

The Game, El Presidente

(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 lle', 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 - repeat 2X)

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 f**k up, my niggaz act the f**k up

So keep yourself in line or you could get smacked the f**k up

Jacked the f**k up, beat up bad and clapped the f**k 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 f**k 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