

# 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