

D. J. Jazzy Jeff

"Parents Just Don't Understand"

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PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND

D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

He's the DJ, I'm the Rapper

You know, parents are the same, no matter time nor
place

They don't understand that us kids are gonna make
some mistakes

So tell you other 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
shoppin'

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 buggin' with the clothes she chose

I didn't say nothin' at first, I just turned up my nose

She said, "What's wrong, the shirt costs twenty
dollars."

I said, "Mom, This shirt is plaid, with a butterfly collar.

The next half hour was the same old thing

My mother buyin' 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 doin'? You'll ruin my rep."

She said, "You're only 16, 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 shinin' armor, c'mon mom, I'm not
bousers.

Mom, please put back the bell bottom, Brady Bunch
trousers.

But if you don't want to I can live with that, but,

You've gotta put back the double-knit, reversable

slacks"

She wasn't with it, 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 nothin' I could do. I tried to relax
I got dressed up in those ancient artifax
And when I walked in to school, it was just as I thought
The kids were crackin' up, laughin' at the clothes mom
bought

And those who weren't laughin' still had a ball
'Cuz they were pointing and whistling as I walked down
the hall
I got home and told my mom how my day went
She said, "If they were laughin' you don't need 'em,
cuz they're not good
friends."

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

Ok. Here's the situation. My parents went away on a
week's vacation
And, they left the keys to the brand new Porsche
Do they mind? Mmm, 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 'round 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
And that's when I saw this beautiful girly-girl walkin'
I picked up my car phone to perpatrator like I was talkin'

You shoulda seen this girls bodily demensions
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 hell of a guy."

She said, "How do I know you're not sick.
You could be some deranged lunatic."

I said, "Come on, toots. My name is the Prince.
Besides, would a lunatic have a Porsche like this?"

She agreed, and we were on our way
She was lookin' very good, so I was I, I must say,
WORD!
We hit McDonalds, pulled up to the driveway
We ordered two Big Macs, and two large fries and
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, we took off so fast

The sun roof was open, the music was high
And this girl's hand was thouroughly 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 doin' 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 12 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 and get me
I'd rather be in jail, than to have my father hit me
My parents walked in and I got my grip
I said, "Uh...mom, dad...How was your trip?!"

They didn't speak, I said, "I wanna play 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
it
They took turns..one would beat me while the other was
drivin'!

I can't believe it! I just made a mistake
Well, parents are the same, no matter time nor place
So tell you other kids all across the land Take it from
me, parents just don't understand

