

Dead Presidents (feat. Future, Jeezy & Yo Gotti)

[Rick Ross](#)

Rather you than me
If you've been fucking with me since Port of Miami
It's been hell of a fucking journey
M-m-maybach Music
Ain't nun' changed nigga
Lil' stronger, lil' wiser, maybe a lil' more violent
Blame it on America
Fuck it
Beat Billionaire
I'm pulling off the lot, I bought the cash
Her future bright, don't give a fuck about her past
Her ass be looking good inside the leggings
But I know that she's missing all the edges
I run the game just by running with the felons
Pour out the Judy, got rich nigga calisthenics
Walking in the court room, sipping on the beverage
I know the judge so I got a lot of leverage
Pissing on these bitches is a fetish (R. Kelly)
Fully loaded .60s smoking on a seven (all ready)
Your dawg get a dime, you never wrote a letter
Still in a box, got her rapping acapella
Can't trust no people fucking with the presser
I got a chopper, but don't make me be the devil
He knocking on the door and all the Baswares
Gave me addresses where I'm hiding in the last verse
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
They go to war, yeah, all my lil' niggas militant
Let's go to trial, we guilty till proven innocent
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Fair sentences, fair, fair sentences
Let's go to trial, we guilty till proven innocent I got thirty white bitches like Tommy Lee
I make drug money, nigga, I make blood money
On my third passport, and I'm geechie as fuck
I got wet stripper pussy at the airport
I got molly green dollars on my transport
Bussing down a hundred bales in the bath tub
Fuck this Philippine pussy in some house shoes
I got dope money, nigga, I got war wounds

This the culture on the hammer, ain't no dance moves
I was posted on the [??] stupid, hanging with my Haitians
Murder's on the news, all front pages
Gunning and catching bodies, ain't no relations
I was stacking Ben Franklins posted in Fiji
They rocking two times in a row, that's a repeat
And I'm fucking niggas hoes cus they easy
I'm in here fucking niggas wives, balls breezy
She gotta fuck like she love like she need me
I got my Maybach flooded all with extra TVs
I make a movie every single fucking day
I John Travolta when I flood that Patek face
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Dead presidents, dead them dead presidents
Fair sentences, fair, fair sentences
Let's go to trial, we guilty till proven innocent
Let's go!
Hands on these niggas, got the yellow bracelet
Check off in my pocket like the yellow pages
Fuck you niggas woes, when I was ashing nigga
Loafers in the chop, I keep it classy nigga
Build a empire, yeah that's what's my state of mind
Motherfuck 'em all, yeah that's what's my state of mind
Keep the block sober there, we call it Lego land
Meanwhile the kids smoking like it's Amsterdam
Dope boy prez, you know who got the truths
Sixteen when I bought my first rollie
Legend in my hood just like I'm Escobar
Never riding dirty in the extra car
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