

# DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince, From Da South

Right here, right.

(Yep)

When I was a young boy growing in Philly, I

Was sort of easy going, I

Was really a silly I

I used to mess around

I was kind of the class clown

I hate to see you frown

I hate to see people down

Cause I like it when fun flows like a faucet (uh)

But sometimes, some guys mistake it for softness

But I ain't no silly sappy singin softy

When push comes to shove, ya better back up off me

Cause I am 6'2 and I ain't no little guy

200 pounds and homie I can make the heads fly

My father told me never hit nobody first

But if they hit you son (Yeah), take them to a hearse

So throughout my life those are the rules that I've lived by

A sucker put his hands on me homie I'll give a guy

A jab, jab, jab, uppercut, jab

Get em a steaks slab

And put em in a cab (Uh)

Now I ain't the type of brother to go out and pick a fight

But man, man I really, really, hate to hear stuff like

Michael Jackson said, "this sorta thing silly man"

A lover not a fighter, better stay out a Philly man.

Put up your dukes, so you better start boogen

A sick upper punch when you lunchin' and ain't lookin'

An mx uppercut, aim for the mouth

Not from the north, or the east, or the west, it's comin'

From da south

And I'm throwing it hard

From da south  
Right up under your guard  
From da south  
An uppercut with all I got  
(Watch them drop!)  
Put up you dukes; it's time to get loose troop  
101, with me and you, and me and you're whole crew  
You heard about the uppercut is that's what's wrong fellas  
You're all chickens and for doers getting jealous  
Fail one bang em  
Rumble and all buggin'  
All different names but all the same buggin'  
Maybe you can take me out, yeah maybe not  
Cause fly into the uppercut (Here they come) and hear you're body shout  
Boom shakala laka Boom shaka laka Boom!  
Look out  
It's coming at you like a Kodak zoom  
No, my name ain't Roberta, don't be giving me flak  
And if you step off track, Jack,  
You're taking a turn, nap  
A muscle bound sucker, mean jack to Will  
When I walk on by better be glad I chill  
But if y'all forfeit and I feel friction  
The landlord is givin' ya teeth dental piction  
X's over eyes and birds around ya heads, flyin'  
Limp all back  
Look like I hit you with a bat  
Eyes so black (diggy, diggy)  
Look like ya must a got em painted  
Damn!  
That uppercut's a mother ain't it  
Step in the ring  
With the king

And you take a chance  
Cause 20 seconds later y'all be out in a ambulance  
Lookin pathetic  
As you wrestle paramedic  
What's up?  
Felt like a truck  
But it was only an uppercut  
Jus last week some fool got careless (Yeah)  
So I got triflin'  
Went right for the bare fist  
After the punch the young man didn't want a fight  
I missed his face  
But I busted the stoplight  
So put up you're dukes, so you better start bookin'  
A sick upperpunch  
When you munchin'  
And ain't lookin'  
An mx uppercut aim for your mouth  
Not from the north, or the east, or the west, it's comin'  
From da south  
And I'm throwin' it hard  
From da south  
Right up under you're guard  
From da south  
And uppercut with all I got  
(Watch them drop!)  
Yeah  
Word  
(There you go)  
Come, come come on.