

Craig Mack F/ Notorious B.I.G., Busta Rhymes, Ramp "True Worldwide Playaz"

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[Too \$hort talking] (D-Shot)
(D-shot) Yeah that's right.
Too Sheezie in the house.
(Let's get that money man.)
Uh I'm all about my money man.
I be tryin to tell these breezies all the time.
How I'm gon buy you all this and that?
Treat you how you treatin me, like a sucka.
Thank so main.
How you gonna be a playa man when you a trick?
Baby that don't even make no sense.
Everything don't match. (Sure don't.)
You know what I'm sayin Shot bay-bay?
(I feel ya.) Yeah you know.
I always got time to chop it up with my real ones.

[Too \$hort]
Now when it comes to me, M.C. stands for makin cash
Come see me after midnight and I'm takin that
I bet you Short dog ain't no ancient myth
I'm from the bay area where we make them hits
And get paid for it, how you feel now?
We sellin tapes, in every real town
From here to New York, back to California
Homies eatin chicken, standin on the corner
Ain't doin nothin out here but hustlin
Tryin to live good but a playa still strugglin
Don't let the clean Benz fool ya
Just buy the tape and let Short dog school ya
It's hard to believe, y'all can't understand it
Made a hundred songs just like I planned it
Put it down y'all can't take nothin from me
You can rap all you want but if you ain't makin money
Can't do what I did when I was just a kid
Sold tapes to my friends for fives and tens
Now I sell a million to a million fans
They used to doubt me, now they know I'm the man

[Chorus:]
True worldwide playaz, choppin game
True worldwide playaz, transferred game

I ain't got nathan but game and more game
Your game is my game (Choppin game)
My game is your game
True worldwide playaz, transferred game

[D-Shot]

Now the times have changed, that was in the past
Now playas ain't makin, nothin but lethal cash
It's all to the good that I made my way out
And just think that them fools had doubt
That your partner would make it to the next stage
Cuz you know us playas livin in the last days
It just take a little time to check myself
Get out the game and incorporate my wealth
And young brothers, they still be askin me
What's up Shot, won't you sell me a half a key?
Oh naw dog, I'm retired and legitimate
I'm one of the few, who's been and has been
One of the tightest ballas that ever walked the streets
of Vallel
And young ballers, I'm still here to tell
That's right, transferred game

[Chorus]

D-Shot, Short dog, Spice number 1, choppin game

[Spice 1]

Choppin up game like a g-g-ginsu, I been through
Hell and thangs, back forth through jail and thangs
In them cells and thangs drivin my brain insane
Thinkin when I'ma get out the county and get my mail
again
From a c-e-l-l to a five oh, double oh s-l
Pimpin up diamond rolexes, ballin from Cali to Texas
Worldwide, I bring the tide in
The east bay gangsta he be ridin, sidin
So what you hollin?
Soulja to this game since the age of ten
Two platinum albums, two gold
This ninety sick, I'm still in
Worldwide

[Chorus]

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