

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"Get Out My Way"

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[Verse 1]

Even though mad niggas hate it
I remain the most anticipated
those glad a nigga made it bast your Nickel-plateds
and salute the realness, 'cause mad niggas fake it
when I peel hit the floor
I conceal bricks so raw
I got the sickest Six-Four you ever seen
I saw and conquered
when it's on and poppin' my Dogs are barkin'
to eat food, my enemies feel heat like Purico
some suggest they're equal
lyrically I'm like a Desert Eagle
mentally I measure Kilos
physically I'm compared to Tito Trinidad, both hands
are lethal
the crowned Prince
my underground shit you don't fuck around wit'
I move pies and fire loud shit
I'm in the tunnel with the crowd nigga fuck V.I.P
where Brooklyn go crazy when you bump B.I.G. and
Queens feel it when you
pump that Mobb Deep
that Jay-Z and Nas beef doesn't involve me
I'm sorry, legal hustle, Infamous affiliated
last rapper to test me I humiliated
and for your information the jewels ain't rented from
Jacob
when I move I leave a dent in the pavement
my name ring in jail and not for givin' no statement
that type of foulness consider it flagrant
O.T., give me a brick and see I'm gifted as Masons
I'm the realness, you spittin' that fake shit
life's a bitch, I'ma take her on an expensive vacation
if it's on I'm the Reaper with the glistenin' bracelet
sleepers awakened
screamin' like they seen Satan
word to Christ I need paper, keep the fake love
a fake thug couldn't sell a rock on the block I was
raised on
huh?!

[Chorus]

Get out my way, gimme mine or I'ma take whats yours
make love war, spray up doors
Get out my way, you industry, we in the street
wit' the heat pickin' weight up raw
Get out my way, stop screamin' what set you rep if you
don't come around
the way no more
Get out my way, who want what, say no more
Matter fact that chain off Dog.

[Verse 2]

I gave niggas enough time - to front
I'm a beast on the street like crushed white
you can't be me, close your eyes, you can't see me
I'm the phantom in your conscience
the shadow in the darkness
savage when I write, I'm heartless
I'm iller than you, realer than you
still with more Killers than you
it's mandatory, I'm self explanatory
don't front on me, you didn't have cash before me
I'm the essence
you don't gotta like it, respect it
like the ice on my necklace
and the fact I'm supplyin' connections
if you rhyme ill I'm the sickness that caused it, you
thought you'd
assume my position
I be hustlin', bubblin', gettin' money
causin' blind rage with the Twenties
y'all niggas is funny like Martin Lawrence
we out before the Narcs get on us
my life wasn't written, yours was, you livin' a lie
I'm dealin' wit' pies, all feelings aside
my enemies kneel when I rise
the realness in my eyes
from blood, sweat, and tears I cried
I got friends who died before they got to see me shine
how dare you compare your weak CD to mine
or think you could see me with rhymes
easily I'm, nicer than you and all your peoples
combined.

Chorus

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