

## **Game, The "El Presidente"**

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[13 second street fight instrumental to open]

[The Game]

Death before dishonor

Ride with weap' up, cause niggaz tryin to dent my armor

Cold streets, Telly Mac keep the guns on 'em

They wanna know how that nigga from California could run up on ya on any corner

Put somethin on ya

How I stuff bricks in the 6, with no crack aroma

Dawg, I'm just livin for the moment

I'm from Compton homey, but I'm like a center for Milwaukee

Cause I play for the Bucks, and I keep the 40 on me  
Gotta keep the chrome-y, gotta keep my back to the wall

Wait for Q to rock me up, like cavi dawg

Speakin of Ile', I put 8 in, 10 jump back hard

And watch my money come back, like Jordan in charge

I'm like the black Yankees, they don't want me around no more

Cause I hold the record for the most fiends roamin the boulevard

And when I'm on the boulevard, catch me behind the wheel

of that new Escalade with the Foreman grill

[Chorus x2]

Steppin out of Chevies with heat that's heavy - that's president

Bullets flyin for them dead guys - that's president

Led meltin inside your wig - that's president

20's 50's and 100's burnin - it's all president

[Telly Mac]

Aiyyo I do this shit from Compton to the Mac block

High-tech collaborations with the Gamblaz and

Blacksox

Drillin 'em killin 'em if we ain't feelin 'em nigga

If Sticky Fingaz need some music straight stealin it

nigga  
Shinin, in big trucks, big will in it nigga we climbin  
To the top and we sealin it nigga  
So back the fuck up, my niggaz act the fuck up  
So keep yourself in line or you could get smacked the  
fuck up  
Jacked the fuck up, beat up bad and clapped the fuck  
up  
Wrapped up in white sheets and threw in a white truck  
Over presidents, now you willin to give your life up?  
Put your kids on the line, and give your wife up?  
Over presidents, they got you soulless  
So take this bomb and hold this, while we control this  
For the streets, we comin with heat that's stolen  
And we hustle universal, for that paper that we foldin  
Roll in 600's, Beemers and 'llacs  
We a team of cats, with the pens and gats  
That fiend for jacks, but only when the green's  
attached  
We fiend for jacks, but only when the green's attached

[Chorus]

[The Game]

It's Telly and young Game the hustler, ho juggler, coke  
smuggler  
No matter what the hustle, dough doublin  
Lle or the rock, give me a day and a spot  
And I bet I'll come back with 10K in the drop

[Telly Mac]

I'll stay in the spot, wearin a crop and coppin ounces  
Telly Mac and Game the hustler, we rock the house  
And plus we the reason that the blocks is out  
So my words to the wise is just watch your mouth

[The Game]

And you don't want it when the stainless out, what the  
game about  
The bullets is in, your brains is out  
All over Frisco and Compton dawg, we ruthless  
And the truth is y'all niggaz can't stop us dawg

[Telly Mac]

So why the fuck you wanna knock us off  
Like we some high-powered cowards and y'all really  
the niggaz that's soft  
Still across the train tracks, we turn 'caine crack  
It's Telly Mac and Game the hustler, you can't change  
that

[Chorus: to fade w/ Digital Underground ad libs]

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