

# Dead Presidents II

Jay-Z

[Chorus:]

"Presidents to represent me" - [Nas]

"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...)"

Rock... on, Roc-A-Fella y'all

The saga continues

Ahh, who wanna bet us that we don't touch leathers  
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 niggaz 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 three quarts of my blood into the street, let alone the heat  
Fuck em, we hate a nigga lovin this life  
In all possible ways, know the Feds is buggin my life  
Hospital days, reflectin when my man laid up  
On the Uptown high block he got his side sprayed up  
I saw his life slippin, this is a minor set back  
Yo, still in all we livin, 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 niggaz faithfully  
Murder is a tough thing to digest, it's a slow process  
and I ain't got nothin but time  
I had near brushes, not to mention three shots  
close range, never touched me, divine intervention  
Can't stop I, from drinkin Mai-Tai's, with Ta Ta  
Down in Nevada, ha ha, Poppa, word life  
I dabbled in crazy weight without rap, I was crazy straight  
Potnah, I'm still spendin money from eighty-eight... what?

[Chorus]

Geyeah, know what? I'll make..  
you and your wack mans fold like bad hands  
Roll like Monopoly, ad-vance you copy me  
like white crystals, I gross the most  
at the end of the fiscal year than these niggaz can wish to  
The dead presidential, candidate  
with the sprinkles and the presidential, ice that'll offend you  
In due time when crime fleas my mind  
All sneak thieves and playa haters can shine  
But until then I keep the trillion cut diamonds shinin brilliant  
I'll tell you half the story, the rest you fill it in  
Long as the villian win  
I spend Japan yen, attend major events  
Catch me in the joints, convinced my iguanas is bitin  
J-A-Y hyphen, controllin, manipulin  
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

[Chorus]

Uh-huh, yeah, uh-huh, 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, bet he glow  
Pay five dead it from blow, better believe I have  
eleven sixty to show, my doe flip like Tae-Kwon  
Jay-Z The Icon, baby, you like Dom, maybe this Cristal's  
to change your life huh, roll with the winners  
Heavy spenders like hit records: Roc-A-Fella  
Don't get it corrected this shit is perfected  
from chips to chicks just drivin a Lexus  
Make it without your gun, we takin everything you brung  
We cake and you niggaz is fake and we gettin 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  
Bla-ouw!

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

[Chorus 2X]