The Fresh Prince Of Bel Air Intro by Will Smith

Now, (1) is a story	She gave me a kiss
All about how	And then she gave me my ticket
My life got flipped-turned upside down	I put my walkman on and said
And I liked to take a minute	I might as well kick it
Just sit right there	First class, yo, this is bad
I'll (2) you how I became the prince	Drinking orange juice out of a champagne glass
Of a town called Bel Air	Is this what the people of Bel Air (6) like
In west Philadelphia, born and raised	(Hmm) This might be alright
On the playground is where I spent most of my days	I whistled for a cab
Chilling out maxing	And when it came near
Relaxing all cool	The license plate said fresh
And all shooting some b-ball	And it had a dice in the mirror
Outside of the school	If anything I can say that this cab was rare
When a couple of guys	But I (7) now (8) it, yo,
Who (3) up to no good	home to Bel Air
Starting making trouble in my neighborhood	I pulled
I got in one little fight	Up to the house about seven or eight
And my mom got scared	And I yelled to the cabbie, yo homes, smell you later
She said you're moving with your auntie	I looked at my kingdom
And uncle in Bel Air	I was finally there
I begged and pleaded (4) her day after day	To sit on my throne
But she (5) my suite case	As the Prince of Bel Air
And send me on my way	



- 1. this
- 2. tell
- 3. were
- 4. with
- 5. packed
- 6. living
- 7. thought
- 8. forget

Fill in the gaps