**Fresh Prince of Bel Air**

By Willard Smith and Jeffrey Townes

Now, this is the story all about how  
My life got flipped-turned upside down  
And I'd like to take a minute, just sit right there  
I'll tell you how I became the prince of a town called Bel Air  
  
In West Philadelphia, born and raised  
On the playground is where I spent most of my days  
Chillin' out, maxin', relaxin' all cool  
And all shootin' some B-ball outside of the school  
  
When a couple of guys who were up to no good  
Started makin' trouble in my neighborhood  
I got in one little fight and my mom got scared  
And said, "You're movin' with your aunty and uncle in Bel Air"  
  
I begged and pleaded with her the other day  
But she packed my suitcase and sent me on my way  
She gave me a kiss and then she gave me my ticket  
I put my Walkman on and said, "I might as well kick it!"  
  
First class, yo this is bad  
Drinkin' orange juice out of a champagne glass  
Is this what the people of Bel Air are livin' like  
Hmmm, this might be alright  
  
But wait, I hear they're prissy, bourgeois and all that  
Is this the type of place that they should send this cool cat?  
I don't think so, I'll see when I get there  
I hope they're prepared for the prince of Bel Air  
  
Well, uh, the plane landed and when I came out  
There was a dude look like a cop standin' there with my name out  
I ain't tryin' to get arrested yet, I just got here  
I sprang with the quickness like lightning, disappeared  
  
I whistled for a cab and when it came near  
The license plate said fresh and it had a dice in the mirror  
If anything I could say that this cab was rare  
But I thought "Nah forget it, Yo home to Bel Air."  
  
I pulled up to the house about seven or eight  
And I yelled to the cabby, "Yo homes, smell you later"  
Looked at my kingdom, I was finally there  
To sit on my throne as the prince of Bel Air﻿