

Will Smith "Da Butta"

Visit "[Da Butta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Will Smith]

Uh, uh, uh

What?

Whoo! Ha-ha

Yeah mic check

Mic, mic, mic, mic, mic, mic, mic, mic

Alright now let's go yo

[Lil' Kim](Will)

Here come the butter baby

(I bring it smooth and hot)

Here come the butter baby

(Bringing it smooth and hot)

Here come the butter baby

(I bring it smooth and hot)

What? What? What? What?

[Will Smith]

Here come the butter baby

Bringing it smooth and hot

Got the staff from K-B

Singing this groove a lot

So I got my spiral notebook

Drink and pen

And then abracadabra y'all, done it again

Married but I flirt a little

Siking the ladies

In the videos I be bringing it like Mike in the 80s

Level of success based on my level of risk

You've been yelling for the lyricist

Then reveling this

Old school hip-hop a beat and a rhyme

Some chapters and some verses, you seek and you find

Look no further here I go, Big Will, Johnny Inferno

Flame by hip-hop burns eternal

All aboard on my train to fame

Rappers hoping that it'd rain

Trying to stop the game

But rain can't stop me

I got a coat in the crib

Hey look y'all yellow bricks quit beefin' at the whiz,

what?

[Lil' Kim](Will)

Here come the butter baby
(I bring it smooth and hot)
Here come the butter baby
(Uh, bringing it smooth and hot)
Here come the butter baby
(I bring it smooth and hot)
What? What? What? What?
(Lil' Kim y'all what?)

[Lil' Kim]

Lil' Kim, Big Will give a damn how y'all feel
Hate, but on the real, Big Will is seven mill
If I wasn't on top I'd have a lot less ends
I'd most likely have a lot less friends
You know what I learned, let them keep talking
Uh-huh, pull up in an Azure and watch them keep
walking

[Will Smith]

Kim haters be making me wanna flip and react

No-no-no, chill Will and let me do that (alright)
Huh, I gotta eat can't get with broke cats
You know the queen like to be where the money at
I'm the mother, y'all like adopted in this
Call us Mr. and Mrs. Papadapolis
When will y'all learn?
Y'all just interns
You gon' get what you earn, just wait your turn
I rock telephones with the TV screens
So I can have real phone sex
Know what I mean?

[Lil' Kim](Will)

Here come the butter baby
(I bring it smooth and hot)
Here come the butter baby
(Bringing it smooth and hot)
Here come the butter baby
(Yo I bring it smooth and hot)
What? What? What? What?

[Will Smith]

It's the fun king, I've been doing one thing
Running things for years, give me one swing
And it's out of here, crack!
Over the fence ladies and gents
Keeping rappers impressed but depressed by my
current events

[Kim]
Yes Lord!
[Will]
Big Will swinging the best sword
What'cha flexing for, don't be testing me boy
Messing with me boy, you're stepping on the root of a
daisy
I have you're girl saying
[Kim]
Will why you do that to my baby?
Yo Will, what they looking stupid in the face for?
What? I can't have rocks the size of a baseball
Trust me when I cop I make sure mine cut glass
Never spend my last, like a crack head for the blast
Y'all can kiss my ass acting like you know me
You ain't got a Rolley, take this one here you owe me
All in together now, wrists looking better now
Screw greyhound bound, I'm getting cheddar now
[Will]
Burr! When she step up in the scene!
Who! Ice gleam, y'all scream, "Bow to the Queen!"
Ring on her finger mad phat
Leonardo DiCaprio saw it and caught a flashback
mouth noise
All you rappers wanna snap, Jazzy Jeff got my back
mouth noise
Lil' Kim bring it back, Lil' Kim press the rack
[Lil' Kim]
Yeah I'm short and sexy, my love's divine
My name is QB and I blow your mind with the
mouth noise
When I step up, body lookin' hot
All the music just stop

Visit [Will Smith](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.