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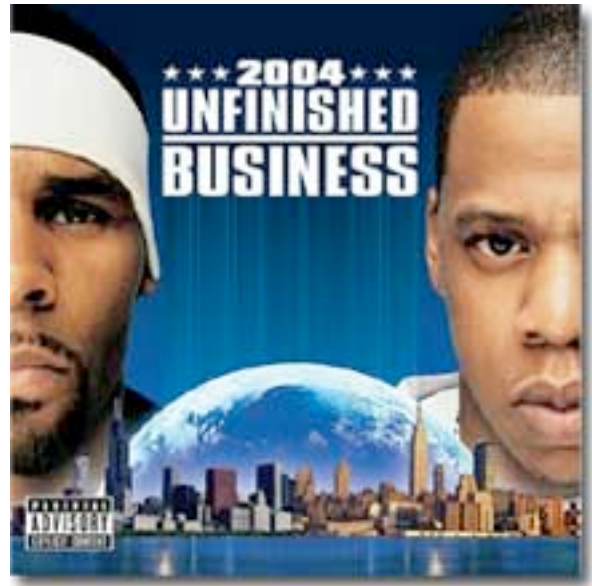
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"The Return"

[Intro]

Halt! Who goes there?

It is I sire Tone from Brooklyn.

Well, speak up man what is it?

News from the East sire! THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS HAS RETURNED!

[Verse 1: Jay-Z (R. Kelly)]

Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who is the freshest of them all?

I love 'em all but none of yall can fuck with the double suicide doors on that black phantom,

Fuck em all

We got hits like a 30 shot clip when we throw one in the air everybody hit the floor

Holla atcha boy, boys, when we boys so we bringin out them toys

Lane to lane on the dana danes

We give you noise man when the year change we change, nigga we right here

We can go bang for bang

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 ring, sing!

(Me and Michelle at the hotel while Jay and Tone on the way to the after party got the ladies sayin

OH! Best of Both Worlds)

Best of Both Worlds and we rock the globe

You knamsayin

Ya boy H-O wit Kels we not playin

Losers lose so when we does what we do we win
Then win again like de ja vu
Then we win again like MJ do
Three-peat then retreat the waters that's blue
Young scrappy this what grown men do lets move!

[Chorus: R. Kelly (2x)]

In this arena, arena
All we wanna see is them hands up, hands up
This is for them hustling boys and girls
It's the return of Best of Both Worlds
(Nothin can hold us now!)

[Verse 2: R. Kelly]

Now all the ladies love Kels cause Kels is fresh
And plus Kels got "superpimp" 'cross his chest
I got a phat gold chain and I drop top Lex
And when im rollin thourhg ya hood I be causin wrecks
Man I'm a gigalo, Air Force Ones and fresh linen
I be in the club while my chrome still spinnin
Ladies line up in a single file line just to hit a ?? I'll sing 'em a few lines like (Me and
Michelle at the hotel while Jay and Tone on the way to the after party got the ladies sayin
OH!
Best of Both Worlds!)
Shuttin it down you knamean
Kels and Jigga man bacl on the scene
Step up in the club so fresh and so clean
Ladies be like damn! BLING! BLING! BLING
Hov rap and I SING! SING! SING
H to the O and the R&B King, before we do a show its like CHING! CHING! CHING!
So Lodi Dodi, we likes to party, we don't start fights we don't bother nobody
The good news is haters we gat a lotta dough, bad news is it's the return of Best of
Both...

[Chorus]

[Bridge: R. Kelly]

We on a world tour wit Jay and my man
Goin each and everywhere wit the mic in our hand
London, Paris, New York, D.C., Detroit, From Chi-Town to Cali
We on a world tour wit Kels and ya man
Goin each and everywhere wit the mic in our hand
Philly, Jersey, Dallas, St. Louis, Miami
Best of Both comin to ya city!

[Chorus]

"Big Chips"

[Chorus (R. Kelly):]

Big chips! (Woo!) We off in Vegas drinking and partying
We got chicks in swimsuits modeling
We in the twin stretch Maybachs dipping low
The way the wrist shine it's so magical
You know them boys got the clubs out of control (Ho!)
Nigga what you heard it's Kells and Hov
With the second coming of Best Of Both
In the first week I predict a million sold, we talking...

