

R. Kelly, The Return (Remix)

[Intro: Tone (Doug E. Fresh)]

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!)

[Jay-Z]

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, f**k '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

[Hook: R. Kelly]

Meeting Michelle at the hotel

While Jay and Tone on the way to the afterparty

Got the ladies sayin', oh

[Jay-Z]

Best of both worlds, and we rock the club

youknowwhatimsayin

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

[Chorus 2x: R. Kelly]

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

[Slick Rick]

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

[Chorus 2x]

[R. Kelly w/ Doug E. Fresh beatboxing]

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