

## Termanology

### "Bars For Days"

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I got bars for days, bars for weeks  
It's why these rap dudes wanna spark with me  
I step in the ring and break them down like made  
weather  
Never lose money on the best, so I say chatter  
When they count the bars, I left a hundred scars  
On these rappers careers, I'm laughing in tears!  
I'm on my fifty shit, starting beef when I'm spitting  
shit  
You funny cats dance around some messy shit!  
Your boy's fresh, cleaned it in the hospital  
Cooler than the Popsicle, hustle in the...  
Corny rappers only do it for the bread  
So my rhymes leave them baked, I turn em to corn  
bred.  
Leave 'em cooked, define unique rhymes  
What I spit it's sweeter than the bee hive  
Since ni hao all up in the streets  
I've been earning my stripes,  
The block wanna see me shine.

From the, from the,  
From the right one up!

Listen, I hate to say this, but damn, I'm bad term  
Got bars like a franchise...  
All my joints is cracked like God damn  
Got a... but not gem.  
Hit the boof and I rip, always spit truth when I spit  
So get used of this shit, move with the fifth  
You're anorexic, little one to raise goose dudes on the  
hip.  
I'm shooting my clips with your man to say...  
When it's beef, he stole the scale, run away  
My hammer spray, left kids missing  
Only time your hammer sprayed is when your pet pig  
pissing  
Listen, my life like a movie  
I swear for all the right, this here the all to rightest  
This ST, all my troops go hard  
Go play the two position, but we shoot in God!

From the, from the,  
From the right one up!

The B girl specimen, hustle harder than a Mexican  
I got the regiment for anyone Iâ€™m better than  
Let â€™em in, check all these gentlemen like their  
gelatin.  
Genuine, no, Iâ€™ll be getting under theirâ€™...  
Toss my flow up in the crime, break them up  
Criminal, lyrical killing them by the syllable  
And I donâ€™t mean to be little you when I say itâ€™s pitiful  
That you could ever dream of a chick with aâ€™... literal  
These rappers so incredible eatable  
Stripping out that pedestal and down to the skeleton  
And at the gold, does my name offend you?  
Man, Iâ€™ll be selling out, or just the venue?  
Ha, with these... on my feets  
Word to my boom box, gooners in the street  
Yo, this is sip lock fresh, catch a... tone  
This is Emily Dickinson on that piffifng tone  
Uh, and thatâ€™s is how itâ€™s gonna be  
The kid so free, oxygen breathes me!  
Terminating the town, this type of talk is statically  
Witty nittie up in your cityâ€™... technology  
What?

From the, from the,  
From the right one up!

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