

# I'm Comin'

Will Smith

Ugh, ugh, I'm comin'  
Watch ya back, I'm comin'  
Big Will for the Y2K, ugh

Feel the earth tremble, see the skies turn red  
Eclipses, shooting stars, turn ya head  
Volcanoes erupted, rage in the sea  
Ain't the second coming of Christ the first coming of me

They say if you downward the Nile  
It would throw off  
The rotation of the earth  
Well, messing with me is worse

Feel the rain, button up you overcoat  
Watch the illadelph bad boy go quote for quote  
Well, ya'll want the best, well, I'm right here  
You looking for competition, ain't no one near

Ya'll in the stands dissin', kickin' dirt and missin'  
My heavenly flows put MC's in hell's kitchen, ugh  
And I'm so, I'm so hot, hot, ya'll burnin' up, hot  
I step in, it's like the wedding between Hope and Armageddon  
The hip hop Moses to where we headin' y'all

I'm comin', I'm comin'  
You can't stop me, you can't stop me  
I'm comin', I'm comin',  
Can't hold me back

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When I was born there was a rainbow formed with no sun  
Roygbiv marking the path for the chosen one  
An angel, my grandma, told me before she died  
Smart folks don't need to put no cursing in they rhymes

So from CD to TV to movies back to rhymin'  
My lifestats makes Jordan's six rings seem common  
Ya'll hate, I retaliate, just by being great  
Big Will the enemy of your mental state

With the same rhyme I used to burn your idol in a battle  
To subdue you into saying, "Look, I don't wanna battle"  
MIB, W3 mad respect  
Black stealthbombarama but y'all can't detect that

I'm comin' is what I screamed  
As a teen armed with discipline, faith, and a dream  
After smoke clears, after life's roller coasters  
See who stands putting his mic into his holster, what

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You can't stop me, you can't stop me  
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You can't hold me back

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Batten down the hatches and latch the doors  
You wanna try to match my wits with yours  
Three hits, I hit you, you hit the floor  
This track is the third hit, that's for sure

Beat thick reminiscin' of a bodacelli  
I'm like a cheetah huntin' out on the Serengeti  
I got my X-ray vision through all in my way  
No Plan B, it distracts from Plan A

Stage splitting in half, earthquake style  
Evacuate your premisses, the hardcore nemesis  
I never miss, my flow never flawed  
Grab mics and send electric shocks through the cord

Quest for the rings my only weapon's intuition  
My future position's determined by past decisions  
So young George Bush, I'm thinking 'bout runnin'  
Maybe not this time but trust dude, ugh

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