D.O.A. (Death of Auto-Tune)

[Chorus] Only rapper to re-write history without a pen No ID on the track let the story begin, begin, begin [Verse 1] This is anti autotune, death of the ringtone, This ain't for iTunes, this ain't for sing alongs This is Sinatra at the opera, bring a blonde 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 should make niggas wanna go and commit felonies Get your chain tooken I may do it myself, I'm so Brooklyn I know we facing a recession But the music y'all making going make it the great depression All y'all lack aggression Put your skirt back down, grow a set man Nigga this shit violent This is death of autotune, moment of silence [Chorus] [Verse 2] This ain't a number one record This is practically assault with a deadly weapon I made it just for Flex and... ... Mister Cee, I want niggas to feel threatened Stop your bloodclot crying The kid, the dog, everybody dying, no lying You niggas' jeans too tight You colors too bright, your voice too light I might wear black for a year straight I might bring back Versace shades This ain't for z100 Ye told me to kill y'all to keep it 1 hundred This is for Hot 97 This shit's for Clue, for Khaled, for we the best in Nigga this shit violent Death of autotune, moment of silence [Chorus] [Verse 3] This shit need a verse from Jeezy I might send this to the mixtape Weezy Get somebody from BMF to talk on this Give 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 You niggas singing too much Get back to rap you t-paining too much I'm a multi-millionaire So how is it I'm still the hardest here I don't be in the project hallway talking about how I be in the project all day

That sound stupid to me If you a gangsta this is how you prove it to me Nigga just get violent This is death of autotune moment of silence