

The Return

R. Kelly

Yo, this Tone the referee, knawhatimean?
And I'm about to bring y'all some history
We got the best of both worlds
And 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 and 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
Wiggie, you annoyed man, 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 celly that rings

Meeting Michelle at the hotel
While Jay and Tone on the way to the afterparty
Got the ladies sayin', oh

Best of both worlds, and we rock the club
youknowhatimsayin
Boy H-O, Kells, we not playing
Losers lose, so when we does what we do, we win
And 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 and girls
It's the return of best of both worlds

Well once upon a time, they left the glove and the star, kid
He swore he was the man, but he was nothing but garbage
Let me rephrase that, bubblin' with pride
Did have skills, but he was ugly inside
Instead of uplift folks, sittin' on the non sense
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 nothing

No concern for his estate, though, was yearnin' for a break
Bitter and evil, didn't learn from his mistake
The moral of the story is, don't be a pair of knickers
Be good, boys and girls, and you can be as great as
Rick is

My baby momma's robe, my rent is overdue
It took half the pay, and 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 and Jay-Z