The Fresh Prince of Bel Air	Cyclones popping out of thin air
Now this is a 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 about I became the prince of a town called Bel Air	Now this is a story all about how Typhoon gets spun up, advected around And I'd like to spend a minute Just sit right there Talking tropical cyclones popping out of thin air
In West Philadelphia, born and raised On the playground was where I spent most of my days Chillin' out, maxin', relaxin' all cool And all shootin' some b-ball outside of school When a couple of guys who were all up to no good Starting making trouble in my neighbourhood I got in one little fight, and my mom got scared She said "You're movin' with your auntie and uncle in Bel Air"	In the West Pacific born and raised Where young typhoons are spendin' most of their days Chillin' out, relaxing in a warm pool And shooting up convection and letting it cool When the Coriolis Force who was up to no good Started causing deepening in my neighbourhood I reached category 5 and Japan got scared They said "Be aware of a typhoon spinning up out there"
I whistled for a cab and when it came near The license plate said fresh and it had 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 the house about 7 or 8 And I yelled to the cabbie "Yo homes smell ya later" I looked at my kingdom I was finally here To sit on my throne, as the Prince of Bel Air	I approached the coast, and when I got near I saw all the people with their faces of fear, If anything, I thought this was unfair And I thought, 'Nah, forget it, I'll go over there' I curved away from the coast about 7 or 8 And I yelled to the people "Yo homes, arigoto" I looked to the Ocean and I was finally there Chaotically advecting into thin air