

Jay

"Dead Presidents II"

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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 villain win

I spend your pen yen to ten major events

Catch me in the joints, convinced my iguanas is bitin

J-A-Y hyphen, controllin, manipulatin

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...)"

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

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

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

Chorus 2X

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