

Gettin' Jiggy Wit It - 1/2

Interprété par Will Smith.

Bring it.

Whoo!

Unh, unh, unh, unh

Hoo cah cah

Hah hah, hah hah

[mimicking bass line] Bicka bicka bow bow bow,

bicka bow bow bump bump

What, what, what, what

Hah hah hah hah

Unh,

on your mark ready set let's go

dance floor pro I know you know

I go psycho when my new joint hit

just can't sit

gotta get jiggy wit it

ooh that's it

now honey honey come ride

DKNY all up in my eye

you gotta Prada bag with alotta stuff in it

give it to your friend let's spin

everybody lookin' at me

glancin' the kid

wishin' they was dancin' a jig

here with this handsome kid

ciga-cigar right from Cuba-Cuba

I just bite it

it's for the look I don't light it

illway the an-may on the ance-day oor-flay

givin' up jiggy make it feel like foreplay

yo my car-dee-o is Infnit-

ha ha

Big Willie Style's all in it

Gettin' Jiggy Wit It

Chorus:

na na na na na na nana

na na na na nana

gettin jiggy wit it

repeat 3x

what you wanna ball with the kid

watch your step you might fall

trying to do what I did

mama-unh mama-unh mama come closer

in the middle of the club with the rub-a-dub, unh

no love for the haters, the haters

Gettin' Jiggy Wit It - 2/2

mad cause I got floor seats at the Lakers
see me on the fifty yard line with the Raiders
met Ali he told me I'm the greatest
I got the fever for the flavor of a crowd pleaser
DJ play another
from the prince of this
your highness
only mad chicks ride in my whips
south to the west to the east to the north
bought my hits and watch 'em go off a go off
ah yes yes y'all ya don't stop
in the winter or the (summertime)
I makes it hot
gettin jiggy wit 'em

Chorus

eight-fifty I.S. if you need a lift
who's the kid in the drop
who else Will Smith
livin' that life some consider a myth
rock from south street to one two fifth
women used to tease me
give it to me now nice and easy
since I moved up like George and Wheezy
cream to the maximum I be askin' 'em
would you like to bounce with the brother that's platinum
never see Will attackin' 'em
rather play ball with Shaq and um,
flatten 'em
psyche
kiddin'
you thought I took a spill
but I didn't
trust the lady of my life she hittin'
hit her with a drop top with the ribbon
crib for my mom on the outskirts of Philly
you trying to flex on me
don't be silly
getting jiggy wit it

Chorus