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!