

## Master P "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 its 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 alot 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 whats 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 thats 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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