

Dead Presidents (feat. Future, Jeezy & Yo Gotti)

Rick Ross

Rather you than me
If you've been fucking with me from Port of Miami
It's been hell of a fucking journey
Ain't nun' changed nigga
Lil' stronger, lil' wiser, maybe a lil' more violent
Blame it on America
Fuck it I'm pulling off the lot, I bought it cash
Her future bright, don't give a fuck about her past
Her ass be looking good inside the leggings
But I notice that she's missing all the edges
I run the game just by running with the felons
Poetic Judy, got rich nigga calisthenics
Walking in the court room, sipping on a beverage
I know the judge so I got a lot of leverage
Pissing on these bitches is a fetish (R. Kelly)
Fully loaded .60s smoking on a seven (all ready)
Your dawg get a dime, you never wrote a letter
Still in a box, got him rapping acapella
Can't trust no people fucking with the presser
I got a chopper, boy don't make me be the devil
He knocking on the door and know the password
Gave me addresses where I'm hiding in the last verse
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
They go to war, yeah, all my lil' niggas militant
Let's go to trial, we guilty 'til proven innocent
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Fair sentences, fair, fair sentences
Let's go to trial, we guilty 'til proven innocent
I got thirty white bitches like Tommy Lee
I make drug money, nigga, I make blood money
On my third passport, and I'm geechie as fuck
I got wet stripper pussy at the airport
I got Bowling Green dollars I'm a trapper
Bussing down a hundred bales in the bath tub
Fuck this Philippine pussy in some house shoes
I got dope money, nigga, I got war wounds
Keep the clutchin' on the hammer, ain't no dance moves
I was posted on the stoop, hanging with my Haitians
Murder's on the news, all front pages

Young niggas catching bodies, ain't no relations
 I was stacking Ben Franklins posted in Fiji
 They rob you two times in a row, that's a repeat
 You end up fuckin' nigga's hoes 'cause they easy
 I'm in here fucking niggas wives, balls breezy
 She gotta fuck like she love like she need me
 I got my Maybach flooded all with extra TVs
 I make a movie every single fucking day
 I John Travolta when I flood that Patek face
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 Let's go to trial, we guilty 'til proven innocent
 Hands on these niggas, got the yellow bracelet
 Check off in my pocket like the Yellow Pages
 Fuck you niggas was when I was ashing nigga?
 Loafers in the chop, I keep it classy nigga
 Build a empire, yeah that's what's my state of mind
 Motherfuck 'em all, yeah that's what's my state of mind
 Keep the block sober there, we call it Lego land
 Meanwhile the kids smoking like it's Amsterdam
 Dope boy prez, you know who got the truths
 Sixteen when I bought my first Rollie
 Legend in my hood just like I'm Escobar
 Never riding dirty in the extra car
 Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
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Songwriters

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