[Verse 1: Jay-Z (R. Kelly)]

Big chips! Big trips to Vegas nigga
Big cribs and the whips is spacious (Uh huh)
Any day they could dig your grave
Shit, so big is my inspiration, dig
No reward that's the risk is taken
In which case you niggas wouldn't wanna switch places
I on the other hand relish the situation
Thank the Lord for the gift, I'm gracious
I went overboard, look at this big bracelet
I overhauled it you wouldn't recognize it
From the time that I bought it I just replaced it
I risk cases for shit like this, nigga I pray for some shit like this
Word to my Uncle Ray, who gave us life for some shit like this
Ma you rolling I'm as real as it gets

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: R. Kelly]

Big chips! I can't take this
The way you move your ass slow like Matrix
You make me wanna toss chips in Vegas
Before I toss chips first, get naked
I can't fake it, girl you got the club shut down when you freak it
Superstar honey, so mean and vicious
Got a lot and coming, I'm so mean and vicious
Bark bark farmer, this chicken laying platinum ex-farmer (preach!)
So go low mama, give it a go
As I punch 170 on stretch roads, must turn up the radio!
Girl you so good I'm swerving like whoa! whoa!
Uh oh! Uh uh oh! From the club to the stretch
Out the stretch to the Hotel, into the hotel suite!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Big chips! I'm a boss I said
Tilt my hat and I cross my legs
Like old ladies at the park, I toss my bread
And the pigeons start flocking, balling like Bishop Loughlin
And stick Cochran on any DA, to try to stop him
So any gunplay that is an option
I been doing this since niggas was woppin
Rocking Izods with the matching socks, and
Slap boxing in the back park and when the girls start watching
Try to get real, you had to drop 'em
See I ain't never been a fronter
Or fake it till I make it tight nigga ma I don't want you number
Either you're coming or I one you
Either you know what you want ma, I don't even want you
You play pretty if you wanna

[Chorus]

[Bridge: R. Kelly]

All around the world, stop where the sun sets
Spending big chips you wanna go (uh oh, uh uh oh!)
You wanna go (uh oh, uh uh oh!)
Say we goin around the world, stop where the sun sets
Spending big chips you wanna go (uh oh, uh uh oh!)
Do you wanna go (uh oh, uh uh oh!)

[Outro: R. Kelly]

Uh, come on, Tone, I see you, Jigga, Kells, uh, yeah, Track Masters
What's really good, we're in the islands chilling in the shade and shit you know
Blue waters, yellow sand, uh
Either I'm high or, I think I just saw a dolphin

"We Got Em Goin'"
(feat. Memphis Bleek)

Uh, uhh, uh
Uh, ah, now Hov's in the building, Hov's in the building
Uh, uhh, uh
Kels in the building, Kels in the building
Uh, uhh, that's right
Hov's in the building, Hov's in the building

Uh what? Ho, ho
Yo Kels in the building, Kels in the building

[R. Kelly]

I'm in the building tonight, it's goin down my nigga
Got a pocket full of cash and some 'dro my nigga
Attitude like I don't give a fuck my nigga
Probably the drunkest fool on the flo' my nigga
One of the best that ever did this here, every year
It's the #1 R&B singer this year
But y'all know, still mo' money mo' problems
Mo' niggaz, mo' chicks, mo' clubs, Mo' bottles
One little note in your ear, and I gotcha
Ladies call me the black Frank Sinatra
Yeah a real pimp floss and the pimp be blingin
It's just the same reason why a young pimp be leanin
Hard liquor, couple sips, and I'm passin it
Maybach so big you can dance in it
Jigga lil' nigga fuckin with the baddest chicks
Got your girl lookin at you like the maddest chick
We goin

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

ho-ohh, ohh-oh
We got everybody up in the club, hands high
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh
We got players, ballers, hustlers and they back
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh
We got all of the pretty girls left in the city
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh
We got 'em goin, we got 'em goin

[Jay-Z]

Yo yeah it's the boy Hov', yeah I blow O's
Circles around competition, not an Optimo
To sit low, in a six-oh, oh
Solo, on lo-lo's, fuck po'-po's
Take a pho-to, last time you see a nigga so cold
So be-low zero, so froze
So-so rappers are so sore, hate his soul
It ain't my fault I'm so rock'n'roll
I'm just Hov'

[Chorus]

[Memphis Bleek]

