

Barz (feat. Eagle)

Aryginal & EMB

 $\in \text{Barz}$ •

Ground Breaking

written by: Leondre D. Dow (BMI), Randall K. McGriff (BMI), Andre Moss Jr. (BMI)

produced by: Randall McGriff

performed by: Desert Eagle, E.M.B., Aryginal

[Desert Eagle-Verse 1:]

Me and these words go way back so imagine how this verse can get

At 6 I wasn't throwing the ball, I was reversing it

I'm hurting it

Put it in your own words man I'm murkinâ€™™ it

Niggas feel me with no arms that's on the hardest percoseets

And Novocain homie my flow is so insane

Hold ya dame

I'll get with the long arm or the yoga flame

I'm dhalsim, but some would just say that I'm awesome

With a wingspan that stretch twice my height

You can imagine the shit that I'm flossing

On my wrist Iâ€™m a witch doctor

Can't no doc write that script proper that'll clear my ills ok

So with my skills and a couple feathers from blue jays

You can clearly see this is voodoo but who knew

I gotta emcees blood and goat liver and chicken bones on my plate

[E.M.B.-Verse 2:]

I spit carbon dioxide, dudes feeling Benydrill

Riding for a nigga that will never help me pay a bill

Good with his hands, a butcher he stabs at it

When its beef in the streets, he flippinâ€™™ it like a patty boy

Î€™m in the winners circle talking to an equal mind

Feeling like a made the peace

Leaching for whatâ€™s out my reach

Gazing at the stars as Iâ€™m watching it on the battle field
Scars and war wounds will hear the echoes that I donâ€™t fear

Talk is cheap and Iâ€™m willing to pay for it

Cause heâ€™s half rapping donâ€™t get me started I feel retarded

Fuck water we bleaching something like a cleansing

Cause it aint enough fiber so you gotta be shitting me

Iâ€™m rich man
What you sayinâ€™? Hit a lick man
Flip the script man
We aint playinâ€™ better strip man
Down, call for back up, its about o be a robbery
Slug fest
Anybody move will get it in the chest
Hitting what you call pride, suicide car door
Trashing how you acting Iâ€™m a blaster not a rapper though
I let them breath on the track, where the gas mask
Flesh of my flesh until theyâ€™re skeletal, bare face.

[Aryginal-Verse 3:]

Look. Itâ€™s my year, they not here, I donâ€™t see em
Theyâ€™re blemishes on the face of the game and Iâ€™m Noxzema
Earl Manigault of Hip Hop coward Iâ€™m Don Cheadle
They donâ€™t rap, they wack, they bout as dope as John Cena
Got a bad Asian piece on my side like Nakita
5â€™ and how she blows reminds me of Aaliyah
Told my crew that Iâ€™ll lead just sit back and recline
The modern day Ali feel like Iâ€™m trapped in my prime
MCâ€™s not want beef, naw, just like an HIV Clinic, rappers donâ€™t wanna end up in my lines, Fatal
They donâ€™t spit real when they rhyme, fables
Shake the tree and watch all of theses loose leaf niggas get stapled

[Desert Eagle-Verse 4:]

If you think youâ€™re beefing wit me
Like an MC I'll treat you like meat and be rushing to invade you like Crimea
And I'm just Putin, I aint shittinâ€™, but here's an idea
If I was shittinâ€™ you would swear that these rhymes was diarrhea
And I'll figuratively take the Obama's back to the White House
Get in the booth and Blaze Murda/ Ice it I mean Blakout
And then say I'm the nÃºmero Uno to spit it period
you missed that line you youngins like Juno you missed your period

[E.M.B.-Verse 5:]

Iâ€™m on this beat like a bungee cord
Cause every time I go off Iâ€™m stretching lyrics and tethering every lyric bar
Back door
In and out the booth get our smash on
Gas more flame to the metal pumpinâ€™ iron
Its chest day and you weasing trying to raise the bar
Hold your own weight or let another nigga do it for them
That sounds right like a pimp to a bitch face

Read between the lines cock-eyed then you see straight

[Aryginal-Verse 6:]

Iâ€™m still coming out of my shell
Shaking these demons, coming out of my hell
Fucking these beats, till semenâ€™s coming out, yeah Iâ€™m ill
Beefing with me will have the vegan coming out of you snail
Acknowledge when youâ€™ve been defeated and be proud of yourself.
Shit Arygi aint no joke, game
More like pure cocaine
This is road rage
Iâ€™m steering in your lane
Little homie was so paid
Till they found his remains in a snow bank
Somewhere up in moraine.
Look homie I been a problem
And I got a little problem
Heâ€™s 18, with a million hollows
His name is Carlos
And eager to kill my rivals
So he can hear the click applaud him
And have Argi say Los you did it bravo

[Desert Eagle-Verse 7:]

First off Iâ€™ma say something that I don't need to say
My words are like bullets in the magazine up in the Kay
When I speak them the choppers turn into chompers
And since you rhyming these words, they'll treat you mobsters just like lobsters
Clean you fools up with a bucket of chum now see you
In a million pieces in rivers you niggas sea food
And I don't mean to be rude, but fuck y'all fight me
cuz you can't see me on a beat, that's probably why y'all bite me
Yall copy every one of my poses like photographers
Copy every word in my flow just like stenographers
Duplicating and dissing but not stopping my cream
I call y'all Xerox rappers, y'all copy machines
My journal that I pen these rhymes in that go verbal
Can give a nigga third degree burns and itâ€™ll hurt you
So if you try and try me I'll transform into an invisible pack of fresh long johns Iâ€™m going nuclear thermal ugh,
And catch a body for every bar I spit
Like mortar mixed with ass shots I'm going harder than shit
So who the fuck is going harder than this, my pen gotta diamond tip
But my mind sharper, you aint harder than this

[E.M.B.-Verse 8:]

Suma cum Laude flow
Salute to the casual
Niggas in my foreground thanks for staying average hoe
Iâ€™m on a level where pedestals is a quantum leap
Reaching for the top and a lyric monster is trying to eat
Iâ€™m asking
How you gonna stop the last man
Ahead of his time but he trailing in the back man
No about a loss, he took it and learned from it
O he been here before in other words he bout to lap you
Barbershop and we givinâ€™ them quick cuts
Only tough on world star for the camera like a bitch bruh
Cancel they application
its complications
On niggas validations
While they making statements.

[Aryginal-Verse 9:]

Iâ€™m raising the bar, and Iâ€™m a convict up out of my cell
The hottest nucca climbing from hell
With a mic & a scale
Supplying the most righteous of rhymes
Killing any cipher alive
Any nucca up against me will fail
homie ya psyche will tell
How truly nice that I am
Snatch jewels from clowns claiming they Icy theyâ€™ll melt
fly nuccas, welcome to 911, flights been derailed
Cause riots amongst the giants yes the crisis is real
Proved I was bad when I spazzed to the bounce of a ball, Only nucca to still be noticed spitting fire in hell
Homie out spitting meâ€™s like waiting on a falcon to fall, Now watch a nucca go postal as if I dived in the mail
AHH SCREW IT!
Rather jack me a track and rhyme to it
My lines proven out of your class, I rhyme truant
Tasted everything on the plate, but never tried loosing
If a nucca donâ€™t like me Oh Well
Cake ass nucca donâ€™t make me dessert you
You bout as tough as an Old Navy Commercial
The 44â€™ll make him a turtle
I hope fo a dope lady thatâ€™s fertile
To grant me off springs thatâ€™ll flow crazy infernos
They activated a sleeper cell
Placed by Shakur & Wallace in 93, Stepping in the game with explosives in my sneakers
Leaking ether, Iâ€™m a test that even the teacher fails
Most colorful nucca on a track, I bleach him down

The thugginest nucca in the trapâ€™s a preacher now
The one with the game at his grasp is reaching now
My how things change when a beast is around.

[Aryginal-Chorus:]

(Overlapping chants in the background)

I just give em bars nigga, bars on top of bars
Aint to make niggas out her Fuckin with my bars
Bars on top of bars on top of bars
Homie fuck your chain fuck your watch, where your bars?
I just give em bars nigga, bars on top of bars
Aint to make niggas out her Fuckin with my bars
Bars on top of bars on top of bars
Homie fuck your watch fuck your chain, where your bars?

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