

**Daryl Hall & John Oates****"40 Bars"**

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\* send corrections directly to THIS typist

[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!!

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