

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"I'm Built For This"

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It's time to separate the rookies from vets
Pussies from threats, truth and lies
Supplies from dealers and death
Im feeling this, I'm young and ruthless
Status unmatched undisputed, some assuming
My destiny to rep these streets
I'M BUILT FOR THIS
The will is too strong
Feel this numb from dealing too long
Its real count ya friends when you on
My pen is visual I'm real, men are miserable
I feel the tension growing
You hold a grudge, a 45 with infra holding no love
Hungry like my ribs are showing, as if you didn't notice
I spit the potent, uncut raw my mind is pure ferocious
Like a shark I tear you open cut you blood in my ocean
My pen it ghost people, like dope needles
When I rhyme theres no equal
The flow will freeze you, like medusa stair I'm so lethal
Obvious I'm a vill, with odds against me
Like Rasheed Wallace its hard to stick me
I'M BUILT FOR THIS
In the street, I'm powerful if shit gets dirty
30-30 clips will shower, you exist cause I allow you to
live
I concord you, I kinda knew you was weak
I can see how cowards do
I write epic facing a scholar, question my life expectant
My essence is getting money, my oral life, Lexus
On the mic I'm relentence, prosude the perfection
Ya new connect for pure, uncut raw - what
I caught a rush when ever my palms clutch a gun, pen
or a ki
Or a dyme satisfy my every need
I write rhymes with killer instinct, yet to find a nigga
iller then me
Some smile at my face, yet they still against me
I ??? the fake, never sleep or denie death for waste
Or compisate in the presence of snakes
When & where and time I'm measuring weight
You destine to think or where does he get this paper,

son we nearly extinct
I realized that when burring spank, the real will parish
ya life
Conceal evidence my rhyme skill is exelent
M - for the man
E - executioner
G - get money
A - all my niggas movin up
I'M BUILT FOR THIS
For real its in me, like R. K ill make you feel the big heat
The illest is me, the drug dealer empties semi-auto I
conceal on these streets
To uphold the kiss of death and try to deal ki's and
snort blow
You cant replace me
I live the rhyme I visualize, you aint real I see it in ya
eyes
I spit nines, weight coke on scales thats digitalized
The realness I live and die, the streets I impitalize the
trife life
I rock juels with ice, verbally I bruise mics
Mega live it I'm ghetto, my shit is chromed out
Give me a pen and watch a nigga zone out
I can't believe the shit I spit is from my own mouth

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