

Die Fantastischen Vier

"I'm Wanted"

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[Kel Spencer]:

C'mon

[Richie Sambora]:

(Dead or alive)*repeat throughout song*

[Kel Spencer]:

Wanted dead or alive

Dead or alive

Yeah I see y'all coming, ha, ha

Yeah y'all want me right, why?

Cause I'm the hottest thing coming

Yeah I know, yeah I know

Yeah, yeah, come on

Y'all want me, come get me

C'mon, what y'all afraid or something

Scared today might be your expiration date or something

I'm made of something larger than life

From trife, so in deaf for tax

I'm hawking these bullets and dodging his snipe, all right

I'm on the road to being sacked with dough

Kelvin Spencer is what I'm clapping for

Fresh in the streets with the Lex and Rover

But y'all trying to stop the process you know

Cover your chest I'll spray these through your thin vest

Feared like an outlaw from the East, getting stalked by Jim West

On the humbly, y'all trying to come for me

Sending chunks for me to join a gun for me

Don't get it twisty

I'll leave you laying with the tumbleweeds

I'm Loveless partner Kel

The number one vet

Leave a trail of dust and disappear into the sunset

Everyday I'm gonna stay true to me

Ain't much ya'll can do to me

This ain't new to me

I come through the streets, crew

Leave you black and blue, see
Pretty thug needs heat and jewelry
Ain't nothing but the fifties gonna do for me
Y'all ain't moving me, sly smoothly
Get your crew for me, yeah I'm on it, c'mon

1 - [Richie Sambora]:
Where I'm gonna go
Where I'm gonna hide
I'm wanted dead or alive
I'm trying to survive
They just creep on me
Prey on me
They want me
Dead or alive

Repeat 1

[Kel Spencer]:
You know what dog, let's just square off like the
Westerns
You know ten paces, turn around and see who's chest
burns
For me to hate'cha is not my nature
Erase ya, I'm hard to follow
Being the desperado's my major
The cowboy hat is Yankees fitted
The cowboy boots is Timbs
That horse you call Silver is a chrome Lex with rims
The saloon is a bodega
That leather vest is a low fleece
And the sheriff in this boys is police
We line up empty bean cans
On the fence for target practice
Feared by masses, draw the fastest
Scars on my face to be posted on cactuses
It's cream, mental scheme, all in the green
Spencer for hire, type of guy you want on your team
Y'all gotta realize what's happening
There's more to rapping and
See them outside the saloon back them in
I'm just trying to do shows and pack them in
Want to find out where my gat descend
Poisonous, the confidant man works in silence
So I understand why y'all making noise in this
Y'all young boys in this, I'm wanted

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Kel Spencer]:
Feel me, spit gold, danger when my clique roll

We shine bright like Senso, big guns let off big blows
Kel the voice of Ghetto, USA needs to be heard
Love and loyalty baby gotta believe in me, word
Check it you shooked, I'll step up while you're looking
Plus for the fame, nice with the game
Y'all weak still sky hooking
Trying to knock the hustle
I'm a flex the muscle
Go ahead bust yours, rush the front door
I run with the big dogs that bite right through the
muzzle
I'm pushing my product, Kel Spence the track pimp
Dangerous when I murder bass lines like Shawn Kemp
Cause my whole game official, my hot ones ain't going
to miss you
What they gonna be missing you
If I got to send them kids for you
Hear my heart through my voice
A spark and your moist
Give you a full scholarship to the graveyard and get
tossed
Y'all want my corpse laid out for the undertaker to fit
me
Dead or alive, but Feds the only way y'all gonna get me
Blow!

Repeat 1 (3x)

[Kel Spencer]:

Come get me, y'all ain't serious
If y'all really want me dead or alive
Yeah can't stand the heat huh
Yeah, yeah Wild Wild East to the Wild Wild West uh
Yeah y'all ain't know who y'all was dealing with
Kel Spence baby
Kel Spence baby
Yeah, yeah, love and loyalty
Blow, blow, blow, blow

(sounds of breathing and running away)

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