

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer "Therapy"

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To ease the mind I analyze between lines I vandalize
With rhymes, when I recite I hold the mic like a nine
I design like a composer
Blow you like a soldier
Vocal mind? with the smoothness, move with
composure
Grab a mic n' set it like I'm wettin' su'n' with my heater
MC's get wet cuz they be sweatin my procedure
Crimes I design remove stress
Like buddah bless in the projects I choose to rep
My complex like geometry, blessed like ganja be
If I die, live niggaz gunshots'll honor me
Properly, I be droppin these lime life philosophies
Criminology, it's just a ghetto nigga prophecy
I got to be laid back, empower property
Sports cars, dogs, and a yard lots of trees
Quite possibly I might even chop a ki
'Cuz even when I chill the D's are still clockin' me
Rookies on their fours havin' wet dreams of knockin'
me
See me jumpin' out the mean Lex, a street odyssey
So vex they follow me son, my policy, here to make
mines
sorta like rhyme is a robbery, I take mines
There ain't a mother fucka stoppin' me
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at ease

(*scratching*)Just...Just...Just...Just...Just listen to the
man on the mic

I'm sagittarius, the archer, live breed,
Dimes leave keys to they apartment
I snipe mc's like a marksman
Heat of a arson
And I'll freeze ya' mind like a breeze from the Arctic
Seize like the narcsters
When on stage I feel weak, you breathe out ya' nostrils
You seek enlightenment you can be my disciple
Son I don't wanna be in Queens house with my boo
Stressed out because case supreme might indict you
I do what I got to do survive I've slung jums n' bottles

Touched blood money, bust guns with hollows
A man child command crowds in smooth apparel
Write quite elustrious n' live like a pharaoh
My destiny's to spread my wings like a sparrow
My pen's addicted to men who've been convicted
Every housin' projects I've repped the realness
Son I sit down with convicts, deal wit' killers, chill wit'
dealers
I ain't really feelin' niggaz rhymes these days
I coincide each phrase to write so deep my line's
engraved
Like a gemstar inside a plate
I'm tryin to live cuz I'mma die one day
If Crime don't pay
My currency's defined off the rhymes I say
I'mma po-et due to my respect of Bigs' assassination
I rep NYC with no kingly aspiration
My feet stand on pavement once felt by Perry Mason
'Cuz self-preservation is the first law of nature
I clutch a M-I-C while semi- squeeze
Rhymes like these, leave ya' mind at ease

(*scratching*) Just...Just...Just...Just
Listen...Just...Listen...Listen...Just...Listen to the man on
the
mic...Just...Just listen...Just listen...Just...Listen to the man
on the
mic...Listen...Listen...Listen to the man on the mic (*end
scratch*)

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