

Will Smith**"Block Party(feat. Tra-Knox)"**

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[Verse 1]

Yo, yo forget the club
Today we play in the block
It's goin' down and it's blazzin' hot
Jeff pop the new CD turn tables joints
You just got to get the amps from Boogie
Get the van from Rock and then
Call up Ishcabibble's, Jim's and Pat's
And tell 'em we need cheese steaks for like, 300 cats
And yo, make sure it's hot or else I'm sendin' 'em back
And get my mic right
If I get hyped, I might rap
Then take the speakers find a good spot
Subs on the bottom, tweeters up top
Yo, you know where little John lives on the corner
The extension cord'll run perfectly to his crib
And then tell Officer Mike to barricade the block
Regardless what car you got, leave it up top
You wanna come, you got to come on your feet
Ain't nothin' like havin' a party
When it's out in the street, come on

[Chorus- Tra-Knox]

Nine o'clock I'ma call my crew
And ten o'clock we gonna roll on through
I don't know what you gon do
But whatever you do, hit the block party tonight

All the ladies rollin' up with friends
And don't be late or you wont get in
Our party's packed from begining to end
Everybody tell a friend that the block party's tonight

[Verse 2]

It's ain't nothin' like
Havin' a party on the block
When everybody know everybody on the block
And everybody on the block
Come to the party on the block
And when the sun drop, (we don't stop)
Funny how fast they travel the word

A dozen divas from North Philly drove in when they
heard
That it's a block party down in West Philly
Come block party with Jeff and Big Willy
Stand back, everybody come to see the man rap
Jeff got it... jam packed
Everybody, hands in the air
(Just get your hands in the air!)
Yo Philly! (dat's where the party's at!)
Uuh, D.C. y'all! (dat's where the party's at!)
A-T-L (dat's where the party's at!)
West side! (dat's where the party's at!)
Mid-west y'all (dat's where the party's at!)
Dirty South now (dat's where the party's at!)
Yo, I can't hear y'all! (dat's where the party's at!)
Where ever we at! (dat's where the party's at!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, yo and when the sun drop
Back in Philly that don't mean that the fun stop
All it mean is that it's time to turn the lights on
All day long I been plottin' on this nice john
It's ten o'clock now Jeff is tryin' to hype me
Will the Fresh Prince come up to the mic please?
Hear the crowd cheer, broguht a little smile out
Mic check, one, two- I'm 'bout to wild out
I know he's old, but
Mabye it's a slight chance
I could get my brother hype
Make him break dance- ha, maybe not
Lemme get the crowd jumpin'
Let me him 'em with the brand new funk or somethin'
I'm like Rob Base- I wanna rock right now
Y'all know who run the block right now
All we need is a mic and a beat
And a couple of speakers And some turn tables out in
the street, come on! [Chorus]

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