

**Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer****"Poetry"**

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[Intro: Black Ice]

Yo, yo Nas. Big and Pac didn't like you man  
So get off they dick please man  
This is Ice and Cormega man  
Comin' for you, faggot!!

[Verse 1: Cormega]

A nigga named Nas think he live like me  
Now its on 'till he R.I.P, the odds might be  
Against me, you real, convince me, I think you a bitch  
Pardon me Nas, I think you suck dick  
Whens the last time you came to Queensbridge to see  
the kids  
Speak to Ill Will moms, or gave cheese to Wiz  
Streets Dreams don't put me in the fridge  
You a hossa, a greedy pig  
Junior Mafia was eatin' wit Big  
Jay let Bleek and 'em live  
Nore got Capone comfortable  
All ya mans ever do is smoke blunts with you  
Fuck a Willy Esco outfit, nigga, I'm about chips  
Look at my crew we all got whips

[Verse 2]

Nasty Nas all ya life you praised me  
Your daughter might be Jay Z's  
Illmatic was real cause you was tryin' to portray me  
Matter of fact, time for Sony to pay me  
For "Life's a bitch, God forbid the bitch divorce me"  
"Street Dreams", and every other rhyme you got off me  
I shoulda kept the rhymes for me  
Fuck it now the whole world know  
Who coward ass Nas tryin to be  
You was broke, Killa was buyin' ya weed  
Ya Lex got repossessed, I had mines on the street  
You shoulda kept it real wit Nature  
Steve Stoute taught you how to deal wit paper  
Kings lose crowns, and kingdoms fall  
When ya queen moves foul, obviously she's  
Jay Z's boo now, what should he do now?

[Verse 3]

Off the throne when the fours get blown  
Lake can't save you, Lord is just fold  
Big's last words was "You lost it homes"  
You the reason Ill Will is in the coffin yo  
When he got shot, you was too soft to roll  
Talkin' 'bout you a brave Pac  
Nah you a fake Pac  
I get down and take blocks  
You bend down and take cock  
Cause Chris Lightys behind you, get it?  
My niggas'll find you drippin  
You give ya niggas nothing, the diamonds, the bitches  
I got shot ain't no denying I did  
But I was sendin' fire at niggas  
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout bitch!!  
Poetry

[Verse 4]

Check it, I had One Love for niggas, those days are  
over  
Halftime expired, the game is over  
It ain't hard to tell, you pay niggas, not to rob you  
Life's A Bitch and so are you  
I Am, a nightmare to Street Dreams  
My New York State Of Mind will outshine ya weak team  
Take a trip down Memory Lane  
Niggas had ya ride in flames  
You didn't represent nigga you cried in pain  
If the world is yours nigga why you hide ya chain?  
If ya girls is yours, I won't even go there  
My niggas, respected, yours is labeled cowards  
If rap is a gun, I Gave You Power  
You better watch them niggas, thats close to you  
Or I'ma pop them niggas  
If you could see the future, whats the outcome nigga  
It Was Written, you think you a thug  
You rule the world, I'ma take it in blood  
You a Suspect Nigga wit a live niggas rap  
I'm sendin' you the Message, ya rhymes are wack  
One time for the mind, I'ma make you bow  
And I'll prove who's the illest, so Hate Me Now

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