

# Block Party

Will Smith

Yo, yo forget the club  
Today we play in the block  
It's goin' down and it's blazzin' hot  
Jeff pop the new CD turn tables joints  
You just got to get the amps from Boogie  
Get the van from Rock and then  
Call up Ishcabibble's, Jim's and Pat's  
And tell 'em we need cheese steaks for like, 300 cats  
And yo, make sure it's hot or else I'm sendin' 'em back  
And get my mic right  
If I get hyped, I might rap  
Then take the speakers find a good spot  
Subs on the bottom, tweeters up top  
Yo, you know where little John lives on the corner  
The extension cord'll run perfectly to his crib  
And then tell Officer Mike to barricade the block  
Regardless what car you got, leave it up top  
You wanna come, you got to come on your feet  
Ain't nothin' like havin' a party  
When it's out in the street, come on

Nine o'clock I'ma call my crew  
And ten o'clock we gonna roll on through  
I don't know what you gon do  
But whatever you do, hit the block party tonight

All the ladies rollin' up with friends  
And don't be late or you wont get in  
Our party's packed from begining to end  
Everybody tell a friend that the block party's tonight

It's ain't nothin' like  
Havin' a party on the block  
When everybody know everybody on the block  
And everybody on the block  
Come to the party on the block  
And when the sun drop, (we don't stop)  
Funny how fast they travel the word  
A dozen divas from North Philly drove in when they heard  
That it's a block party down in West Philly  
Come block party with Jeff and Big Willy  
Stand back, everybody come to see the man rap  
Jeff got it... jam packed  
Everybody, hands in the air  
(Just get your hands in the air!)  
Yo Philly! (dat's where the party's at!)  
Uuh, D.C. y'all! (dat's where the party's at!)  
A-T-L (dat's where the party's at!)  
West side! (dat's where the party's at!)  
Mid-west y'all (dat's where the party's at!)  
Dirty South now (dat's where the party's at!)  
Yo, I can't hear y'all! (dat's where the party's at!)  
Where ever we at! (dat's where the party's at!)

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Yo, yo and when the sun drop  
Back in Philly that don't mean that the fun stop  
All it mean is that it's time to turn the lights on  
All day long I been plottin' on this nice john  
It's ten o'clock now Jeff is tryin' to hype me  
Will the Fresh Prince come up to the mic please?  
Hear the crowd cheer, broguht a little smile out  
Mic check, one, two- I'm 'bout to wild out  
I know he's old, but  
Mabye it's a slight chance  
I could get my brother hype  
Make him break dance- ha, maybe not  
Lemme get the crowd jumpin'  
Let me him 'em with the brand new funk or somethin'  
I'm like Rob Base- I wanna rock right now  
Y'all know who run the block right now  
All we need is a mic and a beat  
And a couple of speakers  
And some turn tables out in the street, come on!

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