Party Starter

Will Smith

Git 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
we could dance all night to the early mornin'Oh! I'm the Party Starter
You might have a good time but we party harder
So, tell the DJ to play my song
we could dance all night to the early mornin'
Dance, an aphrodisiac
Women gyrating, simulating sensual acts
To stimulating musical tracks
I thought I was just gon' come out tonight & get a brew & relax
But no! Uh uh, when you're the party starterIt'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...
Git 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'
& be like "Ohhh!", fulfillin' my callin'Big! (Big), Will! (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, girlOh! I'm the Party Starter
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He was raised in the days when the roof was raised
Every rap occasion, new & amazing
The back of the stage amazed and gazin'
Prayin for the day they would one day praise him
Studied the ways of the game & made it
Came through the maze & the haze & played it perfect
Days any person hated & 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 & somethin' uncaged in himLike 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!Oh! I'm the Party Starter
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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&Rs& 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 & they won't buy it"(yo)
Look, people getting trapped in the track& 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
(Ya heard me!)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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