

Various Artists "Gettin' Jiggy Wit It"

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Bring it
What, what, what, what?

On your mark, ready, set let's go
Dance floor pro, I know, you know
I go psycho when my new joint hit
Just can't sit, gotta get jiggy wit it,
that's it

Now honey, honey come ride
DKNY, all up in my eye
You gotta Prada bag with a lotta stuff in it
Give it to your friend, let's spin

Everybody lookin' at me, glancin' the
kid
Wishin' they was dancin' a jig, here
with this handsome kid
Ciga cigar right from Cuba, Cuba
I just bite it, it's for the look, I don't
light it

Ill way the anmay on the ance day oor flay
Givin' up jiggy, make it feel like foreplay
Yo, my car, yo, it's infinite
Ha ha, Big Willie style's all in it
Gettin' jiggy wit it

Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it
Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it

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Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it
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Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it

What you wanna ball with the kid?
Watch your step you might fall
Tryin' to do what I did
Mama, mama, I'ma come closer

In the middle of the club with the rub a dub

No love for the haters, the haters
Mad 'cause I got floor seats at the Lakers
See me on the fifty yard line with the Raiders
Met Ali, he told me I'm the greatest

I got the fever
For the flavor of a crowd pleaser
DJ play another from the prince of this
Your highness, only mad chicks ride in my whips

South to the west to the east to the north
Bought my hits an' watch 'em go off, a go off
Ah, yes, yes, y'all all an' ya don't stop
In the winter or the summertime, I makes it hot
Gettin' jiggy wit 'em

Na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it
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Na na na na na na, gettin' jiggy wit it

Eight fifty I.S, if you need a lift
Who's the kid in the drop? Who else, Will Smith
Livin' that life some consider a myth
Rock from South Street to One Two Fifth

Women used to tease me
Give it to me now nice an' easy
Since I moved up like George an' Wheezy
Cream to the maximum, I be askin' 'em
Would you like to bounce with the brother that's platinum?

Never see will attackin' 'em
Rather play ball with Shaq an' um, flatten 'em
Psyche, kiddin'
You thought I took a spill? But I didn't

Trust the lady of my life, she hittin'
Hit her with a drop top with the ribbon
Crib for my mom on the outskirts of Philly
You tryin' to flex on me? Don't be silly
Gettin' jiggy wit it

Na na na na na na na
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