

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince "From Da South"

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Right here, right.

(Yep)

When I was a young boy growing in Philly, I

Was sort of easy going, I

Was really a silly I

I used to mess around

I was kind of the class clown

I hate to see you frown

I hate to see people down

'Cause I like it when fun flows like a faucet (uh)

But sometimes, some guys mistake it for softness

But I ain't no silly sappy singin softy

When push comes to shove, ya better back up off me

'Cause I am 6'2 and I ain't no little guy

200 pounds and homie I can make the heads fly

My father told me never hit nobody first

But if they hit you son (Yeah), take them to a hearse

So throughout my life those are the rules that I've lived
by

A sucker put his hands on me homie I'll give a guy

A jab, jab, jab, uppercut, jab

Get 'em a steaks slab

And put 'em in a cab (Uh)

Now I ain't the type of brother to go out and pick a fight

But man, man I really, really, hate to hear stuff like

Michael Jackson said, "this sorta thing silly
man f---, -A, A!"

A lover not a fighter, better stay out a Philly man.

Put up your dukes, so you better start boogen

A sick upper punch when you lunchin' and ain't lookin'

An mx uppercut, aim for the mouth

Not from the north, or the east, or the west, it's comin'

From da south

And I'm throwing it hard

From da south

Right up under your guard

From da south

An uppercut with all I got

(Watch them drop!)

Put up you dukes; it's time to get loose troop

101, with me and you, and me and you're whole crew

You heard about the uppercut is that's what's wrong
fellas

You're all chickens and for doers getting jealous

Fail one bang 'em

Rumble and all buggin'

All different names but all the same buggin'

Maybe you can take me out, yeah maybe not

'Cause fly into the uppercut (Here they come) and hear
you're body shout

Boom shakala laka Boom shaka laka Boom!

Look out

It's coming at you like a Kodak zoom
No, my name ain't Roberta, don't be giving me flak

And if you step off track, Jack,

You're taking a turn, nap

A muscle bound sucker, mean jack to Will

When I walk on by better be glad I chill

But if y'all forfeit and I feel friction

The landlord is givin' ya teeth dental picktion

X's over eyes and birds around ya heads, flyin'

Limp all back

Look like I hit you with a bat

Eyes so black (diggy, diggy)

Look like ya must a got em painted

Damn!

That uppercut's a mother ain't it

Step in the ring

With the king

And you take a chance

'Cause 20 seconds later y'all be out in a ambulance

Lookin pathetic

As you wrestle paramedic

What's up?

Felt like a truck

But it was only an uppercut
Jus last week some fool got careless (Yeah)
So I got triflin'
Went right for the bare fist
After the punch the young man didn't want a fight
I missed his face
But I busted the stoplight
So put up you're dukes, so you better start bookin'
A sick upperpunch
When you munchin'
And ain't lookin'
An mx uppercut aim for your mouth
Not from the north, or the east, or the west, it's comin'
From da south
And I'm throwin' it hard
From da south
Right up under you're guard
From da south
And uppercut with all I got
(Watch them drop!)
Yeah
Word
(There you go)
Come, come come on

