

# Dead Presidents II

JAY-Z

I'm out for presidents to represent me  
I'm out for dead fuckin' presidents to represent me  
Who wanna bet us that we don't touch lettuce  
Stack cheddars forever  
Live treacherous, all the et ceteras  
To the death of us: me and my confidants, we shine  
You feel the ambiance, y'all niggas just rhyme  
By the ounce, dough accumulates like snow  
We don't just shine, we illuminate the whole show, you feel me?  
Factions from the other side would love to kill me  
Spill 3 quarts of my blood into the street  
Let alone the heat  
Fuck em, they hate a nigga loving this life  
In all possible ways, just know the Feds is buggin my life  
Hospital dazed, reflecting when my man laid up  
On the uptown high block he got his side sprayed up  
I saw his life slipping, this is a minor setback  
Yo, still in all we living, just dream about the get-back  
That made him smile, though his eyes said "pray for me"  
I'll do you one better and slay these niggas faithfully  
Murder is a tough thing to digest, it's a slow process  
And I ain't got nothing but time  
I had near brushes, not to mention  
Three shots close range, never touched me: divine intervention  
Can't stop I, from drinking Mai-Tai's, with Ty-Ty  
Down in Nevada, ha ha, Poppa, word life  
I dabbled in crazy weight  
Without rap, I was crazy straight  
Partna, I'm still spending money from '88  
I'll make you and your whack mans  
Fold like bad hands  
Roll like Monopoly: advance  
You're copping me like white crystal  
I gross the most at the end of the fiscal year than these niggas can wish to  
The dead presidential candidate  
With the sprinkles and the Presidential, ice that'll offend you  
In due time when crime flees my mind  
All sneak thieves and player haters can shine  
But until then I keep the trilliant cut diamonds shining brilliant  
I'll tell you half the story, the rest you fill it in

Long as the villain win  
I spend Japan yen, attend major events  
Catch me in the joints, convinced my iguanas is biting  
J-A-Y hyphen, controlling, manipulating  
I got a good life man, pounds and pence  
Nuff dollars make sense, while you ride the bench  
Catch me swinging for the fence  
Dead Presidents, ya know?  
So be it, the Soviet, the Unified steady flow  
You already know: you light, I'm heavy, roll heavy dough  
Mic-macheted your flow  
Your paper falls slow like confetti  
Mines a steady grow, perico  
Pay 580 for blow, better believe  
I have 1160 to show, my dough flip like Tae-Kwon  
Jay-Z The Icon, baby, you like Dom, maybe this Cristals'll  
Change your life, huh? Roll with the winners  
Heavy spinners like hit records: Roc-A-Fella  
Don't get it corrected, this shit is perfected  
From chips to chicks to strippin' a Lexus  
Naked without your gun, we taking everything you brung  
We cakin', you niggas is fakin', we getting it done  
Crime Family, well-connected Jay-Z  
And you fake thugs is unplugged like MTV  
I empty three, take your treasure, my pleasure  
Dead presidentials, politics as usual  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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