

I'm All That

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Spill the beans on the table I always say...
Extra, Extra read all about Fresh Prince is back
You wonder how it
Happen
I wasn't rappin'
For a long time
But now I'm back with a strong rhyme
Look, near the camera, snap my picture
I'll sign my name on it, then I get richer
Like LL said don't call it a comeback
And face the fact Jack
I'm all that
(I know ya gonna dig this)
Here I am in the flesh
(Who is)
I'm the funky, funky, funky fresh
Rhyme authority
Rhythm console
Hip-hop liaison
Rap Ambassador
Do the daring, the king of the cut
Prince of poetry and all that stuff
Sexy, sexy, making the honey's yell
Girlies passin' out, ah well
Back from the dead, like Jason
People thought I was over, they were erasin'
Me and Jeff's names out of the hit list
But ah, ah, ah not so quick
Comin' back at cha
Can't go back at cha
Catch this fast ball I'm throwin' at y'all
Wake up and smell the coffee, I'm back now
Thanks for keeping my girl warm for me, pal
The man with the cape, the crown in the center
Out for a while, but wisely kept up
Pen and paper, so when I had my
Oppor-tun-ity, to rap
I set my goals and then I shot for
What I do best, funny, to hell with hardcore
Voice on radio, face on TV
Spankin' new funky rhymes on a CD
Out to attack
The wack
Full contact
It's gonna be a long night go get a knapsack
I gotta getta make ya face the fact
That I'm the best rapper on wax
I'm all that
(Get wicked)
Get up, get down, get funky, get loose
I'm the best show and I got proof
In the past there was always that kid doubted
But now I'm back and there's no doubt about it
The writing is on the wall
(Come on)
Gimme ya mic and a stage and I'm a rip it, rip it, up y'all
'Cause I can flow

Is there another rapper in the world, like me? Hell no!
No one's like me
Others try to bite me
Bad deba deba bad mike me
Someone like me somewhere
To just not hear
Where the hell they at?
Who cares?
'Cause your got the ace in the hole
The simple lover brother
Numero uno
The rapper with soul
Comin' out a little on the new tip
For those of you that thought I couldn't do this
Yo well consider it done
It's the same got the parents
Just don't understand the same one
People said that I couldn't rap
Ha ha ha well you can stop that
Coz I'm a rapper and a half
And in the past I chose to make people laugh
And I was criticized for that
Some called me soft, some called me wack
I gotta admit y'all I felt bad
(Who'd ya call)
So as usual I called my Dad
He's sort of a fifty-one year old Casanova
He said son, "Yo, come on over."
He sat me down and he told me this
Son when your all that, you're gonna get dissed
He put his arms around me and he said son
I was all that when I was young
So pump that point on
And set my sights on
Making a record that people thought was the: ??height jon, height joint, hig
h joint???
Philly, born and raised
I've been
Gone for days
I can't wait to get back
With my new track
Rhyme like lava
Voice like a volcano
I rhyme through your radio
Words like draedo
A Porsche not eleven and I don't stall Jack
(Yo)
We all that