

# The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air

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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 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 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 all right 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, 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 a 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