

Yes Yes Y'All (Featuring Camp Lo)

Will Smith

Yes
At the start of the new jiggyness
With the Trackmasters
Camp Lo and
Willie
Gon' give it to ya
Know what I mean
Lot of macoronis here
Check it out for all the
Tenderonis
Ah ha ha
Like chatchy and joniLights 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 contageous
The smile inspirator
Aspen to Grenada
One of the only mc's to say cheese with Scharwtzenegger
Everywhere I go they know me
Planet Hollywood in Paris accidently spilt a drink upon they ??
Truth of the matter I've been loungin'
Livin' it up givin' it up
In monopolate surrondings
Been around the world and I-yi-yi
Ain't seen enough of this fly-yi-yi
My attitude pervasive
My effervensence
Bringing you back to the essence
With the...Yes yes y'all
And ya don't stop
Mic check y'all
And ya don't quit
Yes yes y'all

And ya don't stop
 Mic check y'all
 And ya don't quit Verse two
 'bout to slay you worst than the first verse
 Packin' my purse but yo without one curse
 I survive in rarified 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 known to gloom
 It's amantics but yo it's really good to be back
 Never racing the rap just lacing the track
 Not sarendipadee with me it was a plan b
 'bout 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'... Yes yes y'all
 And ya don't stop
 Mic check y'all
 And ya don't quit 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 throgh 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 Yes yes y'all
 And ya don't stop
 Mic check y'all
 And ya don't quit

Songwriters

Jasper, Christopher H / Isley, Ernie / Isley, Marvin / Isley, O'Kelly / Isley, Rudolph / Isley, Ronald / Robinson,
Joe / Wilson, Ronnie James / Scott, Oliver AugustaPublished by
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