

*A JKP Two Hundo Production in Association with Draper*

Popovich!

(Chorus)

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
No LD, no Voigt, no ELC  
Kicking back letting my bankroll stack at G.O.P.

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
No Town n' Gown, no Lida, no CRC  
Tuesday catching action at your local G.O.P.

(Verse 1)

He's in the MBA club, thinking 'bout dollars,  
He got a thing for that bling-bling, that white collars,  
That input - output process'll make his girl holler,  
Due diligence with a 2<sup>nd</sup> year at the Ramada,  
Getting hectic measuring metrics, but he such a baller,  
Get bent where moneys spent on green lint just 'cause he wanna,  
Action hotter than a sauna, one winner, lotta "oughtas,"  
But no law and order to who gets cards and who's just smarter.

He like the rules, he got the tools, he thinks tonight's his night,  
All day in class dreaming 'bout playing his card just right,  
He buys-in, embraces sin and calls for Camille,  
First deal, what a steal. Boom! Re-invents the wheel.  
He ain't that player tryin' to holla 'cause he wants some hands  
He's just that playa trying holla cause his damn sweat glands  
Said the market for their product was in high demand  
So they called Bassok direct from the Holy Land  
Who said "at maximum capacity you'll have no chance  
to bluff her out of her Trojan Barbie underpants.  
Look baby this is simple, you can't see  
It's the O-C-T  
A-G-O-N  
Par to the T

(Chorus)

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
No 8 a.m., no VPN, no C4C  
They swerve whips, cut chips at G.O.P.

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.

No textbooks, no traffic, no SUV? (What?)  
Getting dealt on green felt at G.O.P.

(Verse II)

I'm at the final table see, ya'll can holla at me  
No sucker dead money, ya'll can call me DC  
Not what you seen on TV, no celebrity  
Axe swinging Golden Bear call me Vik Dalvi  
Come get money with me, if you're curious to see,  
I always had it in me, ya'll can call me CP  
Roll in the Benz with me, you can watch the TV  
Paging Doctor Alan Young, yeah, that's what they call me.

You can pop some champagne. You can have it all.  
Or you can throw us all a G.O.P. luncheon at the Law  
Steven- Holzer –Jason - Gorman in for what they're worth  
Like Luke and Princess Leia, separated at birth.  
Rookie Dave Jun and Steve Jang think it's likely  
Hated or traded they'll be paid like Rony Seikaly  
You make the final eight, your past ain't shit.  
You got no friends, no colleagues. No confidants.  
Popovich!

(Chorus)

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
No student bans, no lines at JKP  
Kicking back letting my bankroll stack at G.O.P.

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
No Core Rep, no stank breff and no sleep  
Tuesday catching action at your local G.O.P.

(Verse III)

Tuesday morning early, Holzer's wakey wakey,  
Yawns, rocking long johns, hands off snakey snakey  
Popovich Café, croissants flaky flaky  
Hits his class, no questions asked, today he's shaky shaky.  
Celly starts to bubble, screen reads "mom," that's trouble  
Paris Hilton voice mail, see ya like the Hubbell  
At the game takes his seat to defeat elite brothers  
Taking bids on hungry kids just like Sally Struthers  
Nocturnal, wipes his ass with the Wall Street Journal  
Loves his maternal, but she's tough to chew like popcorn kernels.  
He's convinced,

Future poker players  
 Are sending robots back in time,  
 To kill his mom before he's born  
 So be warned,  
 Around the horn, alliances get torn,  
 Who's the first gentleman to get shorn?  
 Dave Jun, first-timer, congrats on being born  
 You made the final table now no need to be forlorn.  
 Next to face the fire, an Octagon frequent flyer  
 We didn't know if CP had the minerals, but we knew he had desire  
 O - N - C      E - A - G      A - I - N      O - U - T      T - H - E  
 Money      R - I - P      DC  
 Steve Jang went out when Holzer fished the river.  
 Ace of hearts for the flush, Steve's Kings could not deliver.  
 Gorman at the Regal Beagle with Larry, Jack and Mr. Furley,  
 But three's company so he's out like Bobby Hurley.  
 Short stacked Alan had no choice but go all in,  
 But Holzer gets the flop, pair of 7's, pair of Kings.  
 He's internationally known and locally respected,  
 Vik Dalvi was the nemesis that Holzer now expected.  
 The final two go heads up, gladiators on the felt,  
 A muck here, a bluff there battling for the belt.  
 The crowd avowed to be loud,  
 Cheering with each table turning,  
 Proud and well endowed,  
 The winner would have to report his earnings.  
 A queen of hearts on the river,  
 The dream of all young boys.  
 Holzer wins the belt and then the party made some noise.  
 It just goes to show what the Dude knew was true,  
 Sometimes you eat the bar, sometimes the bar eats you.

(Chorus)

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
 But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
 No paycheck, no bottleneck, no Mach-3  
 O - C - T  
 A - G - O - N  
 Par to the T

I don't know what you heard 'bout O.P.  
 But they come to get the dollar out O.P.  
 Proud of you guys, props to those who make it be (Like me)  
 O - C - T  
 A - G - O - N  
 Par to the T