

George Clinton

"All Around the World"

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[INTRO: Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah
Terror Squad what-what
Cuban Link what-what
'99, baby

[VERSE 1: Cuban Link]

Yo ladi-dadi, mami, I love to party
Plus I always cause trouble when I guzzle Bacardi
Got the hotties sippin rum, Maseratis with the stumps
Music bumpin out the trunk. everybody's gettin drunk
From the Bronx, settin, lettin it all out
No doubt, toast your coast
Reppin the east, west, north, south
Now it's all about the Terror Squad, ghetto superstars
Extra-large players like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
Word to God, Pun, my crew won't give a fuck who you
are
We do our job like we part of the mob, shoot up the bar
Cuban the Don Daddy like John Gotti
I brung a long shotie for the chump bodies
If it's on it's on, mami

[CHORUS]

It's Mister Cuban Link, baby, comin through with the hits
Gettin love from the ladies while my crew in the triz
And this goes out to the players, thugs, hustlers and
pimps
(We run shit)
All around the world
You know I do my thing, baby, Cuban Link full eclipse
Terror Squad, new era, god, better choose who you
with
When we flip ain't no tellin what we do to your click
(We run shit)
All around the world

[VERSE 2: Cuban Link]

Villainous Terror Squadian, Bacardi dark got me
crashin the party
Undressin hotties to take it all from the drawers to they

Barbie bits
Pokin up in your ?vaginal? flow in Carhartts and Timbos
Thuggin it with a limp, cause Cuban Link is known to
pimp hoes
Gettin bimbos from all angles, mandingo straight out
the combo
From a bedroom I needed gettin head in a Durango
Grab your ankles, do the hula-hoop your culo while I do
ya
Nothin's cooler than fuckin while you're puffin a bag of
buddah
Don the Cuba's got your cura, schoolin juniors like
butuvas
Smooth as Luther when it comes to suckin hooters like
a Hoover
Who the man now? Impressed so many mamis, I can't
count
Holdin my count down till the last round, hands down
No question I blow your chest in with a Smith & Wesson
You'll be dead in less than a second - reckon
Better listen, my weapon, step in my sessions for
lessons
Lasting impression, destined to be the best in this
profession

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Cuban Link]

I'm runnin ralleys from New York to Cali up in a Caddy
Puffin like Daddy with paddy, baggin the weed up in
the backseat
Crackin forties, actin naughty, tellin em shorties, havin
orgees
Watchin pokeys with four freaks - now that's me
I be the nasty cuban, slammin like I'm Patrick Ewing
Pass me a bag of weed, a brew, and the track that
we're doing
For you and yours, full of glitter style
Showin all my skills like a stripper, baby, hit me with
some shit for now
Break it down, hit the ground, move your hips around
Make it bounce, shoop and sit down on my dick and do
the brown
If you down we can bounce right now, pick up a pound
Enjoy and lounge with style, y'all know my name by now

[CHORUS]

[OUTRO: Fat Joe]

No doubt
Cuban Link, baby

'99
Terror Squad
All you fake-ass niggas
Tryin to be like us, talk like us
But you could never walk like us
Fuck around and get outlined in chalk
Terror Squad
Joe Crack
Big Pun
Prospecto
Armageaddyo
Triple Seis, what?
Raoul

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