

# Dead Presidents II

J. Cole

Yea Fayetteenam

Uh, these niggas is playing Russian roulette with a full clip, foolish  
My crew is foolless naw we don't dance all we do is stay two steps ahead  
Make the hoes get loose like a noose neck-Instead while these dudes beg for head

They got the game twisted, heavy traffic in this rap shit  
Look how my lane shifted, elevated my game, lifted my name  
Now these lame niggas could never get it  
Like that bad bitch you wanted but could never hit it  
Clever with it , my flow like a devil spit it and heaven sent it  
So high if I dropped I would fall for 11 minutes  
So yea, I operate on a higher plane, my thoughts take a higher train  
Its dope, then you should know the suppliers name

Its J. Cole, set of horns and a halo  
And all these Jose Canseco wanna text-us like Waco  
Its hard to remain faithful niggas be throwing hate  
Yo Im in a league of my own so what the fuck would I play for!?  
Some next niggas almost slide in but didn't fit in  
Naw I aint Maury Povich but who the fuck is you kid-in?  
These big weight niggas throwing their bid in

Try not to show stress  
I guess the flow is protested like a sit in  
I told my niggas we would get in  
But that aint even half the battle  
Stay behind like a shadow  
Or you catapult  
Not if I had a ladder or not even if I had a rope  
I'd climb that motherfucker to the top and never let it go!

Chorus

(Im out for presidents to represent me nigga!)  
I out or president to represent me, yea!  
Im out for dead fuckin presidents to represent me!-The warm up!  
Yea, the warm up!-yea the warm up  
(This is, the warm up!)

Verse Two

Ay, look heaven or hell, you choose  
Freedom or jail, you lose  
I cant stop em as hot as the devils shoes  
Overcame a low life status to blow like Gladys

Ahead of my time like I live my whole life backwards  
Im nothing like these hoe-like rappers  
My whole life practice to be the one  
Whats it like to be LeBron  
They calling you the saviour , so much pressure but you deal with it  
The weight of the world on your shoulders but you still lift it  
Ill with it for real, lil nigga from Ville that real niggas can feel  
Nobody taught us how to cook still niggas a grill  
No Foreman, try not to call them ladies B's but them hoes swarmin'  
Now honey, Ay is it destiny or is it money your feelin'  
Heard rumors of a deal and now you thinkin' a million  
Pardon my paranoid mind but I'm starin in the mirror livin in fear that things a never be the same  
No one left for me to blame but myself cuz I asked for this  
Headed for fame but in my brain, "hey can I last in this?"  
Ay five years I'll probably laugh at this  
Try not to let it wear me out like a bad bitch with fashion sense  
I keep it fresh while these whack niggas rehash and shit  
Jackin styles you know, ski mask and shit  
I pass these niggas, they tryna do it how these other niggas did it  
Im tryna live it how no other nigga ever lived it!  
Chorus  
Im out for dead fucking presidents to represent me!  
Im out for dead fucking presidents to represent me!  
Im out for dead fucking presidents to represent me!  
Dead fucking presidents to represent me!  
The warm up!  
Yea, yea yea yea yea yea! the warm up!-yea yea yea yea the warm up hey!  
Fayattenaam! nigga yea!, Carolina all day!  
yea!

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