

# The Return

## Ian Tamblyn

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 cell phone 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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