

# 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 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...  
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 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'  
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'  
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! Oh! I'm the Party Starter  
You might have a good time but we party harder  
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we could dance all night to the early mornin' 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>