

Let's Get Busy Baby

Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince

Mmm! Say baby you got some fries to go with that shake?
Ay what are you man? Yo man that is no way to talk to a woman man
Man! I beentalkin to girls man what are you talkin about?
That girl looks good
Man look you just you buggin man you know what you said?
Okay okay alright you show me how to talk to a lady Aight bet uhh sweetheart?
Listen up toots I like your looks
I used to see girls like you in them girlie books
I'm losin my mind, but it's not lost yet
I'd pay a thousand dollars just to see your sihlouette
Red is the rose's color, blue is the violet's
Here's my number baby, when you get home, dial it up
I'll be your man and you can be my lady
And you can come to my house, and we can get busy baby Girl for get about your boyfriend, he's nothin but a
hassle
You can come with me and cold chill in my castle
Oh what a wonderful time it would be, imagine
You and me, in my ja'causezi
Or horseback ridin or we can play tennis
But, the most intimate part will be when it's
Time to eat dinner, we'll go get dressed
And then we'll give a call to Antonie, my private chef
First we'll eat crablegs, by candlelight
Then sip wine by the fire for the rest of the night
And if the time is right, I'll ask you to be my lady
And we can dip right upstairs and get busy baby You know since I first met you
I wanted to let you know how I felt, so I could get you
To treat me like a phone and take me off hold
And make your hero come so I can pour my heart and soul
I can't help but dream about the ultimate life
Two kids, a dog, a goldfish - and you as my wife
We'd have a rosebush, with a white picket fence
And all the neighborhood kids would call me Mr. Prince
And on the lazy Saturday afternoons
Right after me and the kids get finished watching cartoons
We could send them both outside to go playin
And we could spend some time upstairs, get what I'm sayin?
The only problem, that we would have
Is whether or not to drive the Porsche, the Benz, or the Jag

And every night before bed, flip the radio on
And sip Dom Perignon to the quiet storm
Gucci, Louis Vuitton, you want more?
Gloria Vanderbilt or Liz Claiborne
Or Christian Dior from head to foot
The world is yours if you'll be my toots
Ohhh I know what your problem is
Look those other chicks are just good friends
I'll give up my harem if you'll be my lady
C'mon whaddya say, huh? Let's get busy baby
Look, be honest, c'mon, don't lie
Tell the truth - I'm a hell of a guy, right?
Pretty smile, light brown eyes
I've got miles on them other guys, face it
You could search America, Russia or Germany
But never will you find another man equivalent to me
But let's discuss it, perhaps over lunch
About how I'll be your poopsie, and you will be my hunybunch
"Now isn't that special?" Why ain't you widdit?
You'll be my only girl, yeah, that's the ticket
Life's a risky business, babe you know the deal
Sometimes you just gotta say what the hell
Now is that time, roll for the money
Life is a gamble but I'm a sure thing honey
Girl, you know you drivin me crazy
So how bout it, come on, let's get busy baby

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