

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer "Verbal Graffiti"

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I'm like a panther in the dark
Silent when I strike the paper
Like a dagger in your heart
When I write I leave a mark
I seen a NARC before they even bark
Told son "leave the block"
Get that money upstairs
In case the 'covers see it's marked
Beat a man who plot against me, God forgive me
My enemies die in the street if my heat is empty
Coindentially
The same fate was meant for me
My AK's my lawyer
When it's on, it represent for me
Vacate the sentence
Case acquitted when your face get splitted
I stay spittin' with grace, chain glistenin'
Gray timberlands, my niggas face predicaments
But we could either live, die, or face imprisonment
Take a hit of this,
Uncut raw, a taste will numb your jaw
My rhyme is on consignment
Just in case you wanted more
Lyrics are furious
I reign imperious
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me son, I'm dead serious
Streets personify me
Like heat I keep beside me
Either I be, the most underrated lyrical
Drug related nigga who gun be blazin in the projects
A prosperous drug block is subject to conquest
Where I'm from
A fiend is selling heated for five jungs (?)
Dealers scatter when D's or Y come
R.I.P. is written on walls for people who die young
And niggas either dream of b-balling, or to be balling
Sometimes it's hard for me to write,
Son, the streets calling
Patience is a virtue
Temptation will hurt you
And sentence to a bid

Your fake friends will desert you
Til' you're assed out
Screaming life's a bitch that burnt you
I don't expect a fake nigga to feel this
Look in my eyes, stare at the realness

I was corrupted by drug supply
Fly kicks, and buckin' nines
Looking up at the skies
Thinking I'm too young to die
Thoughts are conquering
Though we were taught not to since
Supreme Court and death got a nigga losing lots of
friends
My pen's immortal like Mommy in heaven
No man can harm you
An army of angels with true love is there to guard you
Tell my dog Blue, I love him like a brother
The deep shit
Three bricks remain uncut
But the industry didn't want me in
They try to condemn me
Spewell of rap, they even try to suspend me
Yet a thug nigga rise
People are snakes, and justice is blind
My jury is my gun at my side
Son I write with the trifeness
Engraved in Tyson
Curse the shots that left BIG and Pac lifeless
The realness
Some try to conceal this
Despite that fact, niggas can't match my lyrical illness
I'm a key
You three grams with cut in it
If you want it
I don't give a fuck, nigga
Rapper slash Drug dealer
Slash I bust my gun, nigga
Slash your face with a rug, nigga
What's the meaning (echoes 9x)

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