

And They All Want To Know What The W. Stands For

"This goes out to all my homeys in Kennebunkport.

Skull and Crossbones, y'all. One love."

You say I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.
Why you tripping? You insultin' me, Ralph
Nader. The spoon was gold. That's how I rolled
from when I was one year old all the way to college.
I got a whole putting green in my wallet.
See my blood is bluer than the lips of a corpse.
I couldn't go to Vietnam. I hads to protect the family
bling-bling in my gym shorts.
Yeah, I went to Yale: cold frat boy chillin',
penny loafers, beer bong, sorority girl swillin'.
Who needs good grades when you got the right
chromosomes?
I smoked so much Buddha, put my own hole in the ozone.
Yeah, I sniffed blow, 'caine, skied with my nose,
whatever you wants to call it.
Just roll the hundred dollar bill and let me get up on
it.
Got so high, at 4 a.m. on the ceiling of my mind I saw
bugs.
Now I'm sending my old dealers to jail and running
the War on Drugs.
Damn, I love this country.

I'm the El Presidente, the big baller.
Broward County was almost my downfall.
But did you really think I could lose Florida?
Wake up, son, my little brother's the governor.
Katherine Harris was the one in charge of them
ballots.
We shredded them votes like lettuce and called it
a democracy salad.
I'm old money, and it goes way back.
I got Scalia in my pocket like a certified check.
In my hand is where the cookie crumbles
'cause "I'm George, George, George of the Jungle."
Y'all wanna know why I'm smirking?
Look at the money we givin' to Halliburton.
Now we gotta go build colonies up on Mars.
(I gots to take care of my big-ticket contributors.)
I care about the poor, but they ain't got no scrilla.
You want health care, take your ass to Manilla,
or Sweden, or one of them stupid countries.
I don't sweat the details.

Yeah, I started the fire in patriotism.
Let Limp Dick Cheyney work your skull and fill your
brain with blism.
I guess that means that your mind is my doo rag.
Bend over to turn on the tv, and let me hit your
thoughts from behind.

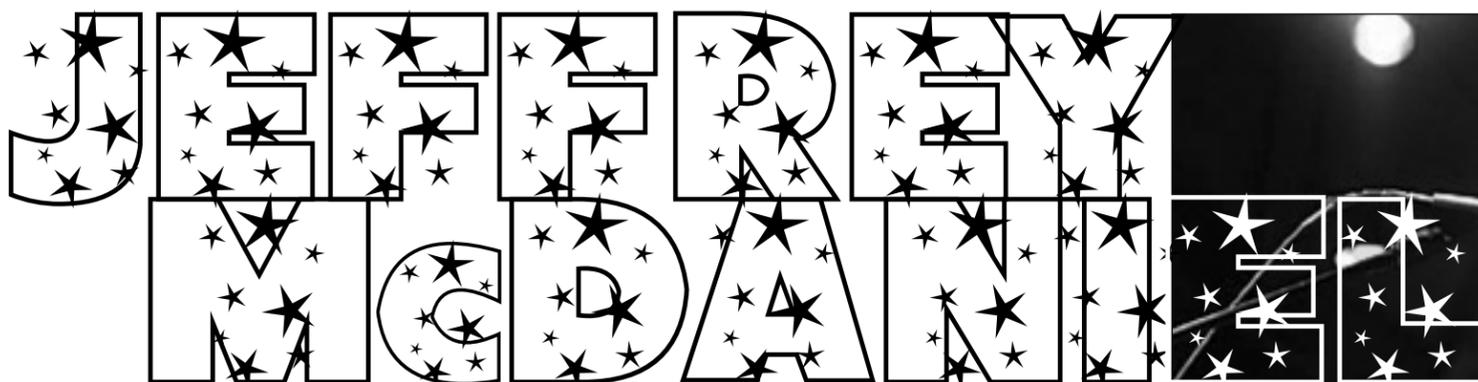
A RAP IN THE VOICE OF THE ULTIMATE GANGSTA: GEORGE W. BUSH

Plant the lies about African plutonium and watch
them grow.
Who needs Professor Griff when you got Karl Rove?
I lube you up with my CNN Jelly.
Drive my message home until it's deep in the belly
of your mind.
Now you're pregnant with my my propoganda.
Pass it on to your kids--how this is the land of
the free, and Milosevic, Noriega, and Kaddafhi
are all a part of the CIA mafia,
and who cares if the Palestinians are in a coma,
'cause like the Knack said--it's all about "My
Sharona".
People, we gots to go in, we gotta storm Iraq.
Yo, Saddam, don't make me open a can of Texas Jihad
on your ass,
as I change your regime like a diaper.
You shoulda knowm better. You gots to pay the piper.
That's me, in case you forgot.
You made a wrong move when you messed with my pops.
Still the people wanna know why the bombs had to rain.
'cause "I'm Hussein in the membrane, Hussein in the
brain."

And all you other punk rappers always bragging about
the chicks that you bone,
but while you're tapping asses, I'll be tapping your

phone, homes.
Yeah, you got a macked out ride, with rims and an uzi,
but I got helicopters flying out my Watusi.
Yeah, you got urban soldiers on the roam,
but I got military bases and client states in every
time zome.
I got satelites, underground bunkers, and special ops,
the army, navy, air force, and the cops.
So don't fozz with me, or I'll send you to Guantanamo,
start ramming broom handles up your ass and yelling
"Geronimo".
I'll chop off your fingers and stick'em in the
freezer.
Then microwave them the next day and serve'em like
chicken wings to my android Condeleeza.

And no, I'm not worried about Falluja, I'm not
throwing in the towel,
even though Bob Woodward shined a flashlight up my
hiney hole, said I had cancer in my Colon Powell.
See, when it comes to hording power, you could say
I got an itch,
and the prime minister of England is my 3 a.m.
bizitch.
Yeah, I fucked the environment, diseased polar bears
are my offspring,
and I laid a wreath on Martin Luther's grave and
whispered "yo, who's the king?"



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