

40 Bars

Allen Iverson

[Iverson]

For the year 2G the rap game change for one name
Jewelz aim to slain anything on this plane
Remains are found when the best kept secret get heated
You went platinum wit a ghost writer,
so in the game you won you cheated
My slang bang when you need it
You man enuff to pull a gun be man enuff to squeeze it
(*gunshots*) Die if you don't believe it
Anything to do wit millions I'ma be wit it
Hats off to the hardcore niggaz FUCK the rest
In my guess y'all useless, just talkin music
Never mistake me for a fake MC
You got the wrong idea nigga I'm CT fool
Get murdered in a second in the first degree
Come to me wit faggot tendencies
You'll be sleepin where the maggots be
Ain't nuthin kinda used to beef actually
but when it's on I raise first automatically
Won't catch me as a victim and a rap casualty
Dynasty Raiders hit VA in the summertime
Ten Bentleys in one line
Gats in each hand, twin 45's in mines
Snipers hittin niggaz long distance for a rate
Sons and daughters, one order you'll be floatin in water
Bad news home of the Dynasty Raiders
One luv to the ol school niggaz
They in the jail tryin to raise us
Even the ones that tried to blaze us
but couldn't even graze us
See dem bitch azz niggaz y'all killin don't amaze us
Y'all slobbin I'm spittin wit a mouf full of rage
(DIS MY NIGGA JEWELS REPRESENTIN BAD NEWS
YO MY HOMIE SAY DAT SHIT)
Everybody stay fly get money kill and fuck bitches
I'm hittin anything in plain view for my riches
VA's finest fillin up ditches, when niggaz turn to bitches
die for zero digits; I'ma giant yall midgets
I know killaz that kill for a fee

that'll kill yo' ass for free, believe me
How you wanna die fast or slowly?
Fast as a rolie, slow as a rolie polie
I bought yo shit it was weak, trashed it now you owe me
All the hardcore niggas know me
I aint knockin, I'm jus gon' bust up in the motherfucker
Takin anything that's rightfully mines
Lust, AKs, rifles, and nines
Physique crew, thick designs
wit jewels that shine all the time
Ain't nuthin sweet about this rate of mystique
Got niggas while you eat shit sleep and beat yo meat
die reachin fo heat, leave you leakin in da street
Niggas screamin he was a good boy ever since he was born
but fuck it he gon life must go on niggas don't live that long
but hoes in wigs niggas that think they head strong
got niggas hollerin Jewelz dead wrong on this song
THIS TYPE OF MURDA DONT NEED NO HOOK
JUST FORTY FUCKIN BARS FROM DA MOUF OF A CROOK!!!
YO!!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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