

Jay-Z, Dead Presidents, Part 1

[Intro - Nas sample]

Presidents to represent me (Get money!)

I'm out for presidents to represent me (Get money!)

I'm out for presidents to represent me (Get money!)

I'm out for dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

[Jay-Z]

Well I always spit that, wonderama shit, me and my conglomerate
shall remain anonymous, caught up in the finest shit

Live out my dreams, until my heart give out

Involved with cream, you know exactly what this shit's about

Fuck y'all mean? Handlin' since a teen I dish out

like the point guard off your favorite team without doubt

My life ain't rosy but I roll with it

My mind was fine until the dough hit it and told me that the mo' did it

And now it's kosher shit is so Hasidic

I blow a digit on a diamond in a minute but, no bitches

Watch how I'm walkin cause even the thoroughest niggas be knockin

tryin to strike a bargain hoping that they might get pardoned

Shit I'm involved with got me pins and needles

And my cerebral be's the wickedess evil thoughts that this martyr feed you

Feedback, in the game so deep fiends could catch ya

Freeze off my knee cap, can y'all believe that?

Got the city drinkin' Cristals, re-up the fee

Rappers goin' broke, tryin to keep up with me

My rise to riches surprised the bitches - think harder

You know this nigga, Jay-Z; Shawn Carter

G.S. the fuck up, dree-ess the fuck up

Watch me shine like a Breitling, begets the fuck up

All rhymers forget it like Alzhiemers

Small timers, I said it, I'm addressin all dramas

Talk to me

[Chorus - Nas sample - 2X]

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[Jay-Z]

So sick of niggas, I want money like Cosby who wouldn't?

This' the kinda talk that make me think you probably ain't got no puddin'

Niggas got them kinda dreams from jail

You in the streets nigga make your moves, get your mill'

Niggas'll coast in the SL but can't post bail

Niggas'll, roast a L but, scared to throw your toast, well

I'm here to tell niggas it ain't all swell

there's heaven, then there's hell niggas

One day your cruisin in your 7 next day your sweatin forgettin your lies

Alibis ain't matchin up, bullshit catchin up

Hit with the rico, they repo your vehico'

Everything was all good just a week ago

'Bout to start bitchin' ain't you? Ready to start snitchin' ain't you?

I'll forgive your weak ass, hustlin' just ain't you

Aside from the fast cars; honey's that shake they

ass at bars you know you wouldn't be involved

with the underworld dealers, carriers of mac-millers

East coast bodiers, west coast cap peelers

Little monkey niggas turn gorillas

Stopped in the station; filled up on octane

and now they not sane and not playin' that goes without sayin'

Slayin' day in and day out with money playin' and then they play you out

Tryin' to escape my own mind, lurkin' the enemy

Representin' infinite with presidencies, you know?

[Bridge - Nas - sample]

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

[Chorus 2X]