I'm All That

Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Spill the beans on the table I always say
Extra, extra read all about Fresh Prince is back
You wonder how it happen
I wasn't rappin' for a long time
But now I'm back with a strong rhyme
Look, near the camera, snap my picture
I'll sign my name on it, then I get richer
Like LL said, "Don't call it a comeback
And face the fact, Jack, I'm all that"
Here I am in the flesh
I'm the funky, funky, funky, funky fresh
Rhyme authority, rhythm console
Hip-hop liaison, rap ambassador
Do the daring, the king of the cut
The prince of poetry and all that stuff
Sexy, sexy, making the honeys yell
Girlies passin' out, ah, well
Back from the dead like Jason
People thought I was over, they were erasin'
Me and Jeff's names out of the hit list
But ah, ah, ah, not so quick
Comin' back at cha, can't go back at cha
Catch this fast ball I'm throwin' at y'all
Wake up and smell the coffee, I'm back now
Thanks for keeping my girl warm for me, pal
The man with the cape, the crown in the center
Out for a while but wisely kept up
Pen and paper, so when I had my
Opportunity to rap
Then I set my goals and then I shot for
What I do best, funny, to hell with hardcore
Voice on radio, face on TV
Spankin' new funky rhymes on a CD
Out to attack, the wack, full contact
It's gonna be a long night go get a knapsack
I gotta getta make ya face the fact
That I'm the best rapper on wax, I'm all that
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo

All that you'll see, yo
Get wicked
Yo, I'm all that
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
Get wicked
Get up, get down, get funky, get loose
I'm the best show and I got proof
In the past there was always that kid doubted
But now I'm back and there's no doubt about it
The writing is on the wall
Gimme ya mic and a stage and I'm a rip it, rip it, up y'all
'Cause I can flow
Is there another rapper in the world, like me? Hell, no
No one's like me, others try to bite me
Bad, deba, deba, deba, deba, bad, mike me
Someone like me somewhere to just not hear
Where the hell they at, who cares?
'Cause your got the ace in the hole
The simple lover brother, numero uno
The rapper with soul
Comin' out a little on the new tip
For those of you that thought I couldn't do this
Yo well consider it done
It's the same got the parents
Just don't understand the same one
People said that I couldn't rap
You could stop that
'Coz I'm a rapper and a half
And in the past I chose to make people laugh
And I was criticized for that
Some called me soft, some called me wack
I gotta admit y'all, I felt bad
So as usual I called my dad
He's sort of a fifty-one year old casanova
He said, "Son, yo, come on over"
He sat me down and he told me this
"Son, when you're all that, you're gonna get dissed"
He put his arms around me and he said
"Son, I was all that when I was young"
So pump that point on and set my sights on
Making a record that people thought was the [Incomprehensible]
Philly born and raised, I've been gone for days
I can't wait to get back with my new track

Rhyme like lava, voice like a volcano
I'ma rhyme through your radio, words like draedo
A Porsche 911 and I don't stall Jack
Yo, we all that
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo
All that you'll see, yo

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