

The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air

by Will Smith and Quincy Jones

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Now, this is a 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 was 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 making trouble in my neighborhood I got in one little fight and my mom got
scared She said, "You're movin' with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air"

I begged and pleaded with her day after 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 Drinking orange juice out of a champagne glass Is this what the people of
Bel-Air living like? Hmm, this might be alright

But wait, I hear they're prissy, bourgeois, all that Is this the type of place that they just 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, the plane landed and when I came out There was a dude who looked like a cop standing there with
my name out I ain't trying 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 dice in the mirror
If anything I could say that this cab was rare But I thought "Nah, forget it, yo, holmes to Bel Air"

I pulled up to the house about seven or eight And I yelled to the cabbie, "Yo holmes, smell ya later" I
looked at my kingdom I was finally there To sit on my throne as the prince of Bel-Air