

# Will Smith, It's All Good

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

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Livin lovin, lovin livin, it's all good  
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Verse 2:

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:

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