

# Will Smith, Parents Just Don't Understand

You know parents are the same  
No matter time nor place  
They don't understand that us kids  
Are going to make some mistakes  
So to you, all the kids all across the land  
There's no need to argue  
Parents just don't understand

I remember one year  
My mom took me school shopping  
It was me, my brother, my mom, oh, my pop, and my little sister  
All hopped in the car  
We headed downtown to the Gallery Mall  
My mom started bugging with the clothes she chose  
I didn't say nothing at first  
I just turned up my nose  
She said, "What's wrong? This shirt cost \$20"  
I said, "Mom, this shirt is plaid with a butterfly collar!"  
The next half hour was the same old thing  
My mother buying me clothes from 1963  
And then she lost her mind and did the ultimate  
I asked her for Adidas and she bought me Zips!  
I said, "Mom, what are you doing, you're ruining my rep"  
She said, "You're only sixteen, you don't have a rep yet"  
I said, "Mom, let's put these clothes back, please"  
She said "No, you go to school to learn not for a fashion show"  
I said, "This isn't Sha Na Na, come on Mom, I'm not Bowzer  
Mom, please put back the bell-bottom Brady Bunch trousers  
But if you don't want to I can live with that, but  
You gotta put back the double-knit reversible slacks"  
She wasn't moved - everything stayed the same  
Inevitably the first day of school came  
I thought I could get over, I tried to play sick  
But my mom said, "No, no way, uh-uh, forget it"  
There was nothing I could do, I tried to relax  
I got dressed up in those ancient artifacts  
And when I walked into school, it was just as I thought  
The kids were cracking up laughing at the clothes Mom bought  
And those who weren't laughing still had a ball  
Because they were pointing and whispering  
As I walked down the hall  
I got home and told my Mom how my day went  
She said, "If they were laughing you don't need them,  
"Cuz they're not good friends"  
For the next six hours I tried to explain to my Mom  
That I was gonna have to go through this about 200 more times

So to you all the kids all across the land  
There's no need to argue  
Parents just don't understand  
Oh-kay, here's the situation  
My parents went away on a week's vacation and  
They left the keys to the brand new Porsche  
Would they mind?  
Umm, well, of course not  
I'll just take it for a little spin  
And maybe show it off to a couple of friends  
I'll just cruise it around the neighborhood  
Well, maybe I shouldn't  
Yeah, of course I should  
Pay attention, here's the thick of the plot  
I pulled up to the corner at the end of my block  
That's when I saw this beautiful girlie girl walking  
I picked up my car phone to perpetrate like I was talking

You should've seen this girl's bodily dimensions  
I honked my horn just to get her attention  
She said, "Was that for me?"  
I said, "Yeah"  
She said, "Why?"  
I said, "Come on and take a ride with a hell of a guy"  
She said, "How do I know you're not sick?  
You could be some derranged lunatic"  
I said, "C'mon toots - my name is the Prince -  
Beside, would a lunatic have a Porsche like this?"  
She agreed and we were on our way  
She was looking very good and so was I, I must say - word  
We hit McDonald's, pulled into the drive  
We ordered two Big Macs and two large fries with Cokes  
She kicked her shoes off onto the floor  
She said, "Drive fast, speed turns me on"  
She put her hand on my knee, I put my foot on the gas  
We almost got whiplash, I took off so fast  
The sun roof was open , the music was high  
And this girl's hand was steadily moving up my thigh  
She had opened up three buttons on her shirt so far  
I guess that's why I didn't notice that police car  
We're doing ninety in my Mom's new Porsche  
And to make this long story short (short)  
When the cop pulled me over I was scared as hell  
I said, "I don't have a license but I drive very well, officer"  
I almost had a heart attack that day  
Come to find out the girl was a twelve-year-old runaway  
I was arrested, the car was impounded  
There was no way for me to avoid being grounded  
My parents had to come off from vacation to get me  
I'd rather be in jail than to have my father hit me  
My parents walked in  
I got my grip, I said, "Ah, Mom, Dad, how was your trip?"  
They didn't speak  
I said, "I want to plead my case"  
But my father just shoved me in the car by my face  
That was a hard ride home, I don't know how I survived it  
They took turns -  
One would beat me while the other one was driving  
I can't believe it, I just made a mistake  
Well parents are the same no matter time nor place  
So to you all the kids all across the land  
Take it from me  
Parents just don't understand