

# Return of 4eva (feat. Big Sant)

## Big K.R.I.T.

[\*\*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?

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