

Crazy C

"Dead presidents"

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Money's a self-inflicted man-made evil
intriguing how having loot can advance and deceive
you
without it, jealousy bleeds through
conceives you, now greed runs through your veins too
drugs turn a lame group into an insane crew
rearranging their brains dude
cocaine's the prime suspect, and is subject to my
respect
I've smoked the chronic
A year ago my man Joe got stuck in the snow
accelerated to fast and dug himself a hole
stole lil' Lukes deck, and found yourself in check
watching your life wreck, suddenly, it all connects
I got much love and respect bro
you got back on your ten toes
I'm glad your fu*@in' back Joe
attack all who oppose those enclosed in my stories
their my boys, and their too dangerous for your
laboratories
ignoring your ignorance, cuz for you its a sixth sense
so you pretend your on a hunt

you ask why we get liquored up and smoke blunts

I'm trying to survive these harsh winter months

pullin' stunts like were heaven sent

all reachin' for them dead presidents

DEAD PRESIDENTS

Please,

will somebody tame my brain and explain my confusion

I'm dillutioned from these illusions-

that my skin colors the solution to solving societies
pollution

to tell you the truth when I hear these statements

I feel I've had a date with Satan

and was created to deflate the nation

I claim no direct relation to the devil

I rebel the church cuz I stand on a different level

trivial tales will tell

if you decide to sell your soul you'll go straight to hell

but oh well

some souls dwell in a similar land touched by evil

sippin' from the dream well

they determined who was the supreme race

and thanks to my face, I was put in my place

not to mention the devilish ligament between my legs

thanks

now I'm the dreaded white male, pale sippin' some ale

condemned to fail with no blessin'

and just a quick lil' lesson, don't bring that stress in

cuz we'll fu*@ you with the wesson

WE DO IT FOR THEM DEAD PRESIDENTS

DEAD PRESIDENTS

In all of life's battles it seems I can't win for losin'

got my mind on cruise control, but my hearts steady
bruisin'

choosin' the proper path into the future

ain't exactly somethin' I want determined by a
computer

Domestic feuds hurt, multiple individuals

usually it's moral conflicts that get ridiculed

I'm trying to shield my pride, but why

I sacrificed a lot of shit cuz I wanted to get high

I try not to lie cuz you can't incarcerate the truth

today's youth are time bombs stripped of their fuse

put my head in a noose

and kick the stool from beneath my feet

children watch out, mother goose is packin' heat

at least she's sleepin' safe with her piece embraced

all I got to go to bed with is some crumbled weed on
my briefcase

I pace my tounge when spittin' my flows

cuz if I let that fu*@er go, it spins out of control

I DO IT FOR THEM DEAD PRESIDENTS

DEAD PRESIDENTS

