Mastaminds Website Lyrics- Presidential

Verse 1:

Grambling Louisiana I was born and raised;

On the playground is where I spent most of my days;

Trying to dunk, shooting tres sipping on Gatorade,

Where ballers get paid to play or point shave. Pass the next grade shoot pool or get laid no school I had it made; that’s how it was where I stayed, paid since the eight grade

Young but not afraid, see my daddy was a hustler making me a candidate

Got no time for mistakes, spot the real from the fake, where I’m from I get it done

And I don’t tote deadweight. Never hung around rappers, I hung around trappers

Bootleg hustlers, dealers and ticket scappers; losing is not a factor; Point blank period

I take this shit serious when dealing with these idiots; broke gambling degenerates

Hustling for the benefit; as long as your math is fast it pays to be illiterate.

Chorus:

Politicians lying but I ain’t got time; Cause all I really wanna know is who in the hell’s buying;

I’m looking for a sign, turn water into wine; For now I’m on my grind tell me who in the hell’s buying;

So what’s the use of trying, if I can’t make a dime, Cause I really wanna know is who in the hell’s buying;

The world’s gone blind, on a one track mind, Cause all we really care about is who in the hell’s buying.

Verse 2:

Ok, Stop look and listen, baby just pay attention; I ain’t a politician, ain’t ever been to prison; Come pass the Mason-Dixon, music is my addiction, like brothers ain’t resisting nookie and fried chicken; Some of these rappers crying, some of these rapper bitching;

The other half is lying, faking and ass kissing; I’m what the game is missing;

Fact never fiction; from a learner to an earner, no family tradition;

Just playing my position; cause the strong survives; and where I’m from pussycats never have nine lives. Strive for money cars & clothes; groupies, weed and blow; Cadillac and vogues, sweets and optimoes; seems like all a player knows;

Nobody there to help me, the man wanna put me in the can like a Pepsi

Played with the cards you dealt me, fucked with bad luck

But I don’t fold them, Texas Holdem and come out a straight flush.

Chorus:

Never had a Trust Fund, but I get the job done; Top Gun armed with my bible & my shotgun; Pop one, run and tell your daddy that I got one; under any circumstances I will not be outgunned; I cannot be outdone, not by any loud bum; Plum dumb Uncle Tom anyone can get some; Talk about my street cred, yeah suckas think Reg, soft on some bullshit dealing with a crack head;

Yeah my music goes Fed; and I’m ain’t talking locked up, with a chick knocked up, smoked out and washed up; And I don’t waste my time no shit that don’t concern me when shady ass attorneys seek to try to burn me;

For money and the power, erb and the powder; black and I’m prouder

See ya Siya Naya; Rapping Obama sucker you’re Joe the Plumber

I’m looking for a freak as sweet as Aunt Jeimamma.

Chorus