

Smith Will

"Yes Yes Yall"

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Intro: Sonny Cheba

yes

at the start of the new jiggyness

with the Trackmasters

Camp Lo and

Willie

gon' give it to ya

know what I mean

lot of macaronis here

check it out for all the

tenderonis

ah ha ha

like chatchy and joni

Verse 1:

lights camera action

the hip-hop attraction

Fresh Priggy

John Bliggy

player haters been hatin' all my playin' for years

now they seein' they worst fears as I bathe in cheers

parades and accolades

all shades and ages

it's me the outrageous

my zeal contagious

the smile inspirator

Aspen to Grenada

one of the only mc's to say cheese with

Scharwtzenegger

everywhere I go they know me

Planet Hollywood in Paris accidentally spilt a drink upon

they ??

truth of the matter I've been loungin'

livin' it up givin' it up

in monopolate surroundings

been around the world and I-yi-yi

ain't seen enough of this fly-yi-yi

my attitude pervasive

my effervescence

bringing you back to the essence

with the...

Chours: Will Smith & Camp Lo

yes yes y'all
and ya don't stop
mic check y'all
and ya don't quit
repeat 2X

Verse 2:

verse two

'bout to slay you worst than the first verse
packin' my purse but yo without one curse
I survive in rarified air where only few can live
thoughts in my brain like that train in the fugitive
I pledge allegiance to the soul of the game
stepped away as Fresh Prince came back with my real
name
a rose by any other still beautifies the room
so don't get consumed when a brother's known to
gloom
it's amantics but yo it's really good to be back
never racing the rap just lacing the track
not sarendipadee with me it was a plan b
'bout to have an oscar standin' next to my grammiesss
plural mucho no need to talk though
I'm a just do so
I'm comin' at ya with the smoothest slickness
behold the style lick of this kickin'...

Chorus

Verse 3:

a GQ cover twice
this brother's nice
vanity fair you saw me there
I discovered life
outside of rap got the cream and all that
but kinda left a void in me
you can't keep runnin' in and out of my life
said my mic
aight
pump your radio you could record
as they place my welcome mat at the music awards
coming throgh America tinted in high beams
rose petals at my feet like I'm Prince Akeem
so to all you player haters while y'all sayin' y'all rhyme
please stop sayin' Jada cause that name's mine
I rocked the Philly fade with the divin' waves
yes yallin' till I'm bald like Issac Hayes
bad eyes or greys back pain or bad legs
I'm a get better with age trust

Chorus

