

## Will Oldham

### "I'm All That"

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Spill the beans on the table I always sayâ€¦

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 mike and a stage and I'm a rip it, rip it, up  
y'all

Coz I can flow

Is there another rapper in the world, like me, hell no!

No ones 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?

Coz 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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