

Jay-Z, Dead Presidents, Part 1

[Intro - Nas sample]

Presidents to represent me (Get money!)
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Get money!)
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Get money!)
I'm out for dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

[Jay-Z]

Well I always spit that, wonderama shit, me and my conglomerate
shall remain anonymous, caught up in the finest shit
Live out my dreams, until my heart give out
Involved with cream, you know exactly what this shit's about
Fuck y'all mean? Handlin' since a teen I dish out
like the point guard off your favorite team without doubt
My life ain't rosy but I roll with it
My mind was fine until the dough hit it and told me that the mo' did it
And now it's kosher shit is so Hasidic
I blow a digit on a diamond in a minute but, no bitches
Watch how I'm walkin cause even the thoroughest niggas be knockin
tryin to strike a bargain hoping that they might get pardoned
Shit I'm involved with got me pins and needles
And my cerebral be's the wickedess evil thoughts that this martyr feed you
Feedback, in the game so deep fiends could catch ya
Freeze off my knee cap, can y'all believe that?
Got the city drinkin' Cristals, re-up the fee
Rappers goin' broke, tryin to keep up with me
My rise to riches surprised the bitches - think harder
You know this nigga, Jay-Z; Shawn Carter
G.S. the fuck up, dree-ess the fuck up
Watch me shine like a Breitling, begets the fuck up
All rhymers forget it like Alzhiemers
Small timers, I said it, I'm addressin all dramas
Talk to me

[Chorus - Nas sample - 2X]

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[Jay-Z]

So sick of niggas, I want money like Cosby who wouldn't?
This' the kinda talk that make me think you probably ain't got no puddin'
Niggas got them kinda dreams from jail
You in the streets nigga make your moves, get your mill'
Niggas'll coast in the SL but can't post bail
Niggas'll, roast a L but, scared to throw your toast, well
I'm here to tell niggas it ain't all swell
there's heaven, then there's hell niggas
One day your cruisin in your 7 next day your sweatin forgettin your lies
Alibis ain't matchin up, bullshit catchin up
Hit with the rico, they repo your vehico'
Everything was all good just a week ago
'Bout to start bitchin' ain't you? Ready to start snitchin' ain't you?
I'll forgive your weak ass, hustlin' just ain't you
Aside from the fast cars; honey's that shake they
ass at bars you know you wouldn't be involved
with the underworld dealers, carriers of mac-millers
East coast bodiers, west coast cap peelers
Little monkey niggas turn gorillas
Stopped in the station; filled up on octane
and now they not sane and not playin' that goes without sayin'
Slayin' day in and day out with money playin' and then they play you out
Tryin' to escape my own mind, lurkin' the enemy
Representin' infinite with presidencies, you know?

[Bridge - Nas - sample]

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

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Dead fuckin presidents to represent me (Whose...)

[Chorus 2X]