

# 16 Bars of Death

## Planet Asia

What the fuck? Yeah  
Yo y'all niggaz get'cha rhymes up  
I'm sick of this shit, get your bars up niggaz  
Sixteen bars of death my niggaz  
Ay Planet, let's go, c'mon All it takes is sixteen bars of death  
Rain hail snow, I make the clouds drip to get you wet  
And that's a bar no matter East to West  
Don't get this rap shit twisted, I'ma star that'll meet your threats And we can bet, 'cause if I go deep in death  
Then it's a rap, face it, you could never beat the best man  
And even as a little kid niggaz knew I had it in me  
'Cause the way I used to spit at the assemblies And unless you remember me from now on  
Every time I spit then it's a special delivery  
My world is of ability, women give neck willingly  
Niggaz respect me lyrically my, city is feelin' me From the inner to the optic jewels  
From the beginnin' to the endin' I am not to lose  
I'm not the fool, spit 'til no bars is left  
And all y'all teams can feel my sixteen bars of death Sixteen bars of death  
Rap monster on cassette, never runnin' out of breath  
Yes, sixteen bars of death  
And when I spit I spit bars 'til it ain't none left Sixteen bars of death  
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Yes, sixteen bars of death  
And when I spit I spit bars 'til it ain't none left Get your bars up  
(Yeah)  
Get your bars up  
(Yeah) In the apartment, the artist get it started for hours  
Heartless, like the department of the water and power  
Yeah fuck your hot showers, and while you watchin the fight  
I cut your cable just to show who really got power Now I'm, minutes from ass-kickin' sessions  
Ass wipe, we tax niggaz like Pacific Gas & Electric  
Bar spitter, [unverified] cigar splitter, tar getters  
Hard-hitter hater niggaz wanna war with us But get your bars up, 'cause niggaz know about me  
And they know about my squad, so as far as us

I ain't got to answer the shit, so if you see me in the club  
Keep your mouth closed and dance with a bitch 'Cause I'm bout to be the hood philanthropist; get down or lay  
down

And how I got up in the spot wasn't an accident  
Just love blood tears and sweat, and large respect  
And sixteen bars of death, yeah Sixteen bars of death  
Rap monster on cassette, never runnin' out of breath  
Yes, sixteen bars of death  
And when I spit I spit bars 'til it ain't none left [Unverified]

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