

A poem by Lisa:

Blue seat now red, the senate goes

Voting, for Prelate with no woes

Campaigning like nobody knows

Think you're so conservative

Bruises, on both chambers of Congress for you

Don't say thank you or please

You do what the party wants when it wants you to

GOP's soul? So cynical

So you're a tough guy

Like the blacks in cuffs guy

Budget's overstuffed guy

Voted for Sen. Gunnz guy

I'm that mad type

Think Guilty's a chad type

GOP's a fad, right?

They make bad campaign ads, yikes

Prelate's bad, 'aight? Duh

Prelate's bad, 'aight?

I like it when you add people to the electoral roll

Even if you don't want it, oh

Own guns, on the NRA's bankroll

Deny girls birth control

My mommy likes to sing along with me

But she won't sing this song

If she reads all the lyrics

She'll pity the GOP I know

You're on the right, aye?

Treat the poor with spite guy

Neo-nazi lite guy

Set the jobs alight guy

That's my Dad's type

Outsourced to Riyadh type

'Cause you had no foresight

Voters all male and white

Prelate's bad, 'aight? Duh

Prelate's bad, 'aight? Duh

I'm only good at being a comrade

I like when you get mad

I guess I'm pretty glad you're overblown

You said Prelate's scared of me?

I mean, I don't see what he sees

But maybe it's 'cause you're a Donald Trump clone

Prelate's bad, 'aight?

Prelate's bad, 'aight?

Bad, 'aight?

Bad, 'aight?

Prelate's bad-