The Return

Emi Meyer

Yo, this Tone the referee, knawhatimean?
An' I'm about to bring y'all some history
We got the Best of Both Worlds
An' I got the Get Fresh Crew, Doug Fresh
One, two, three, come on
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Whose is the freshest of them all?
I love 'em all but none of y'all is Doug E. as me
An' the boy, Kelly with the suicide doors, fuck 'em all
We got hits like a thirty shot clip
When we throw it in the air, everybody hit the floor
Holla at your boy, boys
When we boys, so we bringin' out them toys
I ain't a lame on them Dana Dane's
We give you nightmares, when the year change, we change
Nigga, we right here, we can go bank for bank
We can go clip for clip, nigga, chain for chain
We can go bitch for bitch, got a pretty young thing
That I keep by my hip, like my celly that rings
Meetin' Michelle at the hotel
While Jay an' Tone on the way to the after party
Got the ladies sayin', ?Oh?
Best of Both Worlds an' we rock the club, youknowhatimsayin?
Boy HO, Kells, we not playin'
Losers lose, so when we does what we do, we win
An' win again, like deja vu
Then we win again, like M.J. do
Three-peat, then we retreat to waters that's blue
Young Scrappy, that's what grown man do, let's move
In this arena, arena
All we wanna see is them hands up, hands up
This is for them hustlin' boys an' girls
It's the return of Best of Both Worlds
In this arena, arena
All we wanna see is them hands up, hands up
This is for them hustlin' boys an' girls
It's the return of Best of Both Worlds
Well once upon a time, they left the glove an' the star, kid
He swore he was the man but he was nothin' but garbage

Let me re-phrase that, bubblin' with pride
Did have skills but he was ugly inside
Instead of uplift folks, sittin' on the nonsense
Hurtin' people feelings like he didn't have a conscience
Like 'I love you', when he's hittin' that stash
Then degraded, the shorty, like he didn't have class
Even let a gay Jew man tack his Jheri
Then got the nerve to call the next cat a fairy
Swindlin', forgot the God above him
Finally fan base trinklin' down to nothin'
No concern for his estate, though, was yearnin' for a break
Bitter an' evil, didn't learn from his mistake
The moral of the story is 'Don't be a pair of knickers
Be good, boys an' girls an' you can be as great as Rick is'
In this arena, arena
All we wanna see is them hands up, hands up
This is for them hustlin' boys an' girls
It's the return of Best of Both Worlds
In this arena, arena
All we wanna see is them hands up, hands up
This is for them hustlin' boys an' girls
The remixes, the remix yo, track masters, c?mon
My baby momma's robe, my rent is overdue
It took half the pay an' now my life is filled with rainy days
But I stashed some dough, how much you'll ever know
It's Doug Fresh, Slick Rick, Kells an? Jay-Z

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