

## Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince "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"

Here I am in the flesh  
I'm the funky, funky, funky, funky fresh  
Rhyme authority, rhythm console  
Hip-hop liaison, rap ambassador  
Do the daring, the king of the cut  
The prince of poetry and all that stuff  
Sexy, sexy, making the honeys 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  
Opportunity to rap  
Then 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

All that you'll see, yo  
All that you'll see, yo  
All that you'll see, yo  
Get wicked  
Yo, I'm all that  
All that you'll see, yo  
All that you'll see, yo  
All that you'll see, yo  
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  
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, 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  
You could 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  
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 you're 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  
[Incomprehensible]  
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'ma rhyme through your radio, words like draedo  
A Porsche 911 and I don't stall Jack  
Yo, we all that

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