

## **Travis Tritt F/ Marty Stuart**

### **"Worldwide Gangstas"**

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[Black Child talking]

What's up Chi-town?

Yeah, Murder INC. back up in ya area

On that gangsta shit ya know

Connect worldwide

Worldwide gangsta shit nah mean?

From Chi-town to Miami

Houston to mother fuckin' LA, we connect nigga

With some gangsta shit

[Caddillac Tah]

Mother fuckers, you frontin' we comin' with heat niggas

AR-15s we sweepin' up the street bigger

Guns make niggas run, we squeeze triggers

We leave niggas dead for the stacks, slumped over,  
head in they lap

[Black Child]

Yo, we constantly count cream in the crackhouse

Basically, we bangin' bitches backs out

I feel like the last child

Throwin' bricks at a glasshouse

Poppin' and puffin' till I pass out

[Caddillac Tah]

This gangsta shit is for all my youngens who flip birds

And hug the block, in club they Cris and twist the bud,  
nigga what

We live it up, from Chi-town to my town

We diggin sluts, long dickin' in the guts

[Black Child]

We just religious thugs, gangsta pimps

Hoes fall in love the way we throw this dick

The Hummers on dubs look like tanks and shit

We came to stop the bank, don't blink be sick

[Caddillac Tah]

Nigga all of our love is for the chips

And I don't chase hoes, just pasos and bricks

Nigga let me sum it up

Y'all niggas is dumb enough  
Run on up, the guns we tuck, bust  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

[Black Child]

Holla at us, R-O-C-K-L-A-N-D and I-N-C  
With Boo and Gotti, Ferrari Black and Caddillac Tah  
Nigga, we go hard

[Gotti]

I'm loud when the shells pop  
Still I sell rock  
Got outta jail on bail, gettin' ready to plot  
Yo I kidnap niggas  
Then bitch smack niggas  
Give me the crack nigga or get clap nigga  
I ain't one of these rap niggas  
I'm a big gat spitter  
Bangin' and slangin' to be a rich ass nigga  
Don't get tired in these streets  
My nigga died in these streets  
It's only one option, provide for these streets  
My peeps out here so I ride with these streets  
Spent weeks out here, grind on these streets  
I know the deal out here  
It's real out here  
Got bitch bud murder and I'm still out here  
Rockland, Murder INC. you get killed out here  
Chi-town, New York, blood spill out here  
And thugs like me, still out here  
Yeah you heard nigga, I'm still out here

[Boo]

A yo I ride up, lied up outta my mind  
Black Cadillac truck nigga, loaded with nines  
To my thugs on the block, holdin' it down  
I got love on the block, look at my eyes  
Rockland, Murder INC. what the fuck you think  
Me and Gotti whole plan is to cover the streets  
We don't wanna body you man, fuck the beef  
We sell a lot of these grams, and clutch the heat  
To many moves to be made, fake thug niggas  
Get a few through they brain, I been plug nigga  
It's rules to the game  
Cats like me play not to lose in this game  
You see this little nigga makin' moves in the Range  
I see you wack niggas still crusin' with lames  
Get full nigga cause it's food to the brain  
Rockland nigga spit fire and flames  
Get it right nigga, we gangsta

[Ja Rule]

Murder INC. gets poppin' pills, clips, however you like it  
Niggas get extorted, bitches get excited  
Known to start riots, the Rule and I-N-C  
Got fedaraleighs watchin' me, the Y-G and I-G  
Put it together family orientated through guns, drugs,  
and good relations  
Real conversations, we call it real talk  
And that shit spreads all the way from LA to New York  
And I love talk, that's when you get to smash on niggas  
Catch 'em in the dark spot and put the flash on niggas  
Cameras, lights, action, go buck at the master  
C's and past if when I die blow my ashes  
Off the shores of Costa Rica, nigga to each is own  
The Rule ain't dyin' alone motherfuckers

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