Now this is the story all about how  
My life got flipped, turned upside down  
And I'd like to take a minute just sit right there  
I'll tell you how I became the prince of a town called Bel-Air  
In West Philadelphia born and raised  
On the playground where I spent most of my days  
Chilling out, maxing, relaxing all cool  
And all shooting some b-ball outside of the school  
When a couple of guys, they were up to no good  
Started making trouble in my neighborhood  
I got in one little fight and my mom got scared  
And said "You're moving with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air"  
I begged and pleaded with her the other day  
But she packed my suitcase and sent me on my way  
She gave me a kissing and she gave me my ticket

I put my Walkman on and said, "I might as well kick it!"  
First class, yo, this isn't bad,  
Drinking orange juice out of a champagne glass  
Is this what the people of Bel-Air living like?  
Hmm this might be alright!  
I whistled for a cab and when it came near the  
License plate said "fresh" and had a dice in the mirror  
If anything I could say that this cab was rare  
But I thought nah, forget it, yo homes to Bel-Air!  
I pulled up to a house about seven or eight  
And I yelled to the cabby "Yo, homes smell you later!"  
Looked at my kingdom I was finally there  
To sit on my throne as the prince of Bel-Air!