

Durty Cass

"Dead Presidents"

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[VERSE 1]

Durty Cass,

Am out for dead presidents,

Yo,

Wether I make it or not, to heaven or where it's hot
I plan to live at the top, on top of figures like
White folks on top of niggas, lets show this business,
How to run the world in no time, cause there's no time,
I spit it sick but the flow is fine, rappers is show time
You've been trying to blow since o nine, you let go, I
hold mine
Inside my own mind, so I'm seeing past the design,
Grab that nine and run up in hell, make satan resign

I'm stepping on giants, my genes and DNA will crush up
up your science,
So tell me why these fuckers keep trying to jump when
am flying,
You actors are mimming am trapped in this timing,
stepping over mountains
While these other niggas are climbing, but still I keep it
real though,
They say that niggas is got an I'll flow, I stay strapped,

Ready to fuck this game like a dildo,
I'm ready to sacrifice like jesus while these niggas chill
low,
A real nigga, spittin it written my rhymes are forbidden
Took a bite of the apple now am seeing how am living,
Not believing what am thinking, just achieving what am
dreaming,
But these dreams don't have no meaning, cause my
bank account is fiending,

While am writing in this song, got the world on my back
And am still feeling strong, closer to my destination
But it's still felling long, and I know am right

So why is it still feeling wrong, what I plan to achieve,
You wil understand me when am gone.

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Still I rise, but they try, it's a suprise,
Am like jesus in disguise, I'm a blessing to your eyes,
Taking all this critise, but am willing to pay the price,
For a better life, we can make the trade go through or I
would rather die,
But that's a lie, I can see beyond got my fathers eye,
When I grab the mic,
Am the way the truth the light stepping you choose to
die, brutally,
If it wasn't for me, then who would have been?, who
would have seen?

The size of the dream, I'm working past a machine,
Got aims like targets and beams, I'm moving smart
with my team,
Rolling blunts and counting the cream, every nigga
Is out for a dream, chasing dead presidents so we
moving ghost,
Bait niggas end up toast by the land post, keep your
eyes open watch the man close,
It only takes a blink to watch them eyes close,
Some find God others go and meet the deamons an
eyes for eye to make it even,
Hustle in the morning get rich by the evening,

All for some fast cash niggas have a fast crash,
I can't wait till tomorrow I need fast cash
But all these steps got me thinking, I should take the
elevator,
Cause I average greater, check my profile it's far from
average data,
Type it in our navigator, am waking up these
hybernators,
So I can reach that higher status, where I'm getting
higher papers, hows that
Now you haters.

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