# Zone For President

## J-Zone

Let's goHere comes the Zone
Up the Ave. rollin' in his pimp Caddy
Look at him, backpackers wave
While I bump that Trick DaddyPrank-callin' Funkmaster Flex to get a playback
Fuck CD's, next year, I'm doin' 8-tracks
Video on Betamax with SMPTE on the screen
Even Hype Williams can't pimp me off the sceneRap is a slave trade, so I got the Old Maid
The only label with the phone and fax on the same line
I ain't no CEO, just a gift for rap
My cheapskate behavior keeps me rich from rap'Cause when I'm trickin' at the bar, I came in with a furnace
Called you long distance, I was bonin' cell service
Chicks hella nervous when I take 'em to eat
'Cause I'm out the door when they bring the receiptYou date me, you wish dishes for a week, I ain't bullshittin'
Even when I beat-make the Zone's bein' cheapskate
Hittin' up the dollar bill, it's all about the Washington's
You're runnin' up to freestyle? My phone bill is overdueSo I got a fee style while you smoke a bone or two
She don't like me, I'm here to stay like stretch marks
Horny, blow me in the key of f sharp
She's mad at the Zone because he's on that shitBut she's totally, completely on his dick
Hell yeah, baby, Zone Mission Part V
I return, you know how we do
We don't do no hooksYo, what I think of that kid's record?
Yo, I thought that shit was bullshit
You know what I'm sayin'?
I'm bein' straight up honest, I ain't lyin'I ain't got no time to play with y'all
But I gotta get somethin' off my chest right now
I want you to pay very careful attention
To what I'm gonna sayInternet rappers blow me, askin' for a beat tape
Cough it up, you don't know me
You went platinum in a chat room
Write, click and send
I hope your hard drive crashes
If this shit don't offendBut I been rappin' since '81, nobody cares
Talkin' 'bout belt buckles nobody wears
Try to save hip-hop, what are you insane?
I just play my part 'cause ain't a damn thing changedStill my herbs get the dime pieces, cool cats beat it
Zone's still zonin' while these fools get weeded
Still cradle-robbin', still lookin' for your daughter
Step to chicks and lose quarters 'cause my game is out of orderI be like, yo baby, yo baby, still 10 years behind

So I still do the runnin' man to keep up with the times
Still playin' Duck Hunt, [unverified] with the temptation
To spray my ex with water gats filled up with bleach, hoStill can't pop-lock, still can't graffiti write
Like five-O still ain't shit [unverified]
I still hate choruses, I sleep through hooks
Still scopin' Lucy Liu workin' off the booksStill doin' shows but wind up gettin' kicked out
Feminists are mad 'cause I called this dumb bitch out
Still hate rubbers 'cause I bone and feel nothin'
2000 somethin' suckers still frontin', frontin', frontin'Keep on talkin'
'Cause you're the only man around here who's sayin' anythin'
I'd rather not vote at all than vote for this crook
Hey, you know I am votin' for that jive-ass nigga
You damn right, damn right, damn rightYeah
I got a little message for all them cats out there
Makin' 90000 dollars a year
Still wanna download my shit off the net
Instead of buyin' the CD, you cheap bastards
Fuck y'all, yeahTo all the people that come to my shows
Who wanna turn the sound off
'Cause they got mad about a little joke
(Fuck y'all)And everybody else out there that's a waste of sperm
Your father shoulda pulled out early
Fuck y'all
I hope you die and go to hell, you lousy son of a bitch

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