Geah, it's the kid from the Stuy, and I stay high
In my A-O-L-A blowin lah lah lah
Goodbye, I see you chumps on top
Or on the highway in somethin that ends with I
Like I, 745, I
Or the F-E-double-R-the-A-R-I
AR-15 to spray y'all guys
You die (you die) goodbye (goodbye)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

From New York to Chi, we blow like hy-dro
Blow out live shows without py-ro
See how I combined the I-O flow
Tone'll rep, Memph Bleek, Kels and Hov'

[Jay and Bleek alternate words]

Bottles, models, follow, to the hotter
way we play like it's no day tomorrow
Spendin my dough like I just hit the lotto
Bounce, park and stop shall not wake I'm straight safe

[Chorus]

"She's Coming Home With Me"

[R. Kelly]

Fellas, a few tips, when you're in the club
You must watch your girl, because she may end up with me

[R. Kelly + (Jay-Z)]

TrackMasters (uhh... turn the music up)
Rock Land
Hova (woo! yess, yess)

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Now somebody's girl is in my mansion
Shakin that ass to this
And somebody's girl is in my hot tub
Drinkin that glass of Crist'
And somebody's girl is in my bedroom
And man she's a superfreak
And somebody's girl is leavin my crib
Now on to the next booty

[Jay-Z]

Ummmmmmmm, I don't mean no harm
But your boy got the magic stick, the Don Juan
Bishop, chicks'll dissapear in thin air
like mist or some shit like this I swear
I take handcuffs off misses, I pick locks wicked
I catch your eye cause my tick-tock's frigid
My necklace glisten, all reckless chicks is
eyeballin, yeah, and I caught 'em like perfect pitches
Call me Mike Piazza
Once I get 'em in, my fly casa
It's hot tubs, heated pools and no rules
Call your old dude and tell him he old news
Tell that fella you feel like Cinderella
With both shoes and it's almost two
Fuck a storybook endin, we bendin the rules
This is somebody's girl part two, now move

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

Uhh, let me at it
Somebody's girl is sittin in my lap
Whisper two words and we both break out
My Maybach seats is just as big as a couch
Not the same girl now that the mic's at your mouth
Oh that's gettin nasty, let's get naughty
Rollin around like a fo'-wheel afterparty
We stop at a red light, there go your girls an' 'em
Now we got the green light, driver follow them (let's go)
You're rotatin with a guy that spend money like the world spin 'round
First guy to ever put the singin rap down
Say the name Kels and these chicks spellbound
Because these chicks know I put the "12Play" down
I gotta have it, I just can't stop limp
Maybe because I just can't stop pimpin
No matter what I do, I can't stop leanin
When the fresh Prada's on and the sun is shinin
Girls it's your boyfriend
With that remix that keeps you clubbin
Dis collabo' crack got you fiendin
The industry kings and the rest is dreamin

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

The moral of the tale, if you love your tail
Treat her well, keep her 'way from Hov' and Kel'
Because we can't stop pimpin
We put it on her 'til she can't stop limpin
She'll be a goner, you can play tough guy on the corner
I smoothe her out in the sauna
Yeah, I blew it out in the Bahamas, yeah
Your lil' mama got a stellar arm
We got it on like a telethon
Mr. Roc-A-Fella, gone

[Chorus]

"Feelin' You In Stereo"

[Jay-Z]

Everything ain't hardcore you know
I can't sing but my man
I'ma let my man smooth that thang out for you
You know, take the edge off, you know what I'm sayin'?

[R. Kelly]

All my sexy ladies throw ya hands up high
And all my real playas throw ya hands up high
And just keep on bouncin' while I take you on a ride

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

It's like your body's on radio I'm feelin' you in stereo
Put me in your cd player I'm gonna hit it nice and slow
Baby I'm your hot mix bumpin' in your cherry Lex
Checkin' out your widescreen while your hands up on the headrest

[Verse 1: R. Kelly]

I'm, in the studio thinkin' about my next hit song
Tryin' to come up with a melody that will turn you on
On the MPC3000 tryin' to come up with beats
That'll make come on over here and lay down here with me
I'm searchin' for that special mind blowin' melody
And it's gotta be sexy so I'll think it through carefully
It's like I'm tryin' to tune it, to ya station babe
Try to get you to play, this record babe
Every time I hear this track girl I think about me and you
In the Maybach doin' what we do

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: R. Kelly]

