

Don't Even Try It

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Yo Jeff, what's shakin', man?

What's up, dude?

Hey man, you remember that girl I knew

I walking to school, man

The one who used to diss me everyday? Yeah When the record came out she called me two days ago, man

Man, my phone is ringin' off the hook

With people askin' me for tapes and free records

I, man, I ain't with it, word man, bust this This rap is for you people in the past who were against me

Who snatched up every opportunity to diss me

Put me down like I was nothin', treated me like a jerk

Now I'm seein' the pay-off of all my hard work 'Cause now that it's my records on the wheels

Somehow all of a sudden, it's a whole new deal

So for those in the past who dissed me, don't deny it

What, you're sorry? Huh, don't even try it Word man, man, people are a trip, man

Put everybody down about what's up with that

Yo word, man, I gotta let 'em know, bust this I used to know this girl by the name of Theresa

I did all I could to make her release her emotions to me

But she just wouldn't do it, she built up a wall

And I couldn't break through it I used to walk to school everyday of the week

Watchin' Theresa walk on the other side of the street

One day I finally got my heart up to speak

But she dissed me and dismissed me with a smack on my cheek So I bought six bottles of new fancy cologne

But all I got from Theresa was

(Leave me alone)

I bought new clothes to wear everywhere

But all Theresa would say was

(Get out of my face) So I gave up this quest for Theresa

But then on the day my record was released

A strange thing happened when it came on the radio

Theresa broke her neck just to say

(Hello) I looked at her, I said, "You must be foolish, why did you ignore me

On the way to school if you were interested?", she said

("Oh, I apologize") I looked deep into her dark brown eyes I said

"You ignored me for months on and now

All of a sudden you wanna be my friend?

You didn't talk before so don't talk now, be quiet

What, you really like me? Huh, don't even try it" Man, she had a lotta nerve, man

Word man, hey man, but she ain't had half

As much nerve as that old record producer, man

Remember when he dissed us, man?
What, what up? When I first started rappin' I had one idea
And it was set in my mind very vivid and clear
I knew that I wanted to be a rap artist
I would give my all and work my hardest But when I took my song to a record producer
He told me that I better go drink some rap juice
Or somethin' 'cause my song was really absurd
He said that it was the worst trash that he'd ever heard You know my ego was shattered, he busted my groove
I could hear him crackin' up as I left the booth
(Ha, haaa)
I thought my song was good but he busted my bubble
The title was 'Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble' Luckily I found someone who had faith
He lifted my ego back up into place
His name was Dana Goodman
And he thought my song was on track
So two weeks later it was out on wax It busted up the charts like a hydrogen bomb
Up, up, up, up it clim-clim-climbed
I made people eat the words that said I couldn't achieve
Now they had no choice but to believe in me Then no sooner than my record came out
That same old producer started callin' my house
One night he called me 'bout at half past 12
He said, "I've got some cash if you wanna sell" I said, "You big, stupid, half-wit idiot
I told you before that my record was a hit
But you just laughed like I was some kind of kid
Now don't you regret what you did?" "I wish you'd get off my tip, yes, that's my request
You see, he who laughs last, always laughs best
Okay, I'll be reasonable, you wanna buy it?
Okay, I'll sell it, psych, don't even try it" Ha, ha, that's how you gotta put it to him
Word man, that's how you gotta
You know what? Let me tell you something
I got dissed so hard, man, bust this
I'ma tell you, what's up? Yo Prince, do you remember when we first started out
How we used to go to all the parties just to rock the house?
(Word man, I remember those good days well)
Why chill out, man, 'cause I got a story to tell About five years ago, I began my quest
To be the best deejay in the whole U.S.
There was a lot of deejays strivin' for my spot
They would put me down every chance they got Never cut me a break on any given night
They used to all look at me and say
(Pfsss, Jeff's aight)
(But when your 'Magnificent Cuts' were released)
(All of that laughter ceased) Word
(When you and I used to do our shows)
(All the crowd would say was, "Ho, ho, ho")
Yeah, time after time we were tearin' it up

While you rocked the mic and I rocked the cutBut now that I'm makin' a name for myself

All those deejays are like

("Yo Jeff, what's up?")

But all that stuff is dead, no, I ain't with itThey approach me on the street and say

("Yo Jeff, how 'bout a ticket, man, to your very next show?")

But I say no and I tell 'em where they can go

I can't believe that they had the nerve to hop on my tip now

(Yeah man, word)Just the other day homebody approached me on the street

And said,

("Yo Jeff, how 'bout a record for free?")

I said, man, the way you dissed me, you better go buy it

("But Jeff, we're friends)

For real? Don't even try itHey man, I'm tellin' you straight up

You know how it is, man

Man people, people are a trip, man

Maybe they'll know next time not to dis people

Knawmsayin?We told 'em, we let 'em know

'Cause I ain't with it, man, that stuff is dead

Dig it, alright Jeff, chill, man, alright

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