

Master Ace

"Dead Presidents"

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Hahahahaha

That nigga Master P back in the house for the 9-5 shot

Well take a step into this madness that we call the dope game

Richmond, California where us youngstas slang that cocaine

And we be hoppin it up and choppin it up and rockin it up

To tens, twenties, fifties, and hundreds to make our profits bro

Roll through the town talking shit, get your wig split

Especially when fucking with another niggas divendends

I mean them George Washington, them Lincoln, Hamilton, Jefferson, Grant, Ben Franklins

Find your ass in the trunk with your motherfuck corpse stankin, haha

The ghetto's trying to kill me

And if you live to see 95 most of ya'll fools can feel me

Come take a ride in my 6-4

I'm not Dr. Dre but Richmond, California's death row

You got niggas packin heat

And fiends on every corner trying to make them ends meet

And the game get thicker

When you think it's all good

Down bows another nigga

To the grave 6 feet deep

I've never seen a man cry but I'm not Scarface G

But I've seen a lot of niggas die

Richmond, California the town of the homicide

Got me caught up in a shuffle

Sellin crack to my people, just an everyday hustle

I'm too deep to quit

Cause the game giva a young nigga like me profits

Dead presidents

Still trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents

Dead presidents

Still trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents

Blood shot red eyes off that dank gettin toasted
Khakis wear up creased motherfuckin shirt half way
open
And on my stomach spells T-R-U
That's my click motherfucker, in other words that's my
crew
That jumped out this game of crack
To get into this game of rap, to put us on the map
And we aint takin no shorts
Independent worldwide and us niggas hella roll
Gettin paid like the bank, cook it up like crank
Distribute it to the world like some motherfucking dank
But there's always some sucka ass busta playa hatin
Mother fucker runnin up talking bout you all that nigga
You can't rap nigga, insane fool on crack
I get more bitches than you, fools cock 22
I cock A-K's make niggas run for they duece
And them blue signs is thicker
Cause when you think it's all over, I be the bounty
picker
Wiping niggas up like soap, niggas can never go
When you fools was fadin, I was sendin niggas to
death row
Committin homicides and drive-bys
Livin with ??????
But still slanging that fuckin pie
And got more bitches than you
So what the fuck you runnin on my set
Talking that hoe shit fool
And No Limit only means the beginning
Cause when the other niggas is fading
We just beginning
Got more juice than ojay
Got more four than fourplay
Got more game than M.J.
And like Cube say today will be a good day
25 G's for a key
Hook it up and meet King George, 23rd street
Straight up A-1 sola, no yola, hella folda
Ain't no motherfuckin soda, cook it up like grenola
And we bout to chop the top off
This motherfuckin fire bird, ???????
Oh, and them hoes is the side show
And bustas gettin beat down
Niggas ain't from the town, hoes gettin clowned
And we sicker than sickery
Tricker than trickery
Catch you slippin bitch than you history
Cuase I got a bunch of niggas that shoot it up for with

me
I got a bunch of killas watchin out for P
And the game get deep
How can you stop when these niggas out to get your
green
You gotta watch your ass
And if you rollin on them thangs nigga, you better
watch real fast
And watch close to your enemy
Cause it might be the same nigga sittin right next to
you G
And the game gets sad
6 feet deep might be lying your dog ass
Trying to get that cash, trying to move fast
But don't tell a nigga where your stash

You know what I'm saying if ya'll in the game
To all my niggas out their in the game
Ya'll know how it go, watch your motherfucking ass
Stack more money than you can and get out quick, if
you can

(chorus plays as P talks)

Yea, I got to say what's up to all my niggas out their in
the Rich
Know what I'm sayin
All my niggas out there in Oakland, Frisco
And all them hustlas that's rollin with me
The TRU click, King George, C-Murder, Calli-G, Silkk,
Big Ed
And ya'll know the Ice Cream Man is outtie 5,000

Got to say what up to K-Lou for whippin this ol' dope ass
shit

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