Now this is a story all about howMy life got flipped turned upside downAnd I'd like to take a minute, just sit right thereI'll tell you how I became the prince of a town called Bel-Air

In West Philadelphia born and raisedOn the playground is where I spent most of my daysChilling out, maxing, relaxing all coolAnd all shooting some b-ball outside of the schoolWhen a couple of guys who were up to no goodStarted making trouble in my neighborhoodI got in one little fight and my mom got scaredAnd said "You're moving with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air"

I begged and pleaded with her day after dayBut she packed my suitcase and sent me on my wayShe gave me a kiss and then she gave me my ticketI put my Walkman on and said "I might as well kick it"First class, yo, this is badDrinking orange juice out of a champagne glassIs this what the people of Bel-Air living like?Hmmm, this might be all rightBut wait, I hear they're prissy, bourgeois, and all thatIs this the type of place that they should sent this cool cat?I don't think so, I'll see when I get thereI hope they're prepared for the Prince of Bel-Air

Well, uh, the plane landed and when I came outThere was a dude looked like a cop standing there with my name outI ain't trying to get arrested yet, I just got hereI sprang with the quickness like lightning, disappearedI whistled for a cab and when it came nearThe license plate said 'Fresh' and it had dice in the mirrorIf anything I could say that this cab was rareBut I thought "Nah, forget it, yo holmes, to Bel-Air!"

I pulled up to a house about seven or eightAnd I yelled to the cabbie "Yo holmes, smell ya later"Looked at my kingdom, I was finally thereTo sit on my throne as the Prince of Bel-Air