

## **Doppelkopf**

### **"Worldwide"**

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[Mr. 45]

Yeh...are you....ready?  
What, wildout now, uh, yeh come on, what  
I see you, you see me, what  
Right here right now, uh, what  
4-5, El-Fudge, Joe Buddah what yeh

[Verse 1]

The best rap star, a.k.a mister Revolver  
One verse from moi, ya whole game over  
Roll like Rangeover case over when this thug start  
Tell it on moi, ya never been raised by proper stars  
Foolin' yaself tryna claim what's ours  
I'm international wid magical flows on national radio  
Jay-Z approved it on Westwood show  
I'm blessed wid a ear for music, beautiful when I use it  
Abuse beats for the better the king of this era  
Anybody'll tell ya, the four fifth's mega  
Honor celebrity flicks wid glamour kid etcetera  
Cause I'm in the ghetto wid money, you don't  
remember  
I put knots on the map, ya s'posed to show me love  
Wid grad fore ya get me, yeh I'm that chosen thug  
I spit on a track flowin' like skatin' on frozen blood  
Amazin' when I roll a couple a spliffs support on tele  
Vocabulary photogenic, vision me at the airport wid  
Morrison  
sippin' on some cherry, dip overseas and I'm back in  
London  
Thug receive hugs from shows at Ameraconda  
Gardens  
V.I.P. suite partyin', I pass a blunt to Timbaland  
Introduced to Missy Ellion, top shot I'm minglin'  
Peeps of the telly an', everybody jinglin', everybody  
merryin'

[Hook]

Yeh, what, uh, yeh  
Come on, what, uh yeh  
(scracthin' and mixin')

[Verse 2]

I been around the world and back, and got nuttin' to  
show for it  
By now, I thought I would've explode to bits  
Huh, but it's been much harder  
I had to run farther away from the throne one accepts  
upon stardom  
Lose yaself there, whether you believe it or don't  
Spendin' nights breathin' in smoke, whether cheeba or  
dope  
Then hot break it down to litres of coke  
Walk through the crowd wid all intentions I'm leavin'  
wid hoes  
Seems like a nice way of livin', the stressful have  
Cause all them jealous cats, ready to test your ass  
Let's not take it there, I remain cool  
Learnt how to handle them situations in grade school  
I paid dues, niggas know that, the name sound familiar  
From New York to London, when crews talk amongst us  
it's nothin' but good things  
Not only the bad stuff is what the hood brings  
Listen, cats is salivatin' plottin' on eatin' ya meal  
The four fives carried in our dome keep it concealed  
Runnin' laps around tracks 'til we bleed from our heels  
Disregardin' where we grow from we teamin' up still

[Hook] (w/variations in mixing and scratching)

We worldwide!

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