Um, now I know a few friends of mine that has made love to this record
So when you're in the mood call the station, request this record
She walks in the room, says "Ly I can't breathe"
As I try to catch my breath and proceed
Lookin' at yo' sexy smile, while I put my vocals down
Girl you have made this song a hit in each and every town
You a sexy melody with a touch of freakin' harmony
Such a perfect chemistry
Girl we deserve a Grammy, or Soul Train
Billboard, MTV or BET award
Rollin' like we on a tour
Ooh the way you put it down girl I can't take it
Sex was so good girl we've got to do the remix
'Cause girl you a mix master
When it comes to pumpin' you such a ghetto blaster
It's such a hit that I gotta bootleg it, yeah

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

A melody is the chemistry, the way we click
It's like four part harmony and all that shit
Your waistline is the bassline, I ride that shit
Strung off your treble and I'm high as shit
We made love in the studio when we got together over and over again like a loop
Damn I'm missin' you, it's hard to listen to
all these different dudes, huggin' and kissin' you, fuck!

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

Yeah, I'm feelin' you in stereo
Aw yeah, aw yeah, yeah

"Stop"

(feat. Foxy Brown)

[Intro: Tone (R. Kelly)]

Yo, Duro, tell Rob to hurry up back in the booth, man
We got the Track joint
Yo, this Tone the referee, while I got your attention
I gotta we set out to bring you the best possible heat

For your two step, me, Jigga and Kells
You know, so y'all just enjoy, aight
Yo, Rob you there? (Yeah) Your mic sound nice (uh-huh uh-huh)
You first to blow (yeah) Ight, you ready to blow (uh-huh)
Aight, let's go

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Jigga, I'm about to put the shit down
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
I'm about to, make these niggaz get down
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us
Hold up, wait a minute, stop
Tone and Poke, blow the motherfuckin' speakers

[R. Kelly]

Grab a bottle, get two models
Thugs at Apollo's, niggaz wanna follow
I'm about to show you, how wild it gets
That nigga Hov', is the craziest
Stop at the club, bout a quarter to six
With a bottle in my hand, yellin' "Bitch, I'm rich"
Hey, y'all niggaz see me, I can't believe it
You startin' to sound like, you don't want it
Tony's on the drop, blue and yellow rocks
He keep yellin', stop, Sisqo's album flopped
What you wanna do, if you drinkin', I'm hangin' out with you
Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

It's Young... uh, mack alone, I'm back in the zone
I'm out they way, still these rappers won't leave me alone
I can give a fuck what these rappers sayin' bout me
That just let's me know, they can't go a day without me
Scared of me succeeding, that's the reason you doubt me
Cuz if you ain't believe me, you wouldn't be thinkin' bout me
Sorta how like you, never crossed my mind
Until you crossed the line, stop...
Then I gotta come accross a rhyme
To let the world know you come across a mime
I do so much sauce with lines, with someone who saws my climb
From Marcy to party, where you soakin' up blue nine

Prude, am I, got a du-lema, I'm a dude from the hood
Who loves jewels, who am I?
You where placed in the same shoes, size 10/5
With a sick view, of the place you grew, dude, can I
Live, what I did, for this whole rap circus
I open up more doors for y'all fuckers than car service
Ya'll nervous, I ain't back yet
I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying

[R. Kelly]

Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Foxy Brown]

Shit, she back with the nigga inf dot
Uh-oh, somebody better tell this broad
I'm a nine year veteran, I'm back with my brethren
I swear to god, it feel like '96 again
Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit again
We bout to let them hammers pop
In the 'Stuy, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'
I got the automore pierre watch
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock
Ya'll ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac
Since Big passed, or since Jay passed the Roc
I'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4
Fuck I'm lookin' like rhymin' for a hundred g's, for?
No, I don't talk to media guys
I don't chatter with the best, ain't no question whose the best
Shawn and Kelly, Fox, best of both worlds, I see y'all
Aiyo, Kel, nigga, holler at your peoples

[R. Kelly]

Five, four, three, two, one
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

"Mo' Money"

(feat. Twista)

[Jay-Z]

That nigga let his fuckin flow go

Niggaz tryin to switch up the flows on niggaz
Hit niggaz, slip niggaz with a micky
Drop that joint

Yeah yeah (it's the remix y'all)
Like a muh'fucker (oh yeah)
Whassup my nigga (and still hot up in that boy, ain't it man)
(Yo Jay, Kel, fin' ta set it off for y'all)
C'mon

