

Ottawan

"World Wide"

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This is for thugz in every state,
we know that bustaz gonna hate tonite world
wide,
Ain't no place that we rather be,
livin it up with the family tonite and world
wide.

We holla World Wide, better understand us,
Since we coming with thugs from L.A to Atlanta, put ya
hands up.
Nothin' but love from all sides of my thug cliq,
Outlaw ridahs them hataz aint touchin us.
Hittin' em up in two-double-O-two,
I got dank, drank, bank, what you wanna do?
Move out the way, you see us coming thru, it aint a
game, it's true (uhu),
We 'bout to act a fool, you know the history.
All out, ball out, picture me,
rollin and holdin all brands for the victory,
Edi Amin ya know the name, dont remember me?
Since it's nine-six, World Wide legendary.

Chorus

Known for doing skandalouz deeds no handlin' me,
And naw it aint the drugs just the straight thug nigga in
me.
I swoop down and cause havoc, my rapid delivery is
automatic,
Lettin' niggaz have it, I been labeled as a thug nigga.
Since they dont sell my shit to white folks, ship it to the
drug dealers,
And catch'a-catch'a nigga world-wide, a fuckin Mobb
Figga.
West Coast hoo-ride, when we robb niggaz, money
made my squad bigger,
But we aint sell our souls, bustin on our emenies,
muder my foes.
At my shows Imma nut, lights, camera, time for action,
Now get to clappin' to my cuts, a world wide Mobb
Figga.

Chorus

Gangstaz clap yo hands, all the ladies clap yo hands,
Gangstaz clap yo hands, all the ladies clap yo hands,
clap yo hands baby.

It's so hard on me, girl pardon me, I got the same spirit
Pac had,
Hit 'em to me when I arrive on the dance floor, I'm
humpin' the floor.
It's a world wide mobb thang, that's for sure,
Got money in my pocket now, drivin' in a rocket now.
Never hear me rap around ice, I keep it underground,
O-U-T-L-A-W-Z fa sheezy (yall tryin to start the East-
West beef again).
Girl please, get ya money young souljah,
Time steady wastin', I been around the world before.
I'm in Jamaica, P-R... B-R.... Bahamas, plus Cuba,
L-A to V-A and even Vancouver.

Hey yo, I be the Young N-O to the B-L-E, last name O-U-
T-L-A-W-Z,
And I'm still Dirty Jerz reppin, Outlawz reckage.
Get ya dough up yall, get ya flow up, Pac and Yak live
on,
Dont be surprised if they show up at ya front door with
a loaded,
Young Nobe it the block, what's poppin' homie.
Ya can hate but ya know Pac watchin homie (uhuh),
So give some love up, we stay thuggin' it up.
Lil' homie is you thuggin' or what?
Throw ya dubz up, put em real high, East, West, Dirty
South, North side,
Outlaw pride.

Chorus x 2

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