Dead Presidents Ii

J. Cole

Yea Fayettenam
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 trynna do it how these other niggas did it
Im trynna 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!
Fayattenaaaam! nigga yea!, Carolina all day!
yea!

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