

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"A Slick Response"

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[Child]

Uncle Cory can you tell us a story please

[Cormega]

alright, alright

[Child]

Please

[Cormega]

Y'all tucked in? Here we go

[Cormega]

Once upon a time not long ago

A lame MC didn't want me to blow

I think his name was Nasir (who?)

The "Street Dreamer" dude

Big wasn't fond of him (what?) Pac neither

Hung around my mans, Lord and Lake

Lake's doing time, Lord should get his life straight

And my man Grand Wiz living on face

Now he hangs with police

I guess they make him feel safe, anyways

He's always talking bout loot and diamonds

And I get to see a penny off QB Finest (ahhh)

That's lame, you should be ashamed

None of the Bravehearts driving (huh?)

Horse was the best, he left Nasir not shining (oh)

Said he got me a deal (uh huh), be real

Nas couldn't get on till I went to jail

Bit my style, then he eventually came up

So when I came home, he wasn't doing me no favours

Not to mention we was cool, but his pockets was hurt

(why?)

He's a weedhead, don't blame skirts

Plus he never hustled, so cash is new to him

Got his chain his chain took, and bought it back, how
smooth of him

Mad at his girl, cause her favourite rappers Jay

Chipped his tooth when Spud punched him in the face
(hahaha)

Abanna ceased out, when he had beef with Puffy

Nastradamus flopped, this time he got lucky

Moved from Queens cause he was getting extorted

The Firm brick, critics said I should of been on it
He's the type to strike it rich and leave his friends in the projects
With Esco jeans on, and lint in there pockets, so a
Mirror, Mirror on the wall, before this rap shit
Who was the flyest rapper of all?
There was a rumble tumble, 5 minutes it lasted
The mirror says you was you conceited bastard
I heard him on the air with Funkmaster Flex

[Child]

The one who drops bombs, if your records sell fresh?

[Cormega]

Yes that's the one, but lets get back to so n
I heard jungle in the background, he the same from
My man Ice is done a smack now, but he backed down
Noreaga fight him, so he raps now
Anyway, I don't usually waste my time on MC's
But Build & Destroy man, he really tried to diss me
What you mean? I heard the song, I said something is wrong
I never got snuffed, I got shot getting it on
And why waste your time, saying I wasn't grindin'?
Even the cops he with, said "stop lying"
I had the illest gun in Queensbridge history
The sterling, that's right, ain't no mystery
And none of my friends that's cool with him, have bricks like me
What I do in a day, they won't even get in a week
Just about then, one of my mans came in, he said
"Someone's in Miami with all your fake friends"
I looked him in his face, and said "are you sure?"
He said, "I don't wanna see you with them lowlifes no more"
So come along, we have a party to attend
Where Nas' baby mom was more of a friend
She said "don't involve me you and Nas beefing
I hear you the reason he can't come to Queensbridge
go him so scared, he hanging out policeman
plus he can't fuck so I had to leave him
I said, don't even worry, I'm not tripping
Plus I respect you, good, Nas didn't, what?
When I needed a man he wasn't there
he spends all his time trying to end your career.
My success is overdue
You kids get to bed nowthe story is through {*echoes
3X*}

