

Parents Just Don't Understand

Will Smith

You know parents are the same
No matter time nor place
They don't understand that us kids
Are going to make some mistakes
So to you, all the kids all across the land
There's no need to argue
Parents just don't understand

I remember one year
My mom took me school shopping
It was me, my brother, my mom, oh, my pop, and my little sister
All hopped in the car
We headed downtown to the Gallery Mall
My mom started bugging with the clothes she chose
I didn't say nothing at first
I just turned up my nose
She said, "What's wrong? This shirt cost \$20"
I said, "Mom, this shirt is plaid with a butterfly collar!"
The next half hour was the same old thing
My mother buying me clothes from 1963
And then she lost her mind and did the ultimate
I asked her for Adidas and she bought me Zips!
I said, "Mom, what are you doing, you're ruining my rep"
She said, "You're only sixteen, you don't have a rep yet"
I said, "Mom, let's put these clothes back, please"
She said "No, you go to school to learn not for a fashion show"
I said, "This isn't Sha Na Na, come on Mom, I'm not Bowzer"
Mom, please put back the bell-bottom Brady Bunch trousers
But if you don't want to I can live with that, but
You gotta put back the double-knit reversible slacks"
She wasn't moved - everything stayed the same
Inevitably the first day of school came
I thought I could get over, I tried to play sick
But my mom said, "No, no way, uh-uh, forget it"
There was nothing I could do, I tried to relax
I got dressed up in those ancient artifacts
And when I walked into school, it was just as I thought
The kids were cracking up laughing at the clothes Mom bought
And those who weren't laughing still had a ball
Because they were pointing and whispering
As I walked down the hall
I got home and told my Mom how my day went
She said, "If they were laughing you don't need them,
"Cuz they're not good friends"
For the next six hours I tried to explain to my Mom
That I was gonna have to go through this about 200 more times

So to you all the kids all across the land
There's no need to argue
Parents just don't understand
Oh-kay, here's the situation
My parents went away on a week's vacation and
They left the keys to the brand new Porsche
Would they mind?
Umm, well, of course not
I'll just take it for a little spin
And maybe show it off to a couple of friends

I'll just cruise it around the neighborhood
Well, maybe I shouldn't
Yeah, of course I should
Pay attention, here's the thick of the plot
I pulled up to the corner at the end of my block
That's when I saw this beautiful girlie girl walking
I picked up my car phone to perpetrate like I was talking
You should've seen this girl's bodily dimensions
I honked my horn just to get her attention
She said, "Was that for me?"
I said, "Yeah"
She said, "Why?"
I said, "Come on and take a ride with a hell of a guy"
She said, "How do I know you're not sick?
You could be some derranged lunatic"
I said, "C'mon toots - my name is the Prince -
Beside, would a lunatic have a Porsche like this?"
She agreed and we were on our way
She was looking very good and so was I, I must say - word
We hit McDonald's, pulled into the drive
We ordered two Big Macs and two large fries with Cokes
She kicked her shoes off onto the floor
She said, "Drive fast, speed turns me on"
She put her hand on my knee, I put my foot on the gas
We almost got whiplash, I took off so fast
The sun roof was open , the music was high
And this girl's hand was steadily moving up my thigh
She had opened up three buttons on her shirt so far
I guess that's why I didn't notice that police car
We're doing ninety in my Mom's new Porsche
And to make this long story short (short)
When the cop pulled me over I was scared as hell
I said, "I don't have a license but I drive very well, officer"
I almost had a heart attack that day
Come to find out the girl was a twelve-year-old runaway
I was arrested, the car was impounded
There was no way for me to avoid being grounded
My parents had to come off from vacation to get me
I'd rather be in jail than to have my father hit me
My parents walked in
I got my grip, I said, "Ah, Mom, Dad, how was your trip?"
They didn't speak
I said, "I want to plead my case"
But my father just shoved me in the car by my face
That was a hard ride home, I don't know how I survived it
They took turns -
One would beat me while the other one was driving
I can't believe it, I just made a mistake
Well parents are the same no matter time nor place
So to you all the kids all across the land
Take it from me
Parents just don't understand