

## Will Smith "If U Can't Dance"

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[INTRO:]

Yo! If you can't dance, it's cool to get up now  
Usually, ya'll gotta sit on the side, but tonight, it's cool  
...slide...

[CHORUS]

If you can't dance then this is your jam, baby, left to  
right all night  
Slide that's all you gotta do... You can't dance then this  
is your jam, baby  
Left to right all night, slide, that's all you gotta do  
Now we all know the boy at the club, all liquored up,  
Boy with the bub tryin' to pick 'em up, wack dancing,  
'Wooking pa nub', shirt too bright, pants too tight  
Boy settle down  
Now I ain't just messing with you  
I got better things to do  
I'm trying to help, I got a lesson for you  
I know you do the best you could do  
Wanna get next to Boo, then the less you do the better  
Cause women equate dance with sex  
They gon' see you & be like, 'Next!'  
But you gon' be like, 'hold up Ma' ('Next!')  
But she gon' be like, uh huh, ('Next!')  
Now looka-here, rule #1, know ya name,  
If it ain't Usher, Justin or Hammer, then we can touch ya  
Rule #2, never do a dance you can't do, why stupid,  
Cause you can't do it

[CHORUS]

So I'm up in my spot in Miami the other night, right  
& this Dude's out on the floor OD-ing, just way 'over-  
dancing'  
So his Mommy wanna holla at me  
She thought my name was Billy, I told her it was Willie  
She said she watch my TV show & I was very silly  
Told her I was from Philly she looked at me said,  
'Really?'  
& judging from her t-shirt, I could tell that she was

chilly  
So I gave her my sweater, she said her name was Etta  
She said she come from Cuba and she just had bought  
a Jetta  
She said she was glad I met her, let's go somewhere  
together  
She said she'd ride in my car cause she knew that it  
was better  
The conversation cookin', attention getting' tookin'  
My Spidey senses tinglin', I felt somebody lookin'  
Now who this brotha lookin', & now he runnin', bookin'  
I'm mad I'm like a fisherman, I almost had my hook in  
I figured I should get up & quickly clear my head up,  
Cause Etta got a man & I'm feelin' kinda set-up  
Now Dude was really fed up & yo, he wouldn't let up  
Homey if I hit you, you might never ever get up  
Now he was not a dancer, plus he wasn't handsome  
Comin' like Mel Gibson, like I had his girl for ransom  
Yo, Pedro wanna go out side, yo amigo, tranquillo...  
slide

[CHORUS]

Now rule #3 is easy, please remember that you ain't on  
"Beat Street"  
Sweet feet, you ain't tryin' to win no TV, another dude  
did a move  
No need to out do it  
Rule #4, out on the floor, don't be doing moves that  
don't nobody do no more  
Draw too much attention to be adventurous out on the  
floor  
There's a reason that don't nobody do 'em no more,  
you feel me?  
This may be hilarious, but Rule #5 is serious, it's a  
shame that we have  
To discuss  
That there's no lip biting or pelvic thrusts  
I mean you think that move will put the sting on her,  
You too close, tryin' to put a ring on her?  
You don't know that girl, don't cling on her & don't put  
your thing on  
Her...cool?!

[CHORUS]

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