

# Donald Trump

## Lil Nas X

[Intro]

Ricky!

It's in the trunk (Yeah, yeah)

Pop the trunk and let you meet lil' Donald Trump (Pop it)

[Verse]

I got thirteen hammers, need a reason why

I should clap a nigga, send 'em in the sky

All you rapper niggas finna run and hide

I got that yoppa, pussy niggas finna die

Got a choppa, call it Donald Trump

'Cause it's loud as fuck and it hate niggas

Got some llamas, leave 'em in the trunk

Call 'em fishin' rods and you the bait, nigga

Yeah, my name is Lil Nas

Bitch, never call me Lil Naz

Cause if you do, I promise you, I'm coming through and I'm bustin' ass

Got a lot of cash in the stash

If you touch that then you getting splashed

Got a bad bitch with a thick ass

She a stripper ho, yeah, she get cash

My flow incredible, Swae Lee, unforgettable

Pussy niggas keep talkin' shit

I'ma having singing to the medicals

I don't fuck with no federals

Fuck 12, them niggas terrible

They set you up, yeah, I know what's up

So I keep it tucked and accessible

Yes, I'm in college, I'm smart as fuck, here come my degree

Don't let that knowledge fool you, boy, yeah, I know the street

Could've been a alcoholic, poppin' mollies, all I smoke is weed

I'm so hyperbolic, it's hydraulics on my fuckin' Jeep

Wait, I mean my damn Lamborghini

I do it big, never did it teeny

Bad bitch, polka dot bikini

Shootin' niggas, like eeny, meeny

Miny, moe, catch a fuck boy by his toe

Take his ho, if he talk shit, let it blow

Leave that nigga six feet below (\*gunshot\*)

Shoot a pussy nigga like \*gunshot\*

Pull up on twelve like \*three gunshots\*  
Ain't no pretending, all my niggas winnin'  
We trending, we sendin' them \*three gunshots\*  
Pick up the Glock, nine on the dock  
Blow yo shit up, like we up in Iraq  
Sellin' them rocks, I Milly Rock  
You niggas can't rap  
Go get back to ya job

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>