

Semisonic

"Worldwide"

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Intro: Lettin niggas talk that New York New York shit
what the fucks the deal?
no doubt motherfucker, what the fucks the deal man
faggot ass niggas, niggas in New York be lettin niggas
shit on em
frontin ass niggas
first you drinkin snapple now you drinkin Moe
cuz you livin aint no reason for you to be shittin faggot
Word...Go getcha guns

Some nights I wake up out my sleep blastin
get some water for my aspirin
my life fashion, gold chains guns and cashin
Im askin do I got to be king of action
fuck a playa fame New York is still the same
a Queens thang
representin Flush reigns supreme
its a scheme over power 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
Im bringin it, tired of niggas sittin back and seein it