

# Comeback

Urban Dance Squad

You wanna comeback, back with sum 'n old track  
fakin' 'n takin' brouhaha with some old facts  
who the jack you think you are, pop demand  
blue suede shoes bin 'round tha bend 'n dome  
through mainstream, pop, airwave, stratosphere  
hemisphere, universe, galaxy, so what do you want "g"  
oh you fiendin' for tha fees 'n tha mega g's  
hey, why don't you say so instead of play so  
boogie for meso, breakin' yo face yo  
on screen you fiend, an eternal promo  
pose go for money, what about tha honey  
twice tha age and nice, ain't that funny  
callin' me sunny, my nose don't bear snot  
look what I got, handkerchief to stop  
for tha wiggle 'n giggle, as a big old appears

pepsi coke, coke pepsi  
all fake it for tha industry  
status old, fossil joke  
can't hide your face  
behind tha smoke

what a drag to see an old bag  
keep sweatin' 'n fakin'  
for a comeback

With feel I'm neil, a flip my tongue like young  
rhyme time for you, oldtimer get stung  
by a kid, so strong, than you ever be  
short circuit, some jerk it with peavey  
rather take lesley, suits me fine  
take a challenge  
to renew with oldtimers time  
throw my voice with poise in of course  
no endorsement, it's all meant to get this in mind

Ain't all flak, to those who comeback  
some slam no glam, peace to those cracks  
b.b. king, some kings can still be  
a fresh breeze to please, bend down knees  
hallelujah, blessings to ya  
music and balls, comin' through ya  
through a decade of boredom pop  
where the young play old, old refuse to drop.