Dead Presidents

J. Cole

Let me try this,
Uh, Yeah
Money coming soon,
I'm out for Presidents to represent me,
What up nigga?
Yea niggaaaa, yea, uh,Gimmie my money, man, why else would a nigga be grinding? (right)
I'm for them diamonds, dog, how else could a nigga be shining?(true)
I'm glowing, knowing that the flow intact,
Get this record deal, I swear to God, my first 'mil I'm blowing that! (haha)
Now, like fuck it I know I'll grow it back, shit, it's nothing,
Funny how blacks spend their money on mad shit for stuntin,'(yea)
But shit, that's all we know man, thats how a niggas raised (true),
You learn bout two things: getting pussy, getting paid. (uh)
And you should be gettin' laid by the time you in ninth grade,
So niggas lying on they dick and hoes giving nice brain, yea.
In class dreamin' bout having these nice things, (uh)
And then you look around and wonder why you strugglin'
But them whites ain't. (hmmm)
I brush it off like, "fuck it, it's motivation,"(yea)
Some niggas gotta walk through life, some niggas roller skating, (uh)
Some niggas bypassing steps, some niggas chose to take 'em. (yea)
And for that fortune, man, some niggas sold their soul to Satan,
But fuck it man, I ain't hatin,' I gotta go for mines.
My little God-sister pregnant now, I put in overtime,
On my grind, yea, just like the nigga making Fortunes,
I'm focused, on my bite, like a cobra, I'm tryna get my Oprah on.
These hoes is crying cuz I won't pay 'em attention, (nah)
Time is money, bitch, and a nigga payin tuition, (ahaha)
Real niggas hustle by using their intuition, (yup)
While these fake niggas ain't into doing, they into wishin,'Yeah,
uh,
I'm out for Presidents to represent me,
I'm talking Benjamins, nigga,
Grants nigga,
From Washingtons, man,
Tired of those,
Yeah!'Til I'm rich, ain't no reason to settle nigga,
Its greed that make a nigga wink at the devil to get that cheese,
You niggas couldn't think at my level, even with trees,

You couldn't get this deep with a shovel, now nigga, please,
I'm chasing G's tryna throw some diamonds on them freeze,
Sick shit, sneeze on some thousand-dollar sleeves.
Ease to the top and I'm not finna leave 'til I'm hot,
But my watch gotta breeze, a south nigga,
Boy, I'm shining without the diamonds in my mouth,
Out grindin' while you reclining on your couch,
I'm climbing, you haters blinded by the doubt,
My niggas riding is devout, so talking violence out yo' mouth,
And you gonna find what I'm about, nigga!
Far from a slouch, nigga, I ain't gonna parl

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