[R. Kelly]

It's, the, remix
TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money

[Twista]

I, heard the ballers when I pulled up to the club
Cause I'm rollin up on fo' flickers
Peanut-butter interior, black body
And in case you didn't know, I be the Twista
Hundred bombs in my pockets, put your ones up
I hear some niggaz lookin at me for the come up
Try to creep creep, I pull a gun up
I put a hole in the first nigga that run up
The ballers be Jay, R, and T
Spit it cold cause the music is a part of me
Can't nobody spit it fast as me
Got an academy of haters comin after me
I know I got what you want, I know I got what you need
Come and mob to the top before you get, this, money

Pull up on the block in the alien gray Bentley
Full of sport modes, you never could hang with me
Just to get in early, I paid a extra 50
Gettin that money my nigga
Oh-five Chrysler, trees for the blunts
Three hoes in the back, two fiends in the front
Twenty-two inch shoes, CV's in the trunk
Gettin that money my nigga
Makin dough off a style I be the best in
Glad to be down with these two livin legends
Now let me see which league I'ma invest in
Gettin that money my nigga
Rollin this cheer, put the niggaz in fear
Makin bitches shed tears, take a look at my career
Now the shit's swell; when I get up to 70 in the Coupe

Peep the wing when I hope out the tail - tell 'em Kel

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

We off up in the club, we got our hands up
Drinks in the club because we gettin that money my nigga
We rollin 24's, open them Bentley do's
Got plenty hoes because we gettin that money my nigga

[R. Kelly]

Pull up to the club, chicks in the back
Some smokin on weed, some sippin Co-gnac
Into the club, whole crew to the back
Super the stars make it sharp as a tack
Gotta have my forty-five inch in it
In the house, from the gate, twenty minutes
Game over and I'm still not finished
I play haters like V play tennis
Livin like a motherfuckin Richie Rich nigga
Got a butler for my Maybach nigga
White linen, smokin ci-gar
Lyrics like bullets, tongue like a trigger
Feelin on your booty
Tryin to get one of these nice ladies
to come up to my room and do, me
Have her man like who's, he
Was a pimp at birth, first ho was a nurse
And I'ma be a pimp 'til I'm stretches in a hearse
Sometimes showbiz is the worst
I'm blessed with "The Gift & The Curse," whoa
Shoot ball, now I'm off to the spa
Fresh and clean, now I'm off in the car
Got a date with a superstar
We take lunch, now twelve o'clock
Hit the mall bout two o'clock
In the movies bout five o'clock
Seven o'clock 'til nine o'clock
we in my crib, my bed, goin non-stop
This for my project niggaz, widebody Mo' sippers
Pimps hustlers herb flippers, get, this, money

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Gettin this money switchin my whips and my kicks
Like I'm just addicted to difference you pick what you want from me
To be a, lame with visions of riches, enter my brain

Like I picture myself in deep dishes, just switchin lanes
It's just insane, is it? I'm from the district where niggaz
either in prison or pay visits like in-laws
So we fend for ourself, and the wealth is in raw
We can't help but been lost, what else gon' make that engine roar?
Lay back in 745, big boy cars, that's all we drive
Into the club we get all the eyes when you gettin that money my nigga

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money

[ad libs to fade]

"Pretty Girls"

Uhh, y'all know what this is
Now would be a good time to start bobbin your heads
Kels, and it, and it, uhh

[R. Kelly]

Excuse me miss, don't mean to interrupt
But you're the hottest chick in this club
The way you shake your ass to this beat
It's like your booty got dancin feet
I wanna take you home, in my Hummer Jeep
All over me while you ridin the beep beep
I just really wanna taste your ice cream
It's the weekend baby I got the {?}
Go on girl, the way you do me
This is somethin like a fantasy
You're that girl from the magazine
BET, or, MTV
So baby let me take you to my ecstasy
Pull up to the club on them 23's
Girl you've got that shit in your hip
that make me wanna spend, money

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Pretty girls (where you at)
I'm talkin to the ones, that came alone
Pretty girls (put your hands up)
The single ones, we wanna take you home - c'mon

Pretty girls... (you make me wanna shout)
Let's, go!

