

D.O.A. (Death Of Auto-Tune)

Jay-Z

La, da, da, da

Hey, hey, hey

Goodbye

(Good riddance!) Hold up, only rapper to rewrite history without a pen

No I.D. on the track, let the story begin, begin, begin This is anti-Auto-Tune, death of the ring tone

This ain't for iTunes, this ain't for sing-alongs

This is Sinatra at the opera, bring a blond

Preferably with a fat ass who can sing a song Wrong, this ain't politically correct

This might offend my political connects

My raps don't have melodies

This shit make niggas wanna go and commit felonies Get your chain tooken

I may do it myself, I'm so Brooklyn

I know we facing a recession

But the music y'all making

Gonna make it the Great Depression Your lack of aggression

Put your skirt back down, grow a set, men

Nigga, this shit violent

This is death of Auto-Tune, moment of silence La, da, da, da

Hey, hey, hey

Goodbye Hold up, only rapper to rewrite history without a pen

No I.D. on the track, let the story begin, begin, begin Hold up, this ain't a number one record

This is practically assault with a deadly weapon

I made this just for Flex 'n Mr. Cee

I want niggas to feel threatened Stop your blood clot crying

The kid, the dog, everybody dying, no lying

You niggas' jeans too tight

Your colors too bright, your voice too light

(That's too far nigga!) I might wear black four years straight

I might bring back Versace shades

This ain't for Z100

'Ye told me to kill y'all to keep it 100 This is for Hot 9-7

The shit for Clue, for Khaled, for we the best in

Nigga, this shit violent

This is death of Auto-Tune, moment of silence La, da, da, da

Hey, hey, hey

Goodbye Hold-up, only rapper to rewrite history without a pen

No I.D. on the track, let the story begin, begin, begin Hold up, this shit need a verse from Jeezy

(Hey!)

I might send this to the mix-tape Weezy

Get somebody from BMF to talk on it
Get this to a Blood, let a Crip walk on itFifty-thou to style on this
I just don't need nobody to smile on this
Y'all niggas singing too much
Get back to rap, you T-Pain-in' too muchI'm a multi-millionaire
So how is it I'm still the hardest nigga here?
I don't be in the project hallway
Talking 'bout how I be in the project all dayThat sounds stupid to me
If you a gangsta, this is how you prove it to me
Nigga, just get violent
This is death of Auto-Tune, moment of silenceLa, da, da, da
Hey, hey, hey
Goodbye

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>