Yo, guess who's back up on the scene? It's the microphone fiend, we something like a new tag-team. If I'm right then Mike Clark's Eric Bean Heartbeat's when the base line drops, riding on the stair and I ain't gon's Zombie King with a board in the head, B.L.A.Z.E. yeah, back from the dead All of us were murdered away, although the chosen king will return to say: I'm back From the dead (Ya dead homie) I'm back From the dead (Ya dead homie) All of us have needed a king, so if you return, just grab your wings I'm back From the dead (Ya dead homie) I'm back From the dead (Ya dead homie) I'm back from the dead, fuck what you said I'll say it one more time so ain't nobody mislead, fuck what you said, I'm out the coffin, often the suckers that be talking is the ones I be jocki First minute of the ten round bout, running off at the limit stuck the foot in your mouth I'm reved out the dirt of the urb to return to the top of the world, in the spot that I earned This is my spot now, all ho's bow, to the O.G. been to the grave and out Some folks shout, but I can't blame 'em, I'm like a gladiator I was sent to entertain 'em Saying all punks and chumps at my arrival Blaze Ya Dead Homie is back, it's my revival Back from the grave, crazy in the head Blaze Ya Dead Homie and I'm back from the dead I busted out the casket, with a hatchet I place in the shed, so later we can pass it When I broke out shit done changed, the hood lost their nuts to pigs, shit s trains I'm back and you offended You thought my time has ended Now that I am ascended To hell which you're pretending... I'm back on the block, it was hot, but now it's cold Because I'm out cold on these trife ass hoes Take my six inch, a zombie, outta limit My home is a twilight zone, and you ain't fucking with it

I'm back to reclaim the thrown I left vacant

Been gone a minute, but I need to put my steak in Take back everything and all I ever had and more Rose out the grave but now it's time for me to soar!

[Hook]