

# Will Smith, Could U Love Me

Yo, Big Will in the place to be, mic check...mic check..  
Would you love me in the shack in a shanty town  
Would you love me if my pants was hand me downs, huh?  
Yo, yo,  
Often times I hear a phrase when I'm out & about  
8 to 80, all walks of life be shouting it out  
Usually, when its time for a encore I hear it  
Or when I did something hot, evoking the spirit  
It's weird, its like a double edge sword when ya'll applaud  
It's kinda wild, a peace sign, a smile  
How do I respond to the phrase, "I love you Will!"?  
Kinda heavy when I hear it, I'd be like damn for real?  
In a way it makes me wanna stay strong and moral  
But history say I could be gone tomorrow  
& though my future looks floral  
I feel like I'm hoping for much pain  
When people stop shouting my name  
& doubting my game & liking others better than me  
Writing letters to him instead of to me  
A veteran 'B', I know the game, but do me this here,  
In your heart be clear before you bless my ear  
Come on..

(CHORUS)

Could you love me if I lived in a shanty town  
Could you love me if my pants was hanging down  
Could you love me if my wrist ain't bling  
If I wasn't on TV & I ain't sing, huh?  
Could you love me if my whip wasn't chrome fitted  
Would my name be easier to forget it, huh?  
Could you love me if wrist ain't bling  
If I wasn't on TV & I ain't sing, huh?  
I pray before I sit with a pen & a pad  
A birth of a thought occurs & it calls me Dad  
To the universe an idea released from me  
Just a CD, nah man, a piece of me  
What you can't see is when you be dancing 'B'  
Is I asked you a question, that's how you answer me  
So when you don't dance, it be like I'm choking from cancer  
Like I wrote rancid rhymes, I can't survive  
Sure, I rationalize like, oh, I see..  
But if you don't like my cut, its like you don't like me  
Some stuff works, some works not so well  
Its like you work so hard, still get hurt like hell  
Yo, it could tear you apart  
But don't let your wins go to your heard  
Your losses go to your heart  
& if we ever get the pleasure to meet  
Be clever with it, measure what you yell in the street  
Come on...

(CHORUS)

Whoo, would you.....  
Whoo, could you.....

(CHORUS)