

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 shoOting 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, home to bel-air."

i pulled up to the house about 7 or 8
and i yelled to the cabbie, "yo home smell ya later."
i looked at my kingdom
i was finally there
to sit on my throne as the prince of bel-air}