

Dead Presidents

Ty Dolla \$ign

Rich, (\$ign), Homie, (Dolla \$ign, Dolla), Quan
(Dolla \$ign, Dolla \$ign, Dolla)
(Metro Boomin want some more, nigga)

Do it for the dead presidents
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Make it clap on a handstand, hold it with no hands
Can you take it from the binack or would you run like trinack?
Girl can you ride like a Ducati, fast like a Ferrari

Flip you over on your back, and slam like Shaq
She like it when I fuck her from the side
She like to drink Hennessy and get high
Out of town bitches come through here with dreams
All these hoes be on the same things
Baby want em all, but they all rich and famous
Fucking ball players and entertainers
Rolling blunts up, but you know I smoke papers
And bitch don't you know I'm Taylor
I'm a mack, I'm a player
If she about her paper
Lames can't call her
She only fuck with ballers
I tell her like

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Go ahead and show a nigga something
Bust it open, let a nigga touch it
Show a nigga that you ain't bluffing
If I tip anymore, we fucking
Do it for the dead presidents
Give me head like my name Bill Clinton

I know you ain't got no limits
Tell your boyfriend to mind his business
Spend a night with me, that's priceless
Rubber bands on her, she dyking
Shawty do it like a pro, tryna act like she don't like it
Them niggas gon be upset, they mad, they hate
That cheddar get her naked, she suck dick for a small donation
If it ain't bout money stop talking
I ain't with it if I can't make a profit

Broke niggas can't stand next to me unless they got my deposits
Spark my joint up full of broccoli, I lift off just like a rocket
Know y'all fuck niggas still talking but I can't hear you over my pockets

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You won't get in my residence (Nah nigga)
I got a concierge sitting at the gate (For security)
Stacking them dead presidents (How you feel Quan?)
Feeling like Larenz Tate (Hey!)
I bet them dead presidents will make her stay (Ooh!)
I bet a dead president will make her get naked (Bet!)

Talking bout she celibate (hah), till I whip my dick out
Now she want to fuck (Huh?), bitch I need dead presidents (Money!)
The bitch got mad 'cause I'm fucking her friend
Shawty went through my phone, you don't find the evidence (Okay!)
These bitches ain't shit
She'll leave that nigga for all these dead presidents
My swag on 1 plus 99 (Uh huh!)
Started with the mid, graduated to a dime
Can't touch this shit nigga, hammer time

I got a trust fund waiting on my grandson
Can't touch this shit, can't touch this shit nigga
What you gon do Quan? (Four four!)
Shoot it at his head
Bank roll fold like a futon, nigga I ain't playing
Nigga I ain't change (Nah!), the money did, dumbass (Stupid!)
The money ain't the same, now I'm cutting dumb fast (Yea)
Lil shawty got a dumb ass (Ooh)
I'ma tell that ho to bend that ass over and

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