Miami (Salon Acapulco Edit)

Will Smith

Uh- Miami yeah, yeah...south beach, bringing the heat- jig it out, uhHere I am in the place where I come to let go-Miami
The bass and the sun set low.
Everyday like a Mardi-Gras, everybody party all day
No work- all play, okSo we sip a little something, leave the rest to spill.
Me and charlie at the bar running up a high bill
Nothin' less than ill when we dress to kill,
And every time the ladies pass they be like "Hi Will"Y'all feel me
All ages and races,
Real sweet faces, every single nation
Spanish, Hatian, Indian, Jamaican,
Black, White, Cuban or AsianI only come for 2 days of playing, but every time we come
We always wind up staying.
This the type of town I could spend a few days in,
Miami the city that keeps the roof blazing.[Chorus]
Party in the city where the heat is on.
All night on the beach til the break of dawn
Welcome to Miami (bienvenido a Miami)
Bouncin' in the club where the heat is on
All night on the beach til the break of dawn.
I'm going to Miami, welcome to MiamiYo I heard the rain storms ain't nuttin' to mess wit
But I can't feel a drip on the strip, its a trip.
Ladies half dressed, fully equipped,
And they be screamin' out"Will, we loved your last hit!"
So I'm thinking I'ma scoop me something hot
In this salsa merengue melting pot.
Hottest club in the city and its right on the beach.Temperature, get to ya' its about to reach
Five hundred degrees in the Caribbean seas
With the hot mommies screaming "Ayy papi"
Every time I come to town they be spotting me,In the drop Bentley, ain't no stoppin' me.
So cash in your dough and lets flow to this fashion show.
Pound for pound anywhere you want to go.
Yo, ain't no city in the world like this, but if you ask how I know,I gots to plead the 5th, Miami![Chorus]Don't get me wrong Chi-Town got it goin' on
And New York is the city that we know don't sleep.
And we all know the LA and Philly stay jiggy, but on the snake,
Miami bringing heat for real, y'all don't understand.I never seen so many Dominican women with cinnamon tans.
"Mira, this is plan, take a walk on the beach, draw a heart in the sand, give

Me your hand. Damn! you look sexy, lets go to yacht in the west keys, ride my
Jet skis, lounge under the palm trees."Cause you got to have cheese for the summer time piece on south beach.
Water so clear you can see to the bottom.
$100,000 cars, everybody got em.
Ain't no place in a club to see Sly Stallone, Miami, my second home.[Chorus:Repeat x3]

Songwriters
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