

Michael Jackson % Janet Jackson

"It's All Good"

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Verse 1: Will Smith

It's all good, pop the bubbly, life is lovely
All sun no rain
No strain, can't complain
Pass Hell pain, but no Coumbaya
Now I Boomshaka-laka-laka Boo-ah-ah
I got the good life, no strife, real nice
An I'm a papa my son Trey haha
An when I'm on tour, he be mad I'm gone
But then he smile an come runnin screamin "daddy's
home"
Then he hold me, slightly tightly
Mom, your wish came true-I got one just like me
My life be so good, so good
Ka-chicka-chicka Ka-chicka-chicka-good
Things come to those who wait
But too late my life's to great to wait
I wanna, celebrate good times, c'mon

Chorus:

Livin lovin, lovin livin, it's all good
I'm lovin livin, it's all good

Livin lovin, lovin livin, it's all good
I'm lovin livin, it's all good

Livin lovin, lovin livin, it's all good
I'm lovin livin, it's all good

Livin lovin, lovin livin, it's all good
I'm lovin livin, it's all good

Verse 2: Will Smith

I wake up every morning in the canopy bed
Slip a kiss to the Miss, you the man she says
Mirror, mirror, need I call?
You know, uno, bad breath an all
Times I been fed up, still didn't let up

'Stead a doin dirt, did work and kept my head up
Set up
For the future, much love to my girl
North Pole got my butt cold (sittin on top of the world)
An I'm feelin (so high)
Touch the ceiling (the sky)
You say I smile cause I'm on top of the pie
But yo, the cream can only finance the smile for a little
while
My grin got longevity, got family backin me
That's why I'm livin happily
Ever after, love and laughter
Hussle cause I wants to, not cause I have to
Ask yourself, who made the polar caps melt?
FP, the phenomenon, true Don Juan, Jon Blaze
The Fonz ain't seen my Happy Days
The track plays, I'm in the shades, singin a phrase

Chorus

Verse 3: Will Smith

They say the clothes don't make the man
Take my hand
Watch me freak this
Ah-mommy's tryin ta creep this
Tryin to entice me to let it off
But nah, (why not?) c'mon baby, you saw Set It Off
Proposition by trio, in Rio
Menage Trois, down at the Marde Gras
But nah, my clothes by Versace
My attitude cocky, the sym- it's Imanyaki
Like a felon, no tellin what I do next
I don't front cause I'm paid, but I do flex
Southwestern, crib like a villa
Vacation on a mountain in Manilla
Rhyme spilla, real thrilla
An it's real clear
Y'all talkin East and West, I'm talkin hemispheres
My papa raised no fool
So many zeros on my check it's like, oooooooooooooohh

Chorus to fade

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