

Dead Presidents II

Jay-Z

Presidents to represent me
I'm out for presidents to represent me
I'm out for dead fuckin' presidents to represent me While others spit that Wonderama shit, me and my
conglomerate
Shall remain anonymous, caught up in the finest shit
Live out my dreams until my heart give out
Involved with cream, you know exactly what this shit's about
Fuck y'all mean? Handling since a teen, I dish out
Like the point guard off your favorite team, without doubt
My life ain't rosy but I roll with it
My mind was fine 'til the dough hit it and told me that the Mo' did it
And now it's kosher, shit is so Hasidic
I blow a digit on a diamond in a minute but no bitches
Watch how I'm walking cause even the thoroughest niggas be narkin'
Tryin' to strike a bargain hoping that they might get pardoned
Shit I'm involved with got me pins and needles
And my cerebral breeds the wickedest evil thoughts that this sport'll feed you
Peep facts, in the game so deep fiends could catch ya
Freeze off my knee cap, can y'all believe that?
Got the city drinking Cristals, re-up the fee
Rappers going broke, tryin' to keep up with me
My rise to riches surprised the bitches: think harder
You know this nigga, Jay-Z, Shawn Carter
G.S. the fuck up, dress the fuck up
Watch me shine like a Breitling, begets the fuck up
All rhymers forget it like Alzheimer's
Small timers, I said it, I'm addressing all dramas
Talk to me Presidents to represent me
I'm out for presidents to represent me
I'm out for dead fuckin' presidents to represent me So sick of niggas, "I want money like Cosby" (who
wouldn't?)
This the kinda talk that make me think you probably ain't got no pudding
Niggas got them kinda dreams from Jay
You in the streets, nigga, make your moves, get your mill
Niggas'll coast in the SL but can't post bail
Niggas'll roast a L but scared to throw your toast, well
I'm here to tell niggas it ain't all swell
There's heaven, then there's hell niggas
One day you're cruising in your 7, next day you're sweating, forgetting your lies

Alibis ain't matching up, bullshit catching up
Hit with the RICO, they repo your vehicle
Everything was all good just a week ago
'Bout to start bitching ain't you? Ready to start snitching ain't you?
I'll forgive your weak ass; hustling just ain't you
Aside from the fast cars, honeys that shake they ass at bars
You know you wouldn't be involved
With the underworld dealers, carriers of mac-millers
East Coast bodiers, West Coast cap-peelers
Little monkey niggas turn gorillas
Stopped at the station, filled up on octane
And now they not sane and not playing, that goes without saying
Slaying day in and day out with money playing, then they play you out
Trying to escape my own mind, lurking the enemy
Representing infinity with presidencies, you know? Dead fuckin' presidents to represent me
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Songwriters

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