

Will Smith

"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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