

Big K.R.I.T. "Return of 4eva"

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[**feat. Big Sant**]

What a difference a day makes

[Hook:]

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

[Verse 1: Big K.R.I.T.]

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

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Big Sant]

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

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Big Sant]

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

[Verse 4: Big K.R.I.T.]

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

[Hook]

Sounds easy, doesn't it?

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