

## **Snow F/ Joey**

### **"I'm All That"**

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Spill the beans on the table I always say...  
Extra, Extra read all about Fresh Prince is back  
You wonder how it  
Happen  
I wasn't rappin'  
For a long time  
But now I'm back with a strong rhyme  
Look, near the camera, snap my picture  
I'll sign my name on it, then I get richer  
Like LL said don't call it a comeback  
And face the fact Jack  
I'm all that  
(I know ya gonna dig this)  
Here I am in the flesh  
(Who is)  
I'm the funky, funky, funky fresh  
Rhyme authority  
Rhythm console  
Hip-hop liaison  
Rap Ambassador  
Do the daring, the king of the cut  
Prince of poetry and all that stuff  
Sexy, sexy, making the honey's yell  
Girlies passin' out, ah well  
Back from the dead, like Jason  
People thought I was over, they were erasin'  
Me and Jeff's names out of the hit list  
But ah, ah, ah not so quick  
Comin' back at cha  
Can't go back at cha  
Catch this fast ball I'm throwin' at y'all  
Wake up and smell the coffee, I'm back now  
Thanks for keeping my girl warm for me, pal  
The man with the cape, the crown in the center  
Out for a while, but wisely kept up  
Pen and paper, so when I had my  
Oppor-tun-ity, to rap  
I set my goals and then I shot for  
What I do best, funny, to hell with hardcore  
Voice on radio, face on TV  
Spankin' new funky rhymes on a CD

Out to attack  
The wack  
Full contact  
It's gonna be a long night go get a knapsack  
I gotta getta make ya face the fact  
That I'm the best rapper on wax  
I'm all that  
(Get wicked)  
Get up, get down, get funky, get loose  
I'm the best show and I got proof  
In the past there was always that kid doubted  
But now I'm back and there's no doubt about it  
The writing is on the wall  
(Come on)  
Gimme ya mic and a stage and I'm a rip it, rip it, up  
y'all  
'Cause I can flow  
Is there another rapper in the world, like me? Hell no!  
No one's like me  
Others try to bite me  
Bad deba deba bad mike me  
Someone like me somewhere  
To just not hear  
Where the hell they at?  
Who cares?  
'Cause your got the ace in the hole  
The simple lover brother  
Numero uno  
The rapper with soul  
Comin' out a little on the new tip  
For those of you that thought I couldn't do this  
Yo well consider it done  
It's the same got the parents  
just don't understand the same one  
people said that I couldn't rap  
ha ha ha well you can stop that  
coz I'm a rapper and a half  
and in the past I chose to make people laugh  
and I was criticized for that  
some called me soft, some called me wack  
I gotta admit y'all I felt bad  
(Who'd ya call)  
so as usual I called my Dad  
He's sort of a fifty-one year old Casanova  
He said son, "Yo, come on over."  
He sat me down and he told me this  
Son when your all that, you're gonna get dissed  
He put his arms around me and he said son  
I was all that when I was young  
So pump that point on  
And set my sights on

Making a record that people thought was the: ??height  
jon, height joint, high joint???  
Philly, born and raised  
I've been  
Gone for days  
I can't wait to get back  
With my new track  
Rhyme like lava  
Voice like a volcano  
I rhyme through your radio  
Words like draedo  
A Porsche not eleven and I don't stall Jack  
(Yo)  
We all that

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