

My Buddy

Will Smith

Artist: dj jazzy jeff and 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 showbusiness
Ready rock!
[rr]ready, ready rock, ready rock c
[fp]tell em your name, tell em your name
[rr]ready rock, ready rock, ready rock, ready rock c
[fp]ooh that was nice ready
[rr]ready rock, rrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Ready rock
[fp] hey man, hold up man
I think I wanna tell em a little about this man
Aight break it down ready, break it down

Please 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 land
I 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 too}
Tryin to beat us, that doesn't make any sense
He's ready rock c, and I'm the fresh prince
In the rap industry we're ranked at first
Ain't a better combination in the whole universe
So if you wanna battle your future looks muddy
That you just can't beat, my buddy
Word, break it down break it down ready
We'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 and then they hear my voice
To choose us as the winners is the natural choice
Because 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 and I'm sure that I can change your mind
There was ten wack dudes tryin to play high post
One crew got bold and they began to boast
But said, "y'all shut up and get back in line"
But they refused {what happened now? } so now there's nine
Nine wack crews tryin to rock like this
They were bitin my rhymes and just couldn't resisit
I said please stop bitin, please don't imitate
But they kept on bitin, so there's now there's eight
Eight wack crews poppin big time trash
Tellin us that in a battle we can't last
The battle started at 10:30 and by quarter of eleven
Was no longer eight crews (how many was they?) there was seven
Seven wack cruise in a football huddle
Tryin to figure out their next rebuttle
They came out strength, you think ? ? the ultimate
But we just dissed em and dismissed, so now there's six
Six wack groups, tryin to be tough

Who the hell told em they could rock the mic like us"
We got ? down the business didn't pop no jive
We just {whoosh} blew em out, so now there's five
Five wack 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, and left, so now there's four
Four wack crews outside playin around
I said I'll take you wall on, now how does that sound?
Not one had heart enough to pick up that mic
I said, "ok, I'll let you go, psych!"
That's the moral, of this story
Never try to take me and ready rock's glory
Cause if you do, your future looks muddy
Cause you just can't beat, me and my buddy
Hahah, word, uhh
Yeah, ay ready rock, hold up hold up hold up
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?