

My Buddy

Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

I'd like to know are you really for some super-dynamite soul?

Introducing the world's greatest entertainer

The amazing Mr. Beat Beat himself

The hardest working beatbox in show business, Ready RockReady, Ready Rock, Ready Rock C

Tell 'em your name, tell 'em your name

Ready Rock, Ready Rock, Ready Rock, Ready Rock C

That was nice Ready, Ready Rock, Ready RockHey, man, hold up, man

I think I wanna tell 'em a little about this man

Aight, break it down, Ready, break it downPlease pay attention to my rhymes

So I can tell you all about this pal of mine

He's my buddy, my best friend

When it's a beat I need, it's a beat he'll lendI wanna take time out to talk about him

'Cause frankly I don't know what I would do without him

We work together like a medical crew

When I'm backin' Ready up, I'm backin' Prince up tooTryin' to beat us? That doesn't make any sense

He's Ready Rock C an' I'm the Fresh Prince

In the rap industry, we're ranked at first

Ain't a better combination in the whole universeSo if you wanna battle, your future looks muddy

That you just can't beat my buddyWord, break it down, break it down, ReadyWe've won so many battles,
people think it's a trick

That when the crowd gets to judge, it's us that they'll pick

They see Ready's face an' then they hear my voice

To choose us as the winners is the natural choiceBecause battle after battle, we remain on top

'Cause it's not the way we look, it's the way that we rock

So if you thought you wanted to battle, bust this rhyme

Just keep it an' I'm sure that I can change your mindThere was ten whack dudes tryin' to play high post

One crew got bold an' they began to boast

I said, "Y'all shut up an' get back in line"

But they refused, what happened now? So now there's nineNine whack crews' tryin' to rock like this

They were bitin' my rhymes an' just couldn't resist

I said, Please stop bitin', please don't imitate

But they kept on bitin', so there's now there's eightEight whack crews' poppin' big time trash

Tellin' us that in a battle we can't last

The battle started at ten thirty an' by quarter of eleven

Was no longer eight crews, how many was they? There was sevenSeven whack crews' in a football huddle

Tryin' to figure out their next rebuttal

They came out strong, you'd think they thought they ultimate

But we just dissed 'em an' dismissed, so now there's sixSix whack crews' tryin' to be tough

Who the hell told 'em they could rock the mic like us

We got straight down the business, didn't pop no jive
We just blew 'em out, so now there's fiveFive whack crews' lined up in the hallway
All perpetratin' like they're read to play
My secretary walked out, she asked for one more
They got scared an' left, so now there's fourFour whack crews' outside playin' around
I said, I'll take you all on, now how does that sound?
Not one had heart enough to pick up that mic
I said, "Okay, I'll let you go, psych" That's the moral of this story
Never try to take me an' Ready Rock's glory
'Cause if you do, your future looks muddy
'Cause you just can't beat, me an' my buddyWord, yeah, ay, Ready Rock, hold up, hold up, hold up, man
Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
What, man, what? C'mon man, man, I wonder
Can, can I just interrupt the record for a second?

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