

## Return of 4eva

Big K.R.I.T.

What a difference a day makes

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

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

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

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

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

Sounds easy, doesn't it?