

# Could U Love Me

Will Smith

Uhh.. hoo!

Uh, yo, Big Will, in the place to be

Mic check and uh, mic check and uh

Uh, uh, yo

Would you love me in the shack in a shanty town?

Would you love me if my pants was hand-me-downs?

Hah, huh?

Yo, yo

Often times I hear a phrase when I'm out and about

8 to 80 all walks of life be shoutin it out

Usually when it's time for an encore I hear it

But when I did somethin hot it broke in the spirit

It's weird, it's like a double-edged sword when y'all applaud

It's kinda wild, a peace sign, a smile

How do I respond to the phrase "I love you Will!"

Kinda heavy when I hear it - be like "Damn f'real?"

In a way it make me wanna stay strong and moral

But history, say I could be gone tomorrow

And though my future look floral, it feel like I'm open

For much pain, when people stop shoutin my name

And doubtin my game, likin others better than me

Writin, letters to him instead of letters to me

A veteran B, I know the game, but do me this here

In your heart be clear before you bless my ear, c'mon

Could you love me in the shack in a shanty town?

Could you love me if my pants was hand-me-down?

Could you love me if my wrists ain't bling?

If I wasn't on TV, and I ain't sing, huh?

Could you love me if my whip wasn't chrome fitted?

Will my name be easier to forget it, huh?

Could you love me if my wrists ain't bling?

If I wasn't on TV, and I ain't sing, huh?

I pray before I sit with a pen and a pad

A birth of a thought occurs, and it calls me dad

And to the universe an idea, released from me

Just a CD? Nah man, a piece of me

But you can't see it that when you be dancin B

As I asked you a question that's how you answer me

So when you don't dance it be like I'm chokin from cancer

Like I wrote rancid rhymes, I can't survive, sure

I rationalize, like oh I see

But if you don't like my cut it's like you don't like me

Some stuff works, some works, not so well

It's like you work like hell, still get hurt like hell

Yo, it can tear you apart

But don't let your wins go to your head, your losses go to your heart

And if we ever get the pleasure to meet

Be clever wit and please measure what you yell in the street, c'mon

Could you love me in the shack in a shanty town?

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