[Jay-Z]

Whether you tall like Lisa Leslie
Or short like the barrel on that baby 380
Pretty lady, I got a ride to fit yo' frame
From the Coupe to the big Mercedes
{?}, these groundhogs stay with the cash
And the black card don't got no max
Fall, back, blow on some Merikesh hash
With more Manolos than Sarah Jess' had
How you gon' go back to dudes with little sacks
Little kiddie chromes in they itty bitty homes
Fuckin up your lungs, puffin that homegrown
You should be with us, cuttin in Hong Kong
Straight shots of Catron or Dom Perignon
Guys your girls say Shawn very long
So if you ain't afraid of catchin a love jones
Get with Coach Dean Smith, bitch get in the zone, c'mon

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

Tell me what you're drinkin at the bar ma
I'm gonna buy ma, anybody tell you youse a star ma
You remind me of my car ma, no ignition
I start the Coupe up from the kitchen
My pretty girls get plenty attention
When it come to sex get plenty of inches
We shop, like we all broke detention
Club like we at a alcoholic's convention
Hit the 'tel with two chicks and she with it
Mama got down like the flo' when she did it
Pretty girls, keep shakin ass now mama
This party is not over

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

What's your name, what city you represent ma
Where the hands on all the pretty girls ma
For the players and the hustlers in the club now
And all my niggaz that be sippin pimp juice now

[Chorus]

"Break Up (That's All We Do)"

[R. Kelly]

Make up, and break up
That's all we do
Then we have sex, next thing you know
Everything is cool
Best of Both Worlds! Holla at your boy

[Jay-Z]

Like we always do about this time
Uh-huh, yeah
I know what you doin ma
Tryin to get in an argument with me so I can
do my mad thing, you want me to do my mad thing
I understand - c'mon!

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Seems we're always arguing, but
Right after the arguing we have, sex
And somehow it's the best, yes
Seems we're always arguing, but
Right after the arguing we have, sex
And somehow it's the best girl

[first instance of Chorus - no last line]

[Jigga overlaps first instance of Chorus]

Gangsta love, gangsta love

[Jay-Z]

Think about it while the streets you roam
It's Dom P and Army in the fridge when you get home
Sex is always better fresh off a vendetta
We break up or break you off then we right back together
Then this brand new leathers and Caroline Aurera
Marijuana, white wine, somewhere under the weather
Like we sick but we fine, shit we couldn't feel better
Just some sunshine in mind lookin fine as ever
who got a mouth on her, woo, she put some words together
Sometimes'll make a nigga wanna leave, but when we make up

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z over Chorus]

Woo!

Boy talk boy!

[R. Kelly]

Break up to make up baby

Seems that's all we do darlin

But no one wants to walk out the door

After all of the holla'n

Cursing and fighting

And me sleeping on the couch

In the midst of our stormy weather

Sex brings the sun out

After I hit that there

Seems we don't have a care

Sex makes you say I'm sorry

And things like I'm not goin nowhere

It's somethin bout the P-U-S-S-Y

That keeps brother in check, even I

Even if you was a pimp you couldn't survive

Without the H-E-L-P to provide you

[Chorus]

[third instance of Chorus - no last line]

[Jay-Z]

Think about it while the streets you roam

It's Dom P and Army in the fridge when you get home

Remember that night? You was all like

Maybe we should go our seperate ways for life

I hit the lights fit you tight at the lil' place right

I hit it right you look me right in the eyes like psych

You was goin through your act 'til I caught you in the sack

And I made you relax when I (hit it hard from the back)

Yeah now we back friends

And the next time you need some sex counselin, we

[Chorus - new last line "after we get through arguin we"]

[R. Kelly]

Seems we're always arguing, but

Right after the arguing we have, sex

Sex with best friends

From the bathroom to the kitchen (we sex)

From the kitchen to living room (we sex)

From the living room to upstairs (we sex)
Upstairs to the attic (we sex)
Attic to the basement (we sex)
From the basement to the car garage (we sex)
Garage to the back of the Jeep (we sex)
Bicycle to the treadmill (we sex)
Even over by the dirty lawnmower (we sex)
The neighbors and the dogs are lookin crazy (we sex)
I don't care because you're my baby (we sex)
It's our house, and we can have sex (we sex)
anytime we want to (we sex)
They can kiss my ass, because whoa-ho-hoo
Hey L Don you feel me?

