

## Will Smith "Parents Just Don't Understand (w/ Dj Jazzy Jeff)"

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You know parents are the same  
No matter time nor place  
They don't understand that us kids  
Are gonna make some mistakes  
So to you, all the kids all across the land  
There's no need to argue  
Parents just don't understand

I remember one year  
My mom took me school shopping  
It was me, my brother, my mom  
Oh, my pop, and my little sister  
All hopped in the car

We headed downtown to the Gallery Mall  
My mom started bugging with the clothes she chose  
I didn't say nothing at first  
I just turned up my nose

She said, "What's wrong? This shirt cost 20 dollar"  
I said, "Mom, this shirt is plaid with a butterfly collar"  
The next half hour was the same old thing  
My mother buying me clothes from 1963

And then she lost her mind and did the ultimate  
I asked her for Adidas and she bought me Zips  
I said, "Mom, what are you doing, you're ruining my rep?"  
She said, "You're only sixteen, you don't have a rep yet"

I said, "Mom, let's put these clothes back, please"  
She said, "No, you go to school to learn not for a fashion show"  
I said, "This isn't Sha Na Na, come on mom, I'm not Bowzer  
Mom, please put back the bell-bottom Brady Bunch trousers  
But if you don't want to I can live with that but  
You gotta put back the double-knit reversible slacks"

She wasn't moved, everything stayed the same

Inevitably the first day of school came  
I thought I could get over, I tried to play sick  
But my mom said, "No, no way, uh uh, forget it"

There was nothing I could do, I tried to relax  
I got dressed up in those ancient artifacts  
And when I walked into school, it was just as I thought  
The kids were cracking up  
Laughing at the clothes mom bought

And those who weren't laughing still had a ball  
Because they were pointing and whispering  
As I walked down the hall  
I got home and told my mom how my day went  
She said, "If they were laughing you don't need them  
'Cause they're not good friends"

For the next six hours I tried to explain to my mom  
That I was gonna have to go through this about 200  
more times  
So to you all the kids all across the land  
There's no need to argue  
Parents just don't understand

Oh okay, here's the situation  
My parents went away on a week's vacation  
And they left the keys to the brand new Porsche  
Would they mind?  
Umm, well, of course not

I'll just take it for a little spin  
And maybe show it off to a couple of friends  
I'll just cruise it around the neighborhood  
Well, maybe I shouldn't  
Yeah, of course I should

Pay attention, here's the thick of the plot  
I pulled up to the corner at the end of my block  
That's when I saw this beautiful girlie girl walking  
I picked up my car phone to perpetrate like I was talking  
You should've seen this girl's bodily dimensions  
I honked my horn just to get her attention

She said, "Was that for me?"  
I said, "Yeah"  
She said, "Why?"  
I said, "Come on and take a ride with a helluva guy"  
She said, "How do I know you're not sick?  
You could be some deranged lunatic"

I said, "C'mon toots, my name is the Prince

Beside, would a lunatic have a Porsche like this?"  
She agreed and we were on our way  
She was looking very good and so was I  
I must say, word

We hit McDonald's, pulled into the drive  
We ordered two Big Macs and two large fries with  
Cokes  
She kicked her shoes off onto the floor  
She said, "Drive fast, speed turns me on"  
She put her hand on my knee, I put my foot on the gas  
We almost got whiplash, I took off so fast

The sun roof was open, the music was high  
And this girl's hand was steadily moving up my thigh  
She had opened up three buttons on her shirt so far  
I guess that's why I didn't notice that police car  
We're doing ninety in my mom's new Porsche  
And to make this long story short, short

When the cop pulled me over, I was scared as hell  
I said, "I don't have a license but I drive very well,  
officer"  
I almost had a heart attack that day  
Come to find out the girl was a twelve year old runaway  
I was arrested, the car was impounded  
There was no way for me to avoid being grounded

My parents had to come off from vacation to get me  
I'd rather be in jail than to have my father hit me  
My parents walked in  
I got my grip, I said, "Ah, mom, dad, how was your  
trip?"  
They didn't speak, I said, "I want to plead my case"  
But my father just shoved me in the car by my face

That was a hard ride home, I don't know how I survived  
They took turns, one would beat me while the other was  
driving  
I can't believe it, I just made a mistake  
Well, parents are the same no matter time nor place  
So to you all the kids all across the land  
Take it from me, parents just don't understand

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