

# DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince, My Buddy

I'd like to know, are you really for some super-dynamite sou  
Introducing the world's greatest entertainer  
The amazing Mr. Beat-Beat himself  
The hardest working beatbox in show business  
Ready Rock

(Ready, Ready Rock, Ready Rock C)  
Tell em your name, tell em your name  
(Ready Rock, Ready Rock, Ready Rock, Ready Rock C)  
Ooh that was nice Ready  
(Ready Rock)  
Ready Rock  
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 lend  
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 trying 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 resist  
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  
Telling 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 the  
There was seven  
Seven wack cruise in a football huddle  
Trying to figure out their next rebuttal  
They came out strong you'd think their The Ultimate but we just dissed em and dismissed, so now  
Six wack groups, tryin to be tough  
Who the hell told em they could rock the mic like us  
We got straight down the business didn't pop no jive  
We just blew em out, so now there's five  
Five wack crews lined up in the hallway  
All perpetrating 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 playing 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, okay 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

Haha word, uh  
Yeah 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?