

Will Smith, Uuhhh

(Kel Spencer)

(Uuhhh)

Can you feel it baby?

(Take me away)

Flow crazy

Make em' say

(Uuhhh)

Make It hot, uh

(Take me away)

Flow crazy

Make em' say

Uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah)

Uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah)

(Will Smith)

Been to the mountain top

Down to the valley

Philedelph to Cali

Y'all feel me like Harry felt Sally

Clothes exotic, flows erotic

No jewels that's for them fools who ain't got it

Rap to my own sitcom

Now I just sit calm

Watching y'all respond to my July 4th bomb (boom!)

Yeah I'm a nice kid

But here's some advice kid

Don't get me hyped

I'll set it off like my wife did

Playing down a path like Sajak

Wheel of a Fortune away

Price ain't right I don't play

Find yourself in Jeopardy

The first clue

What is Will Smith?

Hot to death not you

I'm like a Porsche, you a pinto

You like a tiny figurine, I'm monumental

You're like a small get together

On your neighbor's back porch

You know just a couple of y'all

I'm a million man march

Attack of the man in black

Like Jordan playing on a train

Yo my game on track

Mad ice for my wife

No care for what it costed

Had to ease up though

Her wrist got frost bit

My style, flava, delivery, my diction

Gettin' medieval like dude in Pulp Fiction

You want some bring it

Come one, come all, come in

Watch me take they heart away like Penny

I could take 12 rappers and put em' in line

Then 12 emcees that think they can rhyme

Then 12 more brothers that still ain't signed

Then don't do nothing just watch 'em decline

Gangsta hardcore, menace to society

Raps all the same

My pen spits variety

Eclecticism is a virtue

It may not be a word

But it's definitely a virtue

Rappers approaching me all across America

Believe me you don't wanna battle like Erykah
I was in the game before publishing was an issue
You're platinum now but next year I'm gonna miss you
Mad rappers like bad actors should have no parts
Wanna be mad check the charts any of them
Oh you don't see my name
You don't see my spot
Here's a hint
Look closer to the top

(Kel Spencer)
(Uuhhh)
Can you feel it baby?
(Take me away)
Flow crazy
Make em' say
(Uuhhh)
Make it hot, uh
(Take me away)
Flow crazy
Make em' say
Uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah)
Uh (ah) uh (ah) uh (ah)

(Kel Spencer)
Uh, love and loyalty yo
Yo the flow spray, Vito say
I'm tryin' to live
And if I catch you out of bounds
It's cheap shots to the ribs
Love and loyalty dawg
Do it how Pac and Big did it
It's the Wild Wild East
And me keepin' me jig with it
Play no games
Thirst to heat the rhyme
Motivation cause procrastination is the thief of time
Holding a torch
I was programmed to scorch
Can't run with the big dawgs?
Then stay on the porch
These cats is craftmatic
Hand on the steering wheel
Rocks from the road dodging oncoming traffic
Man-handle rappers, dismantle rappers
Y'all lukewarm slash sweet-scented candle rappers
Any team posing a threat we defeat those
The wealthy man is the man that knows how to keep dough
As long as y'all play foul I'mma keep hittin' free throws
Crush Spanish mamas calling me Kellito
Remember Lego blocks?
All about the paper now
I use writers block to build sky scraper style
Catch rappers using the same flows everyday cause they lame
True players gotta change their uniform after the game
Y'all seen the flow
Like y'all never seen before
Don't stop for the door
Why do you think green mean gold?
Baby learn life's lessons
Scratch regression
Kel Spence the truth, the answer to all questions
Come on (Uuhhh)

(Will Smith)

Damn Kel, you kind of good