

Dead Presidents

03 Greedo

Ran out with the facepaint, what, what, what?
What?
(Woah, Kenny)

Dead presidents, hop out with the facepaint
We was chasin' cake, we was tryna rob a bank
Dead presidents, hop out with the facepaint
We was chasin' cake, we was tryna rob a bank
You was soldiered down 'fore you did all of them drugs (Now you strung out)
Remember you was soldiered down 'fore you did all of them drugs (Now you strung out)
Dead presidents, hop out with the facepaint

You keep David, you Chris Tucker, I'm Larenz Tate
Dead presidents, your friend's face
All my friends are dead, yeah
Or they in the feds, yeah
All my niggas upstate, niggas steady livin' through a pen, yeah
Feelin' like we shoulda went to Penn State
I be in the trap, fuck me damn straight
Yeah, got some guns in the trash can
Yeah, run it up, I need a damn bag

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Now you strung out, you can't even pull your gun out
You the reason he got gunned down, and that's why you don't come 'round
You like you ain't from 'round
Fuck around get gunned down, hoe you who we can't trust now
Ohh, this is not what you're 'bout
We the type to jump out
We ain't chasin' no clout
We want all the money, dead presidents
We want all the money, no evidence
Murder these niggas for money
I just want money
Ain't got a lot, she fell in love with all my lyrics 'cause they ain't no lie

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Dead, dead, dead pres'
Money on your head, dead presidents

Greedy 'cause I'm dead
Got some guns in the trash can, yeah
Run it up, I need a damn bag