Party Starter

Will Smith

Get on the floor, whoa, I'm the party starter
You might have a good time but we party harder
So, tell the DJ to play my song
And we could dance all night to the early mornin'
Oh, I'm the party starter
You might have a good time but we party harder
So, tell the DJ to play my song
And we could dance all night to the early mornin'
Dance, an aphrodisiac, women gyrating
Simulating sensual acts to stimulating musical tracks
I thought I was just gon' come out tonight and get a brew and relax
But no, uh uh, when you're the party starter
It's like you're on call, you're what the doctor ordered
It's like you gotta block the border to the door
And shock 'em when it's boring, get on the floor
Ughh, it's the groovicide bomber, mic in my vest
Tight, strapped to my chest
Like I'ma run up in the party hollerin'
And be like oh, fulfillin' my callin'
Big, will, that's my name, whoop
Writin' rhymes, that's my game, whoop
Ask me again and I'll tell you the same, whoop
Just write ya number down right next to ya name, girl
Whoa, I'm the party starter
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He was raised in the days when the roof was raised
Every rap occasion, new and amazing
The back of the stage is amazed and gazin'
Prayin' for the day they would one day praise him
Studied the ways of the game and made it
Came through the maze and the haze and played it, perfect
Days any person hated and cursed him, he was unfazed

He waited, it was worth it, he never retaliated

He saved it, slavin', on the road blazin'
Days when he was low, nothin' could raise him
He came to the show and somethin' uncaged him
Like the pope, but its party crusade
I'm like braids that's never gon' fade, ya heard
I'm like, 23's on an escalade, throw me into the rave
Like you threw a grenade, boom
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I call for the days of the unadulterated
When the artistry was cultivated
You know, back when rap was smart and multilayered
We could rap without A and R's and ultimatums, damn
Now today I could say I long for the days
When the party was all about partyin'
I was a mini-party starter then
My mind bends when I call my pen
The big question, should I run the mind a vittle
Food for thought or dumb the rhyme a little
But will if you come to high that'll alienate folks
And they won't buy it, yo
Look, people getting trapped in the track
And they be clappin', even when the rappin' is wack
Yo, what happened, when did we get happy wit that?
He's old-fashioned, yup, but let's be happy he's back
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