

## Shorty

### "Mr. President"

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[ Bushwick Bill ]

Yes

We're here to talk about those who  
Are considered to be an elected official  
Who said it was official that when they was elected  
That everything that they dealt with had me in mind  
As a human being, as a man  
But not as a slave or three fifths human  
I have the right to bear arms  
What makes you think I respect you?

[ VERSE 1: 3D ]

Hello Mr. President, residents of the White House,  
excuse me  
I'd like to know, have you ever enjoyed an old-time  
gangster movie?  
With the white man ringin shots on blocks  
With their clean shave and pin strip-suits  
Bootleggin-whiskey-rapin-black-women-and-havin-a-  
fat-stack-of-loot  
Undercover David Duke, isn't it true  
The gangster movement started long before my time  
Long before the hair rag, gangster sag  
Finger signs and love for nines?  
Damn, in your minds and in your hearts  
Is the hate really that deep, what's truly goin on?  
Knockin me for the words I write  
For writin movie scripts by whites like Mr. Al Capone

[ Bushwick Bill ]

Yeah

America

A land that made Christopher Columbus  
A historian for bringing madmen, white slaves, and  
rapists  
Kennedy, his dad was a bootlegger for Al Capone  
Became President  
Isn't it evident  
That those who sit in the residence  
Are not president?

[ VERSE 2: 3D ]

Now why you wanna try to knock me  
Cause I'm black, got a gat  
Twist my hat and all, listen to Mr. Scarface  
Think about the way the government wants to hold us  
back  
As a matter of fact  
I believe the whole system is a huge crime scene  
And everyday they're doin the dirty work  
And layin it on us niggas, if you know what I mean  
So don't corrupt your own minds foolin yourself  
Tryin to lay it on the black man  
I'm a young gee tryin to leave poverty  
With a gat in my black hand  
So white heathen, taken straight out of  
The crate of a mouth of a babe  
Yeah, a honkey can't stop what a honkey started  
And the ghetto's what you honkeys made

[ Bushwick Bill ]

That's right, sittin up there in the White House  
With your homosexual mentalities and female  
persuasions  
Yeah, I'm talkin to all the J. Edgar Hoovers  
That are still left in there  
All the big brothers that are watching  
I hope you're listenin  
Cause the bad shit you put on criminals has made the  
citizens take control

[ VERSE 3: 3D ]

Now Sergeant hit ya, get with ya  
Let's get back to the issue, continue dissin  
My way of livin, so a little nigga like me  
Gots to go and dish ya this mission  
Hopin that the message that I'm sendin  
Gets through to you and your people  
Devil, look at your own dirty past  
Before you come to me with your blue-eyed evil  
If I kill 30 innocent, would you write  
A movie about me and spare  
My life, or would you lock me up with triple life  
And strap me down in the electric chair?  
See, it's not about the sign I throw up  
Or where I roam, or what a nigga wear  
See cracker, it's all about respect for your hood  
Your clique, and all of those whose pain with you share

[ Bushwick Bill ]

That's right, pain  
The pain that I feel

Is the pain from shame  
The shame that you've caused me  
For over 400 years of protection  
The pain that I have within me  
The rage that is flaming  
Makes me wanna say the things that I say  
Do the things that I do  
And let you know  
That when you look at me  
Or look down at me  
Or look across from your side of the world to my side  
That what you have failed to realize  
Is that you've put me in projects  
I realize it was an experiment  
So when you put me in jail  
I realize I just made it through the millions  
I'm just another rat that made my cheese  
And you couldn't stand it  
But what can all the big cats do  
When all the rats wanna get fat  
But try to cut down on the cheese  
What you don't realize is that you're jerkin yourself  
Killin your own existence  
You're all walking dead men, and don't know it  
With book sense and street sense  
If you had street intelligence  
You would really know  
That you're one footstep between life and death  
That the mouth is a open grave  
And you've offered me the right to elect you to a bullet  
Which is a straight shot to the top, right?  
And what goes up must come down  
That's why it's goin down right now  
You can smell the smoke  
See the flames  
And see the bodies that are left on the ground  
Because the flag  
Red, white and blue  
And the stars from all the years you've whapped me  
and mines  
I still see

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