

Parents Just Don't Understand

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

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 twenty dollars"
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 Bowze
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 really, 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 'em 'cause 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 two-hundred more times
So to you all the kids all across the land, there's no need to argue
Parents just don't understand Okay, 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
And 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 helluva guy"
She said, "How do I know you're not sick
You could be some deranged 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
And 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
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

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