

The Girlie Had A Mustache

DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

(Get down)[The Fresh Prince:]

I was.. cruisin down the avenue, early one Friday
When I saw what I thought was a lady walkin my way
I turned my back to ??????????????

And I said, "Hm-hm, excuse me," and she walked past
She was about 5'6", or maybe six and a half
With a body like a goddess, man, this girl was bad!
Tight leather pants that fit like a drum
And two big - yeah well, she had some
Anyway from behind she was fine

But when she turned around, her mustache was bigger than mine
At first I laughed, cause yo, to me that was funny
But the laughter ceased when she said: "Hey honey!"
At first I was confused, I was somewhat spell-bound
My mouth wide open and my chin on the ground
And then it hit me, like a bolt from the sky
I thought: hold up - wait - this girl is a guy?!
I tried to get away, I said, "Well, never mind
Maybe I'll see you some other time"

But then he grabbed me by my arm and told me I couldn't leave
And said, "Hey boy, you look mighty cute in them jeans!"
This had to be the most embarrassing thing in the world
My whole neighborhood was watchin me get beat up by a girl
And when my homeboys came, they didn't let me explain
They said, "Prince, you're a sucker, you should be ashamed"
My pride was busted right along with my eye
Cause my homeboys didn't realize that this girl was a guy
And in retrospect I had to laugh

I can't believe I didn't notice that this girlie had a mustache[The Fresh Prince:]

I remember last year, the day was October 5th
And my family went away on a weekend ski trip
And they left \$100 and a note by the phone
That said: 'Don't have any company till we get home'
No company? I'm 18! They must be jokin!
And by 10 my crib was smokin

All of my friends with their hands in the air
Screamin (PARTY OVER HERE, PARTY OVER THERE!)

The party was jammin till at least about 5
And as my friends were leaving, they were like "Homes, it was live!"

I thought the party was over, but really was just beginnin
I turned around I thought I was dreamin, I saw four women
Dressed in red leather, tight to their booties
I gestured with my index finger: come here, cuties
I tried to be chill, I didn't wanna scare em
I said, "Hi, my name's the Prince," they said, "Hi Prince, we're your harem"
I didn't waste time, I started shootin the gift
I said, "Y'all the type of girls I'd like to spend some time with"
I walked upstairs, my adrenaline was pumpin
Till one hit me in the head with a lamp or somethin
The next thing I remember is wakin up nearly dead
With another Fred Flintstone lump on my head
Of course I was mad, this type of thing can burn at you
They tied me up and they were stealin my furniture
I said, "Yo sweetheart, what's wrong with you?
What kind of stuff is this for a nice girl like you to do?"
She turned around and smiled and laughed
And that's the way that I noticed that the girlie had a mustache
Not four girls, four guys!
They were in disguise, it was a set up all the time
I made a complete fool of myself that day
My parents were pullin up just as the u-haul truck was pullin away
They walked in, looked like they seen a ghost
There I was, gagged and bound and tied to the bed post
My pop walked in and asked a brilliant question
"Son, where's the furniture and why is your room so messy?"
Obviously Sherlock Holmes had been arrived
I said, "What do you think, dad, maybe we were robbed?!"
"I'm tied up, nothing's in one piece
Let's discuss the facts later, mom, please call the police"
I wanted to have a party, I thought I was clever
My pop told me I was on punishment forever!
And in retrospect I had to laugh
I can't believe I didn't notice that the girlie had a mustache

Songwriters

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