

# Y'all Know

Will Smith

Observe the high roller  
Mic controller  
Number one hip-hop son  
Call me solar  
Why? cause I shine  
Praise the Big Willie I'm  
Raised in Philly I  
Daze and thrillin' ya  
Don't be silly, ya can't see me  
Again I'm killin ya on MTV  
Just get with it my friend (Damn another award)  
Dat kid done did it again (Oh my Lord)  
Da fantastic  
Boombastic  
Gettin' ten times hotter than any you other cats get  
Practice  
You lack this  
I'm the real McCoy  
First with Jeff I was startin  
Then with Martin I'm a Badboy  
See more green than David Bent  
More juice than Tropicana  
You hawkin me like Atlanta  
MC's just flee, they rightfully concerned  
Big Will wants the mic back, it's my turn ta burn

I'm back attackin the mic  
Hype like a Viking  
Strikin like a python  
Blaze like Jon  
A hip-hop icon, MC radical  
Back on track from my rap/act sabatacle  
Nine-point-six on the richter  
Kicked her, hands so slickta  
Chicks quickta flip tha  
Bright glance and the tight pants  
For the slight chance, "Big Willie can we get one dance?"  
Why yes you may an', I'm just sayin  
That dress you playin, is A-Okay an  
This is your chance for, at least it could be  
For you an you girlfriend on the dancefloor, menege-boogie  
On the scene I fronts an dashin, fashion  
Lost my cream once, now I'm stashin cashin  
Countries and currencies, like a true Don  
It's a new time and this time watch me shine  
The way y'all blaze through the days and nights  
How I deal with the craze my momma raised me right  
Whether I'm on stage or in the studio booth  
100 proof, raisin the roof, raisin the roof!

Y'all know, Can't nobody rock a crowd like me  
She know, Can't nobody make it bounce like me  
He know, Can't nobody get it hot like me  
Y'all know, Y'all need ta stop cause ya can't see me

Seven continents I bruise all cruise  
Adidas, kilts, or bamboos and no shoes

Eskimos to Abariginies  
I'll test the flow of the world's MC's  
I'll hit you out the ball park  
You just all talk  
Don't be lookin at my script, you can't play my part  
See I'm a rapper thats an actor  
You act rap with no heart  
The way that I compose those flows like Mozart  
Gets somthin like a symphony, when I'm orchestratin' em  
Ever since the days of me an Jeff at the Paladium  
All my life I've been the cream of the crop  
Shoppin a dream, now I got a crop full of cream  
I raise mics for the flow of it, you know the show of it  
Not the Benz 600 four door of it (keep it real yo)  
I'm a rhyme regardless of earnin  
Long as my heart keeps yearnin  
I gots ta keep burnin

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(5x)