It's been 7 years, man. I left at the height of my career, man and I'm comin g back. It's like I'm starting all over again. It don't matter what I did be fore, man. This the music business, man. You're only as hot as your last hit. Everybody like, "Yo, can he get another ring?"

100 million records, all the work I put in All they wanna know is will I get another ring, yeah Will I get another win All they wanna know is will I get another ring

The smile in my face, behind my back, they hate us
But like Bernie Mac said, I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
Little Haiti to Sicily, big pondy was a friend to me
Fragile, he call me middley, put me on a track instantly
Caribbean connection put me all the way up
What goes up must go down, so Thugga pick me up
Ay, that's what I call that street cred
Take your chance in the lobby, you gon' meet those old dreads
Chef Creole, make Khaled go back
So far back, boy shottas, man, he had a 6 pack
And I'm back on the tribe on a quest to go hardr
So hard, you gon' think I'm all 3 Carters
Why haters wanna doubt that I'm Luke with the Force
Man, they kids got the scores, screamin' too much hot tours

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And the A stand for Alpha and Omega And the B stand for Bury You, that's what I'm known to do to rappers C stands for Chance, once you take, regard your shit DEF, is the squad, boy, read my lips G is General from Haiti, make my day I stood in my jeans, in front of that ki And for me to take a L, it's gon' take MN What's that? Mother Nature with them strong winds And oh, my Peace Productions like the Q As in Quincy when he did that Thriller, Michael Jackson blew And this is who we are, STU Abbreviation for the studio, I kill it in the booth And the V, be very careful when you watchin' shottas The W could turn to her and that's murder for hire By the window, light X, don't ask why I ain't takin' no Zs 'cause the clan's outside

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Bean me up Scottie, I'm on that antidote
That Broccoli D.R.A.M gave me got me movin' slow mo
This big, I'm countin' my blessings like I'm Sean
See the Future with my Jimmy Hendrix shades on
Haters wanna doubt and thought that I forgot my scales

That's like I am Mike forgettin' he trainin' high skills Vic hit me on the Jag, told me he mad Wiz Khalifa paper plane'll have you feel glad

100 million records, all the work I put in
All they wanna know is will I get another ring, yeah
Will I rap or will I sing?
All they wanna know is will I get another ring
Oh, I'm a get another ring
Oh, I'm a get another ring
From my mouth to God, yeah
We gon' get another ring, hey
We gon' get another ring
I'm a get another win
We gon' get another ring