[L Don]

Yeah yeah yeah I feel you
You and Jay crazy man, but it's all good
Let's go

[R. Kelly]

La-la-la-la-lah-la-la
La-la-la-la-lah-la-la - sex
La-la-la-la-lah-la-la
La-la-la-la-lah-la-la – sex

"Don't Let Me Die"

[R Kelly]

Dear God, bring our P-O-Ws home
And our brothers on lockdown, home
AMEN!!!

[Jay-Z]

JEAH !!! Back blocked on everybody laptop
(HOV) Hittin' niggas from da shower, hold a note like da guy who said da British is
comin'
(KELL) Oh yeah da niggas is comin' get out ya good dishes or somethin' like it's
Thanksgiving
(HOV) And non other than da "R" and without further a due like Freddy get ready it's

[R Kelly]

Whatever happen Lord, dont pass me by
Cause whenever I did wrong it was ya name I cried
I heard you forgave over and over again
But when I found out I love you, you became amune to my sins

Laid wide awake in da middle of my sleep (I see dead people)
And sometimes it's me Lord
I never wanted to be a thug father
I only wanted to be a son of a father
That's how it sounds inside, worse than da war in Iraq, when it's me against I
I gave up da weed and somehow Im still high
Three years still seein' them three guys Lord (Whoo)
Sometimes I dont know what you want from me, but I do know you know what I want
from you
(Give it to me)
(Come on) Take away this Hennessey, take away me runnin' da streets
Stop people from rapin' me, take away all this jealousy and prejudice
Lord you said it was better place, I grew up around pimps, hustlers, hoes and project
gates
Its HARD TO BELIEVE in what I cant see
I got to get this money and feed my family

[Jay-Z]

Whatever in me guides my life, dear Lord Dont Let Me Die tonight
But if I shall before I wake, what shall I say
Its been a good run from hoodlum to outin' da states
How could one who made so much foul mistakes, still be allowed to have a smile on my
face
How whatever da case Im glad it wasnt murder, in a town you never heard of
From a nickel plated burner
Now my life straight like a perm, tried to take da spot I earn
Muthafucka better learn

[Chorus]

(Its HOV) Back blocked on everybody laptop
(KELL) Hit niggas from da shower, hold a note like da guy who said da British is comin'
(HOV) Oh yeah da niggas is comin get out ya good dishes or somethin' like its
Thanksgiving
(KELL) And non other than da "R" and without further a due like Freddy get ready

[R Kelly]

Lord hear me out, got a few more things to say
These demons be chasin' me like everyday (Come here)
Nah my life on crutches, never say I never walk again
But da devil is a lie cause I believe within'
You're da reason that Im still here, even though I dont act like it
Even though I hear my callin' and fight it
Fools do me so wrong, its hard to stay righteous
Pimpin was allowed to happen I'll hide it
Believe me Lord I want you, got money and fame but still it just wont do
Sometimes I dont like who I am, when I look in da mirror my reflection is Uncle Sam

(Uncle Sam)

And every night I have these weird dreams, that a preacher trapped inside of me wake up
and cant

breathe

I feel like its twenty of me, goin' twenty different directions on a one way street Lord

I got houses, money and cars, and met every single superstar

I got da whole music industry sold, but it still dont matter

[R Kelly & Jay-Z]

When Im gone and my casket closed!!!

[Jay-Z]

Whatever in me guides my life, dear Lord Dont Let Me Die tonight

But if I shall before I wake, I'd accept my fate

I did what I did my heart was in da right place (Ohhh)

I guess so I can live it put food on my plate

You must still love me not to let it in by three that day

Well whatever da case Im glad it wasnt murder, in a town you never heard of

From a nickel plated burner

I guess Im not finished wit my journey, please forgive me for my sins

Shit Im still tryna learn me

[Chorus]

(HOV) From da back block on everybody laptop

(KELL) Hit niggas from da shower, hold a note like da guy who said da British was
comin'

(HOV) Oh yeah da niggas is comin get out ya good dishes or somethin' like its

Thanksgiving

(KELL) And non other than da "R" and without further a due like Freddy get ready

[Bridge]

[(R Kelly) Jay-Z]

Many men (Who) have come and gone in these streets (Feel Me)

Walked alone in these streets (Ohhh) waitin' to hear from you (Come on Lord)

Oh Lord,(Who)wrap your arms (Wrap your arms around us God)around da hood

(Lift every peace from war, bring our soldiers home, Let us pray)

"The Return (Remix)"

(feat. Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick)

[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, fuck '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