

Will Smith, Let's Get Busy Baby

Mmm say baby, you got some fries to go with that shake
Ay what are you man Yo man, that is no way to talk to a woman man
Man I been talkin to girls, man what are you talkin about
That girl looks good
Man look, you just, you buggin man, you know what you said
Okay, okay, alright you show me how to talk to a lady

Aight, bet, uhh sweetheart
Listen up toots I like your looks
I used to see girls like you in them girlie books
I'm losin my mind, but it's not lost yet
I'd pay a thousand dollars just to see your silhouette
Red is the rose's color, blue is the violet's
Here's my number baby, when you get home, dial it up
I'll be your man and you can be my lady and you can come to my house, and we can get busy baby

Girl forget about your boyfriend, he's nothin but a hassle
You can come with me and cold chill in my castle
Oh what a wonderful time it would be, imagine you and me, in my jacuzzi
Or horseback riding or we can play tennis
But, the most intimate part will be when it's time to eat dinner, we'll go get dressed
And then we'll give a call to antoin my private chef
First we'll eat crab legs, by candlelight
Then sip wine by the fire for the rest of the night
And if the time is right, I'll ask you to be my lady and we can dip right upstairs and get busy baby

You know since I first met you,
I wanted to let you know how I felt, so I could get you to treat me like a phone and take me off hold
And make your hero come so I can pour my heart and soul
I can't help but dream about the ultimate life
Two kids, a dog, a goldfish and you as my wife
We'd have a rosebush with a white picket fence
And all the neighbourhood kids would call me Mr. Prince
And on the lazy Saturday afternoons
Right after me and the kids get finished watching cartoons
We could send them both outside to go playin
And we could spend some time upstairs, get what I'm sayin
The only problem, that we would have is whether or not to drive the Porsche, the Benz, or the Jag
And every night before bed, flip the radio on and sip Dom Perignon to the quiet storm
Gucci, Louis Vuitton, you want more
Gloria Vanderbilt or Liz Claiborne or Christian Dior from head to foot
The world is yours if you'll be my toots
Oh I know what your problem is
Look those other chicks are just good friends
I'll give up my harem if you'll be my lady
C'mon what do you say, ha
Let's get busy baby

Look, be honest, come on, don't lie
Tell the truth I'm a hell of a guy, right
Pretty smile, light brown eyes
I've got miles on them other guys, face it
You could search America, Russia or Germany but never will you find another man equivalent to me
But let's discuss it, perhaps over lunch about how I'll be your poopsie, and you will be my hunnybun
Now isn't that special
Why ain't you widdit?
You'll be my only girl, yeah, that's the ticket
Life's a risky business, babe you know the deal
Sometimes you just gotta say what the hell
Now is that time, roll for the money
Life is a gamble but I'm a sure thing honey
Girl, you know you driving me crazy
So how bout it come on let's get busy baby