

## 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'

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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

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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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