

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer "Testaments"

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background: "For the rest of my life"

Intro:

Yo a man don't got nothing to die for ain't worth living
youknowhatl'msayin? Yo I do this shit for niggas in jail
cells, niggas on
the corners hustlin'. Youknowhatl'msayin? I do this shit
from the heart
man.

Verse 1:

Yo I write rhymes for Beemers, Rovers overachievers
O.G.s and young thugs wanna hold heaters
One love real niggas not gettin' out to make a deal
nigga
I leave a nigga head numb like Bill Snivers
Figure me out my duns pillin' Infinities out
I'm on some real shit blowin' my enemies out
If there's a thrown touchin' it I don't condone
Pocket Biggie rule forever don't get it confused, never
My testamony will be death to a phoney MC
You wanna impress me show me a key
Or I suggest we manifest this a drug deal test
Put your coke in the water solidify the rest yeah
Never question this poetry I'm manifestin' this
Graffiti scripted my mind paints an easy picture
Analyse every line my scene will vandalise
Mega Montana handle mine yo at night I use to
fantasize
Triple beam scheme banana five yo my pen keep the
plan alive
I went from misdate to big H my niggas know I keep the
shit straight

Cormega talking:

Yeah ya know testaments it's like uncuut raw dope you
know? Bag this up
ship this to ever hood knowhatl'msayin' son? You pump
this on your block
this is where I stand for my clinetel you know? Then
after that we have 'em

make distribution of this, word.

Verse 2:

Yo I need stacks of green either rap or cracks to fiends
It's mad trife I seen enditments trap my team
Yo deep thoughts supreme courts decievin' me
Trapped in the belly like the beast was conceiving me
Thug status yo son I'm above average
When it's time for you to die does love matter?
You ain't sharing nothing payin' that and on bail
weighing nothing on scale
Nigga you stay frontin' me I got plans like niggas who
chop grams
See when I eat my niggas eat
See you wouldn't understand I'm too real for you
What you dream I live and breath which means
Don't make me have to kill you play the game
See real niggas stay the same
Y'all niggas scarred to play our change
Cause y'all forgot the streets where ya came
Shit is real yeah my words sound forbidden still
I write lines for niggas still I wipe dimes who livin' ill
I represent excellence my minds and I my third eye a
extra clip yet to spit
So never questioned it poetry I'm manifestin' it
Graffiti filled testament

Cormega talking:

Yeah motherfuckers to east to west the money green
on your side the money
green on my side. (ha ha) Let's get it, get it together.
Nawmean? That's my
testament. That's what I stand for. Either with me or
against me. I'm out

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