**Who’s the Boss?**

By Jay-P

I’ve got everything that there is to have

I got New York City politics in my hand

Nothing ever gets done without my say

I get everybody to vote my way

These poor people, they don’t have a clue

Especially the immigrants, they’re all brand new

They vote how I want and I buy them gifts

“Are ya hungry, need some money?” I don’t cause any rifts

I let them know that I’m their boy

This is how I get things done, this is my ploy

Who’s the boss?

It’s me, Boss Tweed’s my name

Controlling politics is my game

Who’s the boss?

It’s me, Boss Tweed’s my name

I make sure everything stays the same

This dude is stressing me, his name’s Thomas Nast

If he keeps drawing cartoons, I won’t last

He’s exposing everything that I’m doin’

If he don’t quit it now everything will be ruined

Oh man, here come the cops, I better go

I’ll hide out in Spain, I’ll just lay low

They found me there, too, now I’m going away

You know those poor people are gonna miss me every day

Who’s the boss?

It’s me, Boss Tweed’s my name

Controlling politics is my game

Who’s the boss?

It’s me, Boss Tweed’s my name

I make sure everything stays the same

That’s right, I’m the boss

Not the mayor, not the president

Me, Boss Tweed

And don’t you forget it