

# Da Butta

## Will Smith

Uh, uh, uh  
Whoo, ha ha  
Yeah mic check  
Mic, mic, mic, mic, mic  
Alright now let's go yo Here come da butta, baby  
I bring it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
Bringing it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
I bring it smooth and hot  
What? What? What? What? Here come da butta baby, bringing it smooth and hot  
Got the staff from K B, singing this groove a lot  
So I got my spiral notebook, drink and a pen  
And then abracadabra y'all, done it again Married but I flirt a little, psyching the ladies  
In the videos I be bringing it like Mike in the '80s  
Level of success based on my level of risk  
You've been yelling for the lyricist then reveling this Old school hip hop, a beat and a rhyme  
Some chapters, some verses, you seek and you find  
Look no further here I go, Big Will, Johnny Inferno  
Flame by hip hop burns eternal All aboard on my train to fame  
Rappers hoping that it'd rain, trying to stop the game  
But rain can't stop me, I got a coat in the crib  
Hey look y'all yellow bricks quit beefing at the whiz, what? Here come da butta, baby  
I bring it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
Bringing it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
I bring it smooth and hot  
What? What? What? What? Lil' Kim y'all what?  
Lil' Kim, Big Will give a damn how y'all feel  
Hate, but on the real, Big Will is seven mill  
If I wasn't on top I'd have a lot less ends  
I'd most likely have a lot less friends You know what I learned, let them keep talking  
Uh huh, pull up in an Azure and watch them keep walking  
Kim, haters be making me wanna flip and react  
No, no, no, chill Will and let me do that, alright Huh, I gotta eat can't get with broke cats  
You know the queen like to be where the money at  
I'm the mother, y'all like adopted in this  
Call us Mr. and Mrs. Papadapolis When will y'all learn? Y'all just interns

You gon' get what you earn, just wait your turn  
I rock telephones with the TV screens  
So I can have real phone sex, know what I mean? Here come da butta, baby  
I bring it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
Bringing it smooth and hot  
Here come da butta, baby  
Yo, I bring it smooth and hot  
What? What? What? What? It's the fun king, I've been doing one thing  
Running things for years, give me one swing  
And it's out of here, crack, over the fence ladies and gents  
Keeping rappers impressed but depressed by my current events  
Yes Lord Big Will swinging the best sword  
What'cha flexing for? Don't be testing me boy  
Messing with me boy, you're stepping on the root of a daisy  
I have your girl saying, Will, why you do that to my baby? What they looking stupid in the face for?  
What? I can't have rocks the size of a baseball  
Trust me when I cop I make sure mine's cut glass  
Never spend my last like a crack head for the blast Y'all can kiss my ahh, acting like you know me  
You ain't got a Roley, take this one here, you owe me  
All in together now, wrists looking better now  
Screw greyhound bound, I'm getting cheddar now Burrrr, when she step up in the scene  
Ice gleam, y'all scream, "Bow to the Queen"  
Ring on her finger mad phat  
Leonardo DiCaprio saw it and caught a flashback All you rappers wanna snap, Jazzy Jeff got my back  
Lil' Kim bring it back, Lil' Kim press the rack Yeah, I'm short and sexy, my love's divine  
My name is QB and I blow your mind with the  
When I step up in the spot, body looking hot  
All the music just stop

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>