

## To The Clique

Will Smith

Yes

Twenty years of swag Y'all just witnessed  
Let me remind everybody who Will Smith is  
Rappers make it rain, let they money hit ya  
If I throw my money up, shit, I'd probably kill a stripper  
The illest, realest, Big Will-est  
Down with the man in charge of where Uncle Phil is  
Everybody wanna do Will Smith numbers  
I don't know if your life got that many summers  
I got inspired, quickly I unretired, the Fresh Prince just re-wired  
I'm slightly modified, but still  
People dancing and shaking and moving and wiling  
I feel like I'm an alien, really, I'm kind of an island  
I might fly to China for nothing, find a designer  
Fix up a crib with me, my mama, Obama  
Murder all over the globe, guilty your honor  
Imma become a Mormon, marrying Halle, Rihanna  
I'm an anomaly, do drama or comedy  
I could play Muhammad Ali or a white lady probably  
Still, twenty years of swag y'all just witnessed  
Stop the divorce rumors and mind your damn business  
Rebirth of the click track, ridiculous  
What I charge for a feature, man that's expensive  
Cause y'all be doing features, I be doing features  
So many tickets that theaters need bleachers  
More information from me than most teachers  
More inspiration from me than most preachers  
But wait, wait, wait, wait, truly  
Just for the record, directors make movies, I make directors  
Y'all dinner table: "What y'all learn today"  
My dinner table: "What y'all earn today"  
The real life Incredibles, last name Smith  
Jada, Jaden, Willow, Trey  
Shit, y'all ain't fucking with my clique