

My President (feat. Nas)

Jeezy

[Intro: Young Jeezy]

Yeah, be the realest shit I never wrote
I ain't write this by the way, nigga
Some real shit right here, nigga
This'll be the realest shit you ever quote
Let's go!

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

My president is black, my Lambo's blue
And I'll be goddamned if my rims ain't too
My mama ain't at home and Daddy's still in jail
Tryna make a plate, anybody seen the scale?
My president is black, my Lambo's blue
And I'll be goddamned if my rims ain't too
My money's light green and my Jordans light grey
And they love to see white, now how much you tryna pay?
Let's go!

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

Today was a good day, hope I have me a great night
I don't know what you fishin' for, but catch you a great white
Me, I see great white, heavy as killer whales
I cannot believe this, who knew it came in bales?
Who knew what came with jail?
Who knew what came with prison?
Just 'cause you got opinions, does that make you a politician?
Bush robbed all of us, would that make him a criminal?
And then he cheated in Florida, would that make him a Seminole?
I say, and I quote, "We need a miracle."
And I say a miracle 'cause this shit is hysterical
By my nephews and nieces, I will email Jesus
Tell him forward to Moses and CC Allah
Mr. Soul Survivor, guess that make me a Konvict
Be all you can be, now don't that sound like some dumb shit
When you die over crude oil as black as my nigga Bu
It's really a Desert Storm, that's word to my nigga Clue
Catch me in Las Vegas, A.R., Arizona
Rep for them real niggas, I'm winnin' in California
Winnin' in Tennessee, hands down Atlanta

Landslide Alabama, on my way to Savannah

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

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[Verse 2: Young Jeezy]

I said I woke up this mornin', headache this big
Pay all these damn bills, feed all these damn kids
Buy all these school shoes, buy all these school clothes
For some strange reason my son addicted to Polo's
Love me some spinach dip, I'm addicted to Houston's
And if the numbers is right I'll take a trip out to Houston
An earthquake out in China, a hurricane in New Orleans
Street Dreams Tour, I showed my ass in New Orleans
Did it for Soulja Slim, brought out B.G.
It's all love, Bun, I'm forgivin' you, Pimp C
You know how the Pimp be, that nigga gon' speak his mind
If he could speak down from Heaven he'd tell me stay on my grind
Tell him I'm doin' fine, Obama for mankind
We ready for damn change so y'all let the man shine
Stuntin' on Martin Luther, feelin' just like a king
Guess this is what he meant when he said that he had a dream

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

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[Verse 3: Nas]

Yeah, our history, black history
No president ever did shit for me
Had to hit the streets, had to flip some keys
So a nigga won't go broke
Then they put us in jail, now a nigga can't go vote
So I spend dough on these hoes strippin'

She ain't a politician, honey's a pole-ician
My president is black, Rose golden charms
22-inch rims like Hulk Hogan's arms
When thousands of peoples is riled up to see you
That can arouse your ego
We've got mouths to feed so
Gotta stay true to who you are and where you came from
'Cause at the top will be the same place you hang from
No matter how big you can ever be
For whatever fee or publicity, never lose your integrity
For years there's been some prize horses in this stable
Just two albums in, I'm the realest nigga on this label
Mr. Black President, yo, Obama for real
They gotta put your face on the 5000 dollar bill

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

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[Outro: Young Jeezy]

So I'm sittin' right here now, man
It's June 3rd, haha, 2:08 AM
Nigga, I wanna say win, lose or draw
Man, we congratulate you already, homie
See, I motivate the thugs, right?
You motivate us, homie, that's what it is
This a hands-off policy
Y'all touch him, we ridin', nigga
Yeah, first black president, win, lose or draw, nigga
Haha, matter of fact, you know what it is, man?
Shouts out to Jackie Robinson, Booker T. Washington, homie
Oh, you ain't think I knew that shit?
Sydney Poitier, what they do?
I'm important too though
I was the first nigga to ride through my hood in a Lamborghini

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