

# Y'all Know

## Will Smith

Uh there we go  
Let me go and jig this thing on out  
Go ahead baby you got it  
Big Will raising the roof, raising the roof  
Show him how to do it Will  
Observe the high roller  
Mic controller  
Number one Hip Hop son  
Call me solar  
Why cause I shine  
Praise the Big Willie I'm  
Raised in Philly I daze and thrillin' ya  
Don't be silly ya can't see me  
Again I'm killin' ya on MTV  
Just get with it my friend  
That kid done did it again  
The fantastic  
Boombastic  
Getting ten times hotter than any you other cats get  
Practice  
You lack this  
I'm the real McCoy  
First with Jeff I was startin'  
Then with Martin I'm a Badboy  
See more green than David Bantha  
More juice than Tropicana  
You hawkin' me like Atlanta  
Emcees just flee they rightfully concerned  
Big Will wants the mic back it's my turn to burn  
Verse two verse two  
I'm back attacking the mic  
Hype like a Viking  
Striking like a python  
Blaze like Jon  
A Hip-Hop icon emcee radical  
Back on track from my rap act sabbatical  
Nine point six on the Richter  
Kicked her, ears so slickta  
Chicks quickta flip the

Bright glance and the tight pants for the slight chance  
Big Willie can we get one dance  
Why yes you may and I'm just saying  
That dress you playing is a okay an'  
This is your chance for at least it could be  
For you an' your girlfriend on the dance floor mena-ge-boogie  
On the scene I fronts and dashin' fashion  
Lost my cream once,now I'm stashin' cashin'  
Countries and currencies like a true Don  
It's a new time and its mine watch me shine  
The way I blaze through the days and nights  
How I deal with the craze my momma raised me right  
Whether I'm on stage or in the studio booth  
A hundred proof raisin' the roof raisin' the roof  
And y'all know  
Can't nobody rock a crowd like me  
She knows  
Can't nobody make it bounce like me  
He knows  
Can't nobody get it hot like me  
You know  
Y'all need to stop cause ya can't see me  
Y'all know  
Can't nobody rock a crowd like me  
He knows  
Can't nobody make it bounce like me  
She knows  
Can't nobody get it hot like me  
Y'all know  
Y'all need to stop cause ya can't see me  
Seven continents I bruise all cruise  
Adidas, kilts, or bamboos and no shoes  
Eskimos to Aborigines  
I'll test the flows of the world's emcees  
I'll hit you out the ball park  
You just all talk  
Don't be looking at my script,you can't play my part  
See I'm a rapper that's an actor  
You act rap with no heart  
The way that I compose those flows like Mozart  
Gets something like a symphony, when I'm orchestrating 'em  
Ever since the days of me and Jeff at the Paladium  
All my life I've been the cream of the crop  
Shopping a dream now I got a crop full of cream  
I raise mics for the flow of it, you know the show of it

Not the Benz 600 four door of it  
I'm a rhyme regardless of earning  
Long as my heart keeps yearning  
I gots ta keep burning  
Y'all know  
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Can't nobody make it bounce like me  
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