencil he write  
Legislation with the country on his mind  
And he don't cope ish  
Cuz he ain't got time  
Every second minute hour kkk wanna devour  
He got guards ready to pop him  
With their ch ch ch ch choppers  
Every brother mother sister cousin grandma wanna hump him  
Even got Hilary Clinton on the side ready to jump him  
Tell the Clintons naaaaaaaaah  
Couldn't catch him couldn't stop him  
They go by the party rules  
If you can't beat 'em you can't top 'em  
Thought you'd smack couldn't pop em  
Delegates couldn't cop 'em  
Bill Clinton couldn't help her  
Too bad she couldn't drop him  
Man Obama so I'll  
Obama goes here, Obama goes there  
Sayin' yes we can just like Michelle he sittin' in the deriere  
He travel to Arizona ready to cause some drama  
Hopin' McCain don't comment  
Look at that bastard Obama  
He's too young he's too hip  
Negroes always causing problems  
His pale lookin' face got him lookin' like a goblin  
McCain McCain please don't vote for McCain  
First they up in office talkin' bout some heart pain  
Call the ambulance quick all you hear is sirens  
His temper isn't private  
Dang I hate a mad prick  
Don't you had a mad prick  
Plus McCains an old prick  
Barack's a yonger guy so choose him  
He's the right pick  
But if you choose the wrong pick  
Your step-son will probably end up in Iraq quick  
His health care plan is so immaculate  
So even if you broke you can afford to take a doc trip  
You'll be feelin' much better not sick  
And he's ok but his wife's sick  
And her back's thick and her walk's sick  
She's a fly chick  
Might hit  
Man obama so I'll  
He's makin history like x, King, and Douglas  
And rfk Obama he s that new black knew that  
Red neck said he won't beat john mccain  
He don't wear a flag and his middle name's Hussein  
But who gon' be that boy dat dat dat boy they call Obama  
Got republicans sweatin like they up in saunas  
Even McCains 90 somethin' momma  
He ready to pull his lever every hour  
And I'd rather eat a field mouse  
Than to see John McCain in the White House  
Vote Obama in and I promise you won't turn back  
In to some uncle Tom-as  
No Aunt Jemima or southern fried chicken  
Call him cheif obama or Mr. keeps on tickin  
Man pass the riots comment couldn't pass his tally

Even Oprah Winfrey said that she was right behind him  
People I say this country shol' holt without him  
But he's gotta go out relate to every body  
He do what he do like give his wife a hug then a fist dap  
Gotta do that stuff in public so the hood know that he's black  
Gotta use big words white people love to hear them  
If they hear it they don't fear him they don't know him but they feel him  
That's real