

Will Smith **"Yes Yes Y'all"**

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Yes

Get the start of the new jiggyness

With the track masters

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 Catchy and Joni

Lights camera action, the hip-hop attraction

Fresh priggly, John Bliggly

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

Schwarzenegger

Everywhere I go they know me

Planet Hollywood in Paris accidentally spill a drink upon
they?

Truth of the matter I've been loungin'

Livin' it up givin' it up in manipulate surroundings

Been around the world and I yi yi

Ain't seen enough of this fly yi yi ya

My attitude pervasive, my effervescence

Bringing you back to the essence

With the

Yes, yes y'all

And ya don't stop

Mic check y'all

And ya don't quit

Yes, yes y'all

And ya don't stop

Mic check y'all

And ya don't quit

Yes, yes y'all

And ya don't stop
Mic check y'all
And ya don't quit
Yes, yes y'all
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And ya don't quit

Verse two

'Bout to slay you worst than the first verse
Packin' my purse but yo without one curse
I survive in ratified 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 Grammys
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'

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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 aright
Pump your radio you could record
As they place my welcome mat at the music awards
Coming through 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 yellin' till I'm bald like Issac Hayes
Bad eyes or gray's back pain or bad legs
I'm a get better with age trust

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