

DJ Clue F/ Fabolous Sport

"Letter to the President"

Visit "[Letter to the President](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uhh.. dear Mr. President
Whas happenin?
I'm writin you because, shit is still real fucked up in my
neighborhood
Pretty much the same way, right around the time when
you got elected
Ain't nothin changed
All the promises you made, before you got elected..
.. they ain't came true

[2Pac]
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood
Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President
(Me and my homies is wonderin what's goin on.. holla!)
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood
Send mo' troops..

Why should I lie, when I can dramatize?
Niggaz fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized
Simply by spittin I've been blessed given riches,
enemies suspicious
cause I'm seldom in the company of bitches
Plus the concepts I depict, so visual, that you can kiss
each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin
Fuck the friendships, I ride alone
Destination Death Row, finally found a home
Plus all my homies wanna die, call it euthanasia
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us, sincerely
yours I'm a thug, the product of a broken home
Everybody's doped up, nigga what you smokin on?
Figure if we high they can train us
but then America fucked up and blamed up
I guess it's cause we black that we targets
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit
In case you don't know, I let my pump go
Get ?ride for? Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo
Down to die, for everything I represent
Meant every word, in my letter to the President

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
(What should I do?)
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin]

Oh youse a ball in the White House, I hope you
comfortable
cause yo I spend my nights out, with the lights out
under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and
the heartless
and young soul bros, ready to rode a starship
Launch it, leave a nigga flat for scratch, the Godless
I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing makin pay besides smoke and work
On a mission listen more chips my goal and position
First on my decision I realized the same nigga
Trippin to drastic measures tryin to get stacks of
cheddar
Muh'fuckers hate cops, wait it ain't gettin better
But you keep, tellin us, that it is
while your motherfuckin troops keep killin our kids, dig
Don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin with nuttin but artillery to free us, motherfucker

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro]

Strapped and angry, with no hope and heartbroke
Fightin first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggaz lick shots to watch the glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
to people beefin and things, squeakin on they beefs for
weeks
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
for a struggle out the gutter, twenty-two with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's'll freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
and I've been born to represent, for that I've been
heaven sent
And I meant, every word, in my letter, to the President

Shit is still fucked up y'all
And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better
and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up..

Heavenly Father may I holla at you briefly
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
He's scared to look inside the eyes of a Thug Nigga
We tired of bein scapegoats for this capitalistic drug
dealin
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history, full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, thirteen lookin hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?
Somewhere in the middle of my mind
is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin let him die
Can't lie I'm a thug, drownin in my own blood
Lookin for the reason that my momma's strung out on
drugs
Down to die, for everything I represent
Meant every word, in my letter to the President

[Big Syke]

Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin low?
Y'all sniffin blow and postin what they hittin fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin
Til then we gonna keep it comin, Mr. President
Hehe
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac]

Word motherfuckin life
Fuck this nigga think?
Cuttin taxes, takin off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin?
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin ??
Nigga this Thug Life, Westside Outlaw Immortalz nigga
We fin' to hustle til we come up

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. Clinton, shit
It's gettin harder and harder for a motherfucker
to make a dollar in these here streets
I mean shit, I hear you screamin peace
But we can't find peace
til my little niggaz on these streets get a piece
I know you feel me cause you too near me not to hear
me
So why don't you help a nigga out?
Sayin you cuttin welfare
That got us niggaz on the street, thinkin who in the hell
care?
Shit, y'all want us to put down our glocks and our rocks
but y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin dollars
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool?
We ain't stupid
Think you got us lookin to lose
Tryin to turn all us young niggaz into troops
You want us to fight your war
What the fuck I'm fightin for?
Shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year
Taxin, all the blacks and
police beatin me in the streets
Fuck peace

These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Visit [DJ Clue F/ Fabolous Sport](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.