Return Of 4eva

Big Krit

[**feat. Big Sant**]What a difference a day makes
[Hook:]It's the return of 4eva ho (ho, ho)
Pimp tight (pimp tight) world wide
It's the return of 4eva ho (ho, ho)
Outer space (Outer Space) Enterprise
It's the return of 4eva ho (ho, ho)
Live (live) from the (live) from the underground
It's the return of 4eva ho (ho, ho)
I'm talking once upon a (once upon a) time in the south
[Verse 1: Big K.R.I.T]It's the young K-R I-T
Mackin' hoes like niggas with perms and gold teeth
Candy paint, Caddie doors, high feel
Gator toe fetish with diamonds against the wheel
Like a pimp, never slack, never fold
Shake 'em up, break 'em, and slam 'em like dominoes
On the floor, by my notes, playa made,
Replenishing these bitches with pimpin' like Gatorade
Tailor made, super tight, Mr. B
Lookin' for a diva to wide receiver a D
Touch down, outta sight, let it go
Comin' out hard
[Hook][Verse 2: Big Sant]Well, it's Big Sant bitch
And I'm a mob type figure
Comin' down on you hoes and you pussy ass niggas
Forever international, sipping sake with my Asian gal
My address is the winner's circle, you can hate me now
Hotter than my leather in the summer with the windows up
The word legend never get said 'less you mention us

My speech is mink, I want it all plus the kitchen sink
The whip white, time right, money green, pussy pink
Yeah, you can do with that; think I'm lyin'
Baby cho's on my poes, hoe I'm polished just to shine
Add the blue blockers and gators and even Stevie could see
So look at me, motherfucker, look at me
[Hook][Verse 3: Big Sant]Man I'm coming out harder than you could ever imagine
Paper stackin', breaking mics, livin' the fastest (yeah)
I keep dimes on deck like a bank teller
Pimpin' so strong ain't shit that I can't tell her

You ain't even on my radar ho
I can't smell ya, can't see ya, don't know ya, partna'
So you ain't special
See we alumni, nigga, next level
See me on top of the food chain, no pressure
[Verse 4: Big K.R.I.T.]Now hold up, hold on
Get with it bitch
Throw money like hot potatoes
Can't wait to get rid of this
Emphasizing my emphasis
Don't sleep on my lyricism
Glow like the moon and stars
Shine like a billion prisms
See the vision clear as day
Randy Savage with my mouthpiece
Life coach, quite hard, lost hope, outreach
Plenty done it but none can measure
To the pace and the treble of a mother fucking rebel
[Hook]Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/