

## 2Pac f/ Nipsey Hustle, Young Dre "International"

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[Verse One: 2Pac]

Eternally thug nigga  
Hilfiger, made by Tommy  
So when I speak hope to reach my biunique mammies  
Oh come to poppy  
I love it when it's wet and sloppy  
In and out the mouth piece  
Until I cum no one can stop me  
My bump and grind'll do ya' every time  
Come get a blast of this thug passion  
It'll blow ya' mind  
Hey  
Throw up your legs, rap them shits around my back  
It's a Westside thing fucking hoes around the map  
Walking down 125 while I'm peeping out hotties  
And they  
Seduce my Jimmie I'll be screaming give me body  
Make 'em all scream my name out  
Give me my props and don't you  
Love how this thug nigga beat up the cock  
I'm at the weekend parade  
I'm watching caramel bitches play  
Get with real niggas bull shit will never get you paid  
This is the dream of a young black teen  
I fiend for hoes cross country like a dirty crack fiend  
Now come on

[Chorus]

(Hey girl)  
I can tell that you want it  
By the way your dancing on the floor  
(Hey girl)  
By the look in your eyes  
I can tell you want some more  
(Oh girl)  
Don't worry bout it just keep doing what you do  
(Hey girl)  
Girl tonight you can be  
International

[Verse Two: Nipsey Hustle]

Ok, look, check it out  
Nipsey when I pull up to the club  
on them chrome things  
I'm crispy  
Shining from my wrist to my gold chain  
Everywhere I go I keep the hood I never change  
If it ain't up on my lap  
Got it stashed in the Range  
Bang, bang  
I'm getting bread on the proper  
Private jet anywhere I tell him he go fly to  
My respect had these girls saying Daddy I do  
Anything you ask get it cracking when I slide through  
As God as my witness, right hand on the bible  
In Tokyo honey turned it up  
hottie got ?? stroked for show  
Now up in Atlanta in the strip club  
She thick Cuz took me to the stop, where the crib was  
Went full throttle got cracking I ain't bashed yet  
From the kitchen to the counter top, in the bathroom  
Flips mo', trips mo' stamps on my passport  
Told her drop me off at Heartsville  
I'm international

[Chorus]

(Ohhh)

(Young Dre The Truth, Makaveli

LT Hutton, Nipsey)

(Ohh, International)

[Verse Three: Young Dre]

It's Mr. Hoodnational

Rider with the passport

Just landed from Paris homie pick me up

I'm at the airport

With two bottle's of Moet and a bottle of Port

Can we, get something popping

cause tomorrow got court

So of course I'm ready to get it

Feel it going down right now

Hopped in the whip

popped the bottle in a blood right now

Get it out of it about 50 seconds later

the party right now

We celebrating Makaveli - 2Pacalypse NOW's

Escape through the front though they

?Chewed? up on tippy toes

Cruising up to get the door

If you lose a chick then let her go

She done chose it's over bro

Look around it's Harleyville

Dimes in high heels came from Japan  
to New York to Cali to chill  
They choosing for real with no grill in my dental  
Peep, my swagger tremendous make moves  
monumental  
It was me, three mummies, E-40 and 'Pac  
? rounds after party it just don't stop

(Hey girl)  
(Ooh, riders)  
I can tell that you want it  
By the way your dancing on the floor  
(Hey girl)  
By the look in your eyes  
I can tell you want some more  
(Oh girl)  
Don't worry bout it just keep doing what you do  
(Hey girl)  
Girl tonight you can be...International  
(Ooh, rider's)

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