

Don't Even Try It

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Yo Jeff, what's shakin, man?
What's up, dude?
Hey man, you remember that girl I knew
I walking to school, man
The one who used to diss me every day?
Yeah
When the record came out she called me two days ago, man
Man, my phone is ringin off the hook
With people askin me for tapes and free records
I - man, I ain't with it
Word man
Bust this

This rap is for you people in the past who were against me
Who snatched up every opportunity to dis me
Put me down like I was nothin, treated me like a jerk
Now I'm seein the pay-off of all my hard work
Cause now that it's MY records on the wheels
Somehow all of a sudden it's a whole new deal
So for those in the past who dissed me, don't deny it
What, you're sorry? Huh - don't even try it!

Word man
Man, people are a trip, man
Put everybody down about what's up with that
Yo word, man
I gotta let em know
I gotta
Bust this

I used to know this girl by the name of Theresa
I did all I could to make her release her
Emotions to me, but she just wouldn't do it
She built up a wall and I couldn't break through it
I used to walk to school every day of the week
Watchin Theresa walk on the other side of the street
One day I finally got my heart up to speak
But she dissed me and dismissed me with a smack on my cheek
So I bought six bottles of new fancy cologne
But all I got from Theresa was (Leave me alone!)
I bought new clothes to wear everyplace
But all Theresa would say was (Get out of my face!)
So I gave up this quest for Theresa
But then on the day my record was released, a
Strange thing happened when it came on the radio
Theresa broke her neck just to say (Hello..)
I looked at her, I said, "You must be foolish
Why did you ignore me on the way to school if
You were interested?" She said (Oh, I apologize)
I looked deep into her dark brown eyes
I said, "You ignored me for months on and
Now all of a sudden you wanna be my friend?
You didn't talk before, so don't talk now, be quiet
What, you really like me? Huh - don't even try it!"

Man - she had a lotta nerve, man
Word man

Hey man, but she ain't had half as much nerve as that old record producer, man

Remember when he dissed us, man?

What - what up?

When I first started rappin I had one idea
And it was set in my mind very vivid and clear
I knew that I wanted to be a rap artist
I would give my all and work my hardest
But when I took my song to a record producer
He told me that I better go drink some rap juice, or
Something, cause my song was really absurd
He said that it was the worst trash that he'd ever heard
You know my ego was shattered, he busted my groove
I could hear him crackin up as I left the booth (Ha-haaa!)
I thought my song was good but he busted my bubble
The title was 'Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble'
Luckily I found someone who had faith
He lifted my ego back up into place
His name was Dana Goodman and he thought my song was on track
So two weeks later it was out on wax
It busted up the charts like a hydrogen bomb
Up, up, up, up it clim-clim-climbed
I made people eat the words that said I couldn't achieve
Now they had no choice but to believe
In me, then no sooner than my record came out
That same old producer started callin my house
One night he called me 'bout at half past 12
He said, "I've got some cash if you wanna sell"
I said, "You big, stupid, half-wit idiot"
I told you before that my record was a hit
But you just laughed like I was some kind of kid
Now don't you regret what you did?
I wish you'd get off my tip, yes, that's my request
You see, he who laughs last, always laughs best
Okay, I'll be reasonable - You wanna buy it?
Okay, I'll sell it - psych - don't even try it!"

Ha-ha

That's how you gotta put it to him

Word man, that's how you gotta..

You know what?

Let me tell you something

I got dissed so hard, man

Bust this

I'ma tell YOU what's up

Yo Prince - do you remember when we first started out
How we used to go to all the parties just to rock the house?

(Word man, I remember those good days well)

Why chill out, man, cause I got a story to tell

About five years ago I began my quest

To be the best deejay in the whole U.S.

There was a lot of deejays strivin for my spot

They would put me down every chance they got

Never cut me a break on any given night

They used to all look at me and say (Pfsss.. Jeff's aight)

(But when your 'Magnificent Cuts' were released

All of that laughter ceased)

Word

(When you and I used to do our shows

All the crowd would say was 'HO, HO, HO')

Yeah, time after time we were tearin it up

While you rocked the mic and I rocked the cut
But now that I'm makin a name for myself
All those deejays are like (Yo Jeff, what's up?)
But all that stuff is dead, no, I ain't with it
They approach me on the street and say (Yo Jeff, how 'bout a ticket
Man, to your very next show?)
But I say no and I tell em where they can go
I can't believe that they had the nerve
To hop on my tip now! (Yeah man, word)
Just the other day homebody approached me on the street
And said (Yo Jeff, how 'bout a record for free?)
I said, Man, the way you dissed me, you better go buy it!
(But Jeff - we're friends) For real? Don't even try it!

Hey man, I'm tellin you
Straight up
You know how it is, man
Man people
People are a trip, man
Maybe they'll know next time not to dis people
Knawmsayin?
We told em
We let em know
Cause I ain't with it, man
That stuff is dead
Dig it
Aight Jeff, chill, man
Aight