

Mayor

Pac Div

Just another day out in sunny LA
There's dealers in the streets and the coppers don't play
Got my 501 jeans, my crew neck sweater
Saggin' in my pants cause I don't know better
In any weather we stay the flyest
Killas on my side case u suckas wanna try us
Numbers in my phone, I'm so player
Feelin' so good I think I might run for mayor

I might run for mayor
Nigga ask your momma I'm a muthafuckin' player
If I see your girlfriend starin', I'm a take her
That's word to my cousin up in Oakland with the scraper
501 jeans yeah that's my flavor
Crew neck sweaters in the club, fuck a blazer
Button up under case the bouncer is a hater
Straight to the bar for a couple shots of jaeger
If I see a nice thin light skin I'm a game her
Tell her I'm big Mibbs and I'm runnin' for mayor
She digs my speeds and guess where I'm a take her
Back to the crib where I can blaze her
Modern Joe Frazier second round knock out
When I pull the cock out, baby see you later
I think around 8 or 9 I'm a wake her up
Kick her out, then go pick up my paper

I might run for mayor
Cruise through the city in a booger green pacer
Got ya girl with me, I'm so player
Pullin' hoes since Bo Jackson was a Raider
Everything's tailored, from the Chuck Taylor's
Check the steering wheel in my car, that's gator
Sip liquor straight, I don't need chasers
Drink a pint of hen, I'm cursin' like a sailor
I'm so major, sit back and watch me
Bought my 501's and my sweater from the swap meet
Music up loud, coppers wanna stop me
Mad cause I'm young black makin' that broccoli
Hangin' with the possie, niggas wanna copy
But I'm too fly so the squares can't jock me
Watch how they jock me, I'm so player
Feelin' so good I think I might run for mayor

Yeah I might run for mayor
I'm scandalous with the papers
LA county, the planet of the gangsters
Get ya cameras and tapers
Ya boy hustle hard like Rambis for the Lakers
Riding by zoom but we boom with the base muffle
Fly as a space shuttle, cool as a rain puddle
Who wanna make trouble
Pimp hand heavy no half stepping
Like old school Daddy Kane for ya
It's a shame on you, what you lames gone do
You's a bitch, we make it rain on you
Yea the dames come through
We decked out with hoes, draw circles around tens

Then ex out the O's, boy check out my pose
Stand smith classic fresh out the grove
Look who crept out the stove
Keep a bad one like she fresh out the Vouge
Then we go shopping like we fresh out the clothes
Gimme that, shopping bags, popping tags, I'm a smash
From the side of the tracks, where the homies talk trash
You can only sight see if you got a pass, the mayor

I might run for mayor

Feelin' so good I think I might run for mayor