

Could U Love Me

Will Smith

Uhh.. hoo!
Uh, yo, Big Will, in the place to be
Mic check and uh, mic check and uh
Uh, uh, yo
Would you love me in the shack in a shanty town?
Would you love me if my pants was hand-me-downs?
Hah, huh?
Yo, yo

Often times I hear a phrase when I'm out and about
8 to 80 all walks of life be shoutin it out
Usually when it's time for an encore I hear it
But when I did somethin hot it broke in the spirit
It's weird, it's like a double-edged sword when y'all applaud
It's kinda wild, a peace sign, a smile
How do I respond to the phrase "I love you Will!"
Kinda heavy when I hear it - be like "Damn f'real?"
In a way it make me wanna stay strong and moral
But history, say I could be gone tomorrow
And though my future look floral, it feel like I'm open
For much pain, when people stop shoutin my name
And doubtin my game, likin others better than me
Writin, letters to him instead of letters to me
A veteran B, I know the game, but do me this here
In your heart be clear before you bless my ear, c'mon

Could you love me in the shack in a shanty town?
Could you love me if my pants was hand-me-down?
Could you love me if my wrists ain't bling?
If I wasn't on TV, and I ain't sing, huh?
Could you love me if my whip wasn't chrome fitted?
Will my name be easier to forget it, huh?
Could you love me if my wrists ain't bling?
If I wasn't on TV, and I ain't sing, huh?

I pray before I sit with a pen and a pad
A birth of a thought occurs, and it calls me dad
And to the universe an idea, released from me
Just a CD? Nah man, a piece of me
But you can't see it that when you be dancin B
As I asked you a question that's how you answer me
So when you don't dance it be like I'm chokin from cancer
Like I wrote rancid rhymes, I can't survive, sure
I rationalize, like oh I see
But if you don't like my cut it's like you don't like me
Some stuff works, some works, not so well
It's like you work like hell, still get hurt like hell
Yo, it can tear you apart
But don't let your wins go to your head, your losses go to your heart
And if we ever get the pleasure to meet
Be clever wit and please measure what you yell in the street, c'mon

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