

# 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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