

Michael Jackson % Janet Jackson

"Y'all Know"

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Verse 1: Will Smith

Observe the high roller
Mic controller
Number one hip-hop son
call me solar
Why? cause I shine
Praise the Big Willie I'm
Raised in Philly I
daze and thrillin' ya
Don't be silly, ya can't see me
Again I'm killin ya on MTV
Just get with it my friend (Damn another award)
Dat kid done did it again (Oh my Lord)
Da fantastic
Boombastic
Gettin' ten times hotter than any you other cats get
Practice
You lack this
I'm the real McCoy
First with Jeff I was startin
Then with Martin I'm a Badboy
See more green than David Bent
More juice than Tropicana
You hawkin me like Atlanta
MC's just flee, they rightfully concerned
Big Will wants the mic back, it's my turn ta burn

Verse 2: Will Smith

I'm back attackin the mic
Hype like a Viking
Strikin like a python
Blaze like Jon
A hip-hop icon, MC radical
Back on track from my rap/act sabatacle
Nine-point-six on the richter
Kicked her, hands so slickta
Chicks quickta flip tha
Bright glance and the tight pants
for the slight chance, "Big Willie can we get one

dance?"
Why yes you may an', I'm just sayin
That dress you playin, is A-Okay an
This is your chance for, at least it could be
for you an you girlfriend on the dancefloor, menege-
boogie
On the scene I fronts an dashin, fashion
Lost my cream once, now I'm stashin cashin
Countries and currencies, like a true Don
It's a new time and this time watch me shine
The way y'all blaze through the days and nights
How I deal with the craze my momma raised me right
Whether I'm on stage or in the studio booth
100 proof, raisin the roof, raisin the roof!

Chorus:

Y'all know, Can't nobody rock a crowd like me
She know, Can't nobody make it bounce like me
He know, Can't nobody get it hot like me
Y'all know, Y'all need ta stop cause ya can't see me

Verse 3: Will Smith

Seven continents I bruise all cruise
Adidas, kilts, or bamboos and no shoes
Eskimos to Abariginies
I'll test the flow of the world's MC's
I'll hit you out the ball park
You just all talk
Don't be lookin at my script, you can't play my part
See I'm a rapper thats an actor
You act rap with no heart
The way that I compose those flows like Mozart
Gets somthin like a symphony, when I'm orchestratin'
em
Ever since the days of me an Jeff at the Paladium
All my life I've been the cream of the crop
Shoppin a dream, now I got a crop full of cream
I raise mics for the flow of it, you know the show of it
Not the Benz 600 four door of it(keep it real yo)
I'm a rhyme regardless of earnin
Long as my heart keeps yearnin
I gots ta keep burnin

Chorus 5x

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