

Mystik Journeymen

"The Return"

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The Return

This one here (The Return), this for my dirty disco
dancin', low-down, no good mutha fuckas (the braided-
up pimp is back)

The return of the shit-talker
The lyrical explicit content
The original mutha fucker
I rip the surf, I hit the worst like brass knuckles (damn)
Give em crushes, bust ass and smash records
I live it how I talk it
I bring it how I feel it
This my spot 'cause I done marked it
I show the teeth between waitin' and eatin'
Bitch, I stay aggressive like it's matin' season
I'm hot, you gotta put me where I belong
On top, I'm guaranteed to fuck up everything I get on
You lovin' everything I put out
I keep it real do what you lin-ike in the riz-ep in the sin-
outh!
Hoes say, "Ooh, he a donkey!"
And baby you gon' find out when I hit you with that
Raunchy
Don't let me put you in that V-90
You want this kinda fuckin', bitch it's just fine

[Hook]

It's my turn! SHIT! It's my time
Watch out there now
You fuckin' with my groove (it's the return)
The braided up pimp is back

It's safe to say I'm old school (way back)
I went from 4-track to the A-DAT
And from A-DAT to the Pro-Tools
Dreamin' of layin' that hot shit
Now what would make you think that I ain't the man
Playin' hit, bit, don't quit, 'cause you know you not it

Ain't my family, tell ya, I can't complain

Tighter or hype they can't half bang
Even appeal to older people, they say, "Oh, yeah, he
bad!"
I still be jammin' off the last one
I said, "Where you get that, Pops?"
He said, "I stole it from my grandson"
Now you know me when I step through
They say, "Son, I got yo record. Ain't you James Brown's
nephew" (heeeey!)
I keep 'em movin', leave 'em thinkin'
I'm wrestled and respected like Aretha Franklin (all I'm
askin')
All nigga, part-time lover (BANG!)
It's my turn, watch out there mutha fucker

[Hook]

'Cause then when that I rock the beat, now I can need
influence
I'm fire, fire, off the hook, Michael Tyler, how you doin'
Take that out and leave me on
Kerry, Ves, Stevie, Jack, Beezy Boy, DJ Ron
So, when they ask you, you can tell it
Already signed Shonnie and Maxminelli
They fuckin' with the Belly Boys fo sho
The Guillotine, O.G. Bone, and the rest of them
Oh, yeah, King Yella, that's my nizzle
Oh, that's my brother Reesy and my brother B-Kizzle
I'm just a fashion rap recite (bark)
That's Happ, that's Shot, that's Roc, and he tight
This time I'm fuckin' with the Poisonous Dart
Bitches in line waitin' for the party to start
We buyin' rides without leases
'Cause this year niggas runnin' rockin' Big Truck pieces

[Hook]

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