

Will Smith, Yes Yes Y'all

Intro: Sonny Cheba

yes
at the start of the new jiggy
with the Trackmasters
Camp Lo and
Willie
gon' give it to ya
know what I mean
lot of macaronis here
check it out for all the
tenderonis
ah ha ha
like Chachi and Joanie

Verse 1:

lights camera action
the hip-hop attraction
Fresh Priggy
John Bliggy
player haters been hatin' all my playin' for years
now they seein' they worst fears as I bathe in cheers
parades and accolades
all shades and ages
it's me the outrageous
my zeal contagious
the smile inspirator
Aspen to Grenada
one of the only mc's to say cheese with Schwarzenegger
everywhere I go they know me
Planet Hollywood in Paris accidentally spilt a drink upon Naomi
truth of the matter I've been loungin'
livin' it up givin' it up
in opulent surroundings
been around the world and I-yi-ya
ain't seen another this fly-yi-ya
my attitude pervasive
my effervescence
bringing you back to the essence
with the...

Chours: Will Smith & Camp Lo

yes yes y'all
and ya don't stop
mic check y'all
and ya don't quit
repeat 2X

Verse 2:

verse two
'bout to slay you worst than the first verse
packin' my purse but yo without one curse
I survive in rarefied air where only few can live
thoughts in my brain like that train in the fugitive
I pledge allegiance to the soul of the game
stepped away as Fresh Prince came back with my real name
a rose by any other still beautifies the room
so don't get consumed when a brother's nom de plume
it's semantics, but yo it's really good to be back
never racing the rap just lacing the track

not serendipity with me it was a Plan B
Gots to have an Oscar standin' next to my grammiesss
plural, mucho, no need to talk though
I'm a just do so
I'm comin' at ya with the smoothest slickness
behold the style lick of this kickin'...

Chorus

Verse 3:

a GQ cover twice
this brother's nice
vanity fair you saw me there
I discovered life
outside of rap got the cream and all that
but kinda left a void in me
you can't keep runnin' in and out of my life
said my mic
aight
pump your radio you could record
as they place my welcome mat at the music awards
coming through America tinted in high beams
rose petals at my feet like I'm Prince Akeem
so to all you player haters while y'all sayin' y'all rhyme
please stop sayin' Jada cause that name's mine
I rocked the Philly fade with the divin' waves
yes yallin' till I'm bald like Issac Hayes
bad eyes or greys
back pain or bad legs
I'm a get better with age, trust

Chorus