

Roy Black

"Worldwide"

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Lettin' niggas talk that 'New York, New York' shit
That's where I'm from, man, what the fuck's the deal?
No doubt, motherfucker, what the fucks the deal, man?
Word up, fagot ass niggas, man
Niggas in New York be lettin' niggas shit on 'em
First you drinkin' snapple, now you drinkin' Moe
'Cuz you livin' ain't no reason for you to be shittin',
fagot
Word, fagot ass, go getcha guns
Some nights I wake up out my sleep blastin'
Go get some water for my aspirin
My life fashion, gold chains guns and cashin'
I'm askin', do I got to be king for action?
Fuck a playa fame, New York is still the same
A Queens thang, representin', Flush reigns supreme
It's a scheme, overpower ya team wit cream
Man, you sensitive, how you let these cats shit on your
residence?
With fake robberies, who shot who wit no evidence
I'm bringin' it, tired of niggas sittin' back and seein' it
Escape through the light, penetrate streets is trife
Representin' from the lands with the guns and good

smoke

Heavy shine, poppin' them lines and cut throats

Don't provoke or get your team smoke for broke

And no joke, you just a boy

You not bad enough to compete to challenge us

Bustin' off the guns wit the silencers

Word, New York, New York, big city of dreams

Comin' from Queens, where we don't get caught up in
between

Wit the nonsense, all these pussy niggas actin' sex

Takin' off your chest, bring it to the desert where I rest

South east to west, bustin' straight slugs through your
vest

Worldwide, worldwide, whenever beef is startin'

Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'

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Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'

It's time to dead your whole situation

New York is full of murderers, guns and court cases

Baggin' wit razors bring me no-chaser, that be that
wasteland flavor

It's major, vibratin' through the states like a pager

Whose the one to blame when you get stuck for gold
chains?

Shootin' close range, half of these niggas died in the
game

It's a city thing, blastin' at cops by all means

Keep it real throughout out Queens, catchin' jooks for
cream

On the tap phone, fuckin' wit niggas that's far from
home

G-S's chrome, makin' power moves like Capone

Shits zone, fuckin' wit this nigga, Flush holds his own

Guaranteed to blow, puffin' on the trees, do I go way
low?

Kidnappin' children for dough, that's how it go

Place a criminal minds, traces are hard to find

To commit crime, half of these niggas is droppin'
dimes

Here the time, blowin' your block just like a mine

Flushing design, keep my neck flooded wit shine

I'm out to get it, you feel somethin' sweet

Go getcha heat and your peeps

And findin' body parts on the streets

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