

# Jay-Z

## "D.O.A"

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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 taken  
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 it

Fifty-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 much

I'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 day

That 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 silence

La, da, da, da  
Hey, hey, hey  
Goodbye

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