Jay-Z, Dead Presidents (Part 1)

[Ja -Z]
Rock on
Roc-A-Fella y'all

[Nas]
Presidents to represent me
I'm out for Presidents to represent me [x2]
I'm out for Dead Presidents to represent me

[Jay-Z]
Well I was fit that wonderama shit
Me and my conglomerate
Share remain anonymous
Caught up in the finest shit
Live out by dreams until my heart get vowed
And while we crave you know exactly what the 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 'till the dough hit it
And told me that the mo' did it
And now it's closer shit and so I said it
I blow a digit on a dimin' in a minute but no bitchin'
Watch how I'm walkin' cause even the thoroughest niggaz be knockin',
Tryin' to strike a bargain,
Hopin' that they might get part in
Shit on me boy we got me pins and needles
And my cerebral be's the wickedess evil
Thoughts that this boughter feed you
Feed back in a game so deep fien's can catch ya
Freeze off my knee cap can y'all believe that
Got the city drinkin' Crystal raise up the fee
Rappers going broke tryin' to keep up wit me
My rise the riches surprise the bitches
Think harder you know this nigga Jay-Z Shawn Carter
G.S. to fuck up, three years to fuck up
Watch me shine like a brightly be gets to fuck up
All rhymers forget like Alzheimer's
Small timers I said it
I'm adressin' all drama torture

[Nas]
I'm out for Presidents to represent me [x3]
I'm out for Dead Presidents to represent me

[Ja -Z]
So sick of niggaz
I want money like Cosby who wouldn't
It's this kind of talk that make me think
You probably ain't got no pudding
Niggaz got them kinda dreams from jet
You in the streets nigga
Make your move get your get your mail
Niggaz are coastin' the S.L. but can't post bail
Niggaz are roast the L.
But scared to throw your toast well
I'am here to tell niggaz it ain't all swell
It's heaven been in tell niggaz
One day your cruisin' in ya seven
Next day your sweatin' forgetin' your lies
Alibis ain't matchin' up, bullshit catchin' up
Hit with the rico, they repo your vehicle
Everything was all good just a week ago
Bout to start bitchin' ain't you

Ready to start snitchin' ain't you
I forgive your weak ass hustlin' just ain't you
Aside from the fast cars
Hunnies that shake they ass at bars
You know you wouldn't be involved
With the underworld dealers, carriers and mac-miller's
East-coast parties, west-coast cap peelers
Little monkey niggaz turn gorilla's
Stoped in the station filled up on noctane
And now they not sane, and not playin'
That goes without sayin'
Slangin' day in and day out
With money playin' then they play you out
Tryin' to escape my own mind
Lurkin' the enemy representin' infinite
With presidencies you know

[Nas]
Dead Presidents to represent me [x4]
I'm our for presidents to represent me [x7]
I'm our for Dead Presidents to represent me