

Game

"Around The World"

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I know you're sick and tired of waitin' on me, girl
But I'm just tryin' to get my money right
Soon as I'm done, we can take a flight
So I can take you all around the world

Planes, trains, automobiles
Bentley or a Range, chromed out wheels
First class ticket, G 4, you that deal for real
I can take you all around the world

She like black Bentley Coupes, Black Daytons
Black interior, black ridin' shotgun
Black *** black Air Ones
Bangin' the 'Black Album', track number 1

She like that Jay *** that's her favorite
If it's gonna get me the *** I'ma play that ***
If she bite too hard, I'ma say that ***
But don't bite me, *** I don't play that ***

Marques Houston, I don't play that ***
By the time we got half way through watchin' 'Ray', I hit
I laid it down, beat it up, let her go clean it up
Take a five minute nap, wake up and *** it, but

Then there's part two in the sauna
Feel like I'm *** Mary J 'cuz she don't want no drama
I'd rather take your *** to the Bahamas
Than give you 30,000 a month like Diddy baby mama

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Picture me thuggin', picture me lovin' you
Like Bobby love Whitney, now picture me ***

Pullin' your ponytail, smackin' you on the ***
Tellin' you how I can take you all around the world

That *** can't do it like this
Even Beyonce couldn't move it like this
She only *** with 'Soldiers', that's her ***
I hate to admit it but I love my *** so much

I'm sittin' outside in the Benz
Thinkin' back to Dre's house when I *** her best friend
The *** wasn't nothin', now I'm dealin'
With the diary of a mad black woman with Louis Vuitton
luggage

She told me she was tired of The Game and rap
Quit like Ma\$e, then she came right back
I told you the *** sex was whack
And you're all I need, even Jamie know that

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You know what they say, more money, more problems,
more drama
Means more *** and less baby mama
You know I love you like I love my shoes
But even white Air Force Ones come in twos

Yeah, I like her and I like you too
What's wrong? She my *** and you my boo
She got a Range Rover Sport, you got a Bentley Coupe
She take my clothes to the cleaners, you take Harlem to
school

I gave her your birthday bag, so I made a mistake
And Oprah don't *** with it no more anyway
I'm sorry for the bullshit I put you through
But I ain't goin' nowhere, I got a kid with you

Why we always got to argue about Superhead's book?
She *** with a *** on, after that, I shook
And when she start talkin' about buyin' a ring
I just turn the volume up and let Jamie Foxx sing

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First class ticket, G 4, you that deal for real
I can take you all around the world

Around the world with me, baby
Around the world with me
Around the world with me

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