

Rewind That Back

MC Frontalot

(Hey! Hey!)

Oh no!

The beat's so busted up like my lip, drinkin pedro out
the rusted cup

Shredded it, embedded a sample that didn't fit

Tell me I'll regret it?

(You'll regret it.)

Yo, I already did.

Sitting on the edge of a cliff, differentiating

hating from loving something from nothing

I'm puffing on the ashes of long-lost friend I couldn't
fend for,

nor foresee the end for, wouldn't bend for

I'ma lend more attention to her after the fact

when I'm actually wishin' that I could... no, hold

on... could you... wait, could we rewind that back?

(Hey!)

Don't you ever wish you could rewind that back and take
it over

Change up the hot for the cold or...

Don't you ever wish you could rewind that back and take
it over

Trade a yes yes! for the no, sir.

(Hey! Hey! ... Hey!)

Switch up my style ahead of time?

What am I, your psychic pal Dionne? Severing
everything,

telling 'em not to sing the song romanticizing regrets

when every epitaph's made up of epithets
safe bet: someday you're gonna wish you done otherwise
irritated some other guys, sank down in some other
thighs
Sung somehow some more soothing lullabies, and I see
tears are on the verge of overflow and so I flee
cause MC front ain't never looked back.
Everything I ever done was right on track-
(factfactfact) fact of the matter, I will never be
regrettin' something
Hope you don't think I'm frontin'! (You are...)
Don't you ever wish you could rewind that back and take
it over
Change up the hot for the cold or...
Don't you ever wish you could rewind that back and take
it over
Trade a yes yes! for the no, sir.