

Will Smith, Party Starter (Freshman Remix)

It's the Freshman
Big Willie
Uh

(Chorus x 2)

I'ma make you dance all night (I'm the party starter)
You gonna break a sweat (I'm the party starter)
I don't care what you heard
I don't care where you been
A party ain't a party till I get there

(Verse 1)

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 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
& 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, girl

(Chorus x 2)

I'ma make you dance all night (I'm the party starter)
You gonna break a sweat (I'm the party starter)
I don't care what you heard
I don't care where you been
A party ain't a party till I get there

(Verse 2)

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 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!!

(Chorus x2)

I'ma make you dance all night (I'm the party starter)
You gonna break a sweat (I'm the party starter)
I don't care what you heard
I don't care where you been
A party ain't a party till I get there

(Verse 3)

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&R's 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!)

(Chorus x 2)
I'ma make you dance all night (I'm the party starter)
You gonna break a sweat (I'm the party starter)
I don't care what you heard
I don't care where you been
A party ain't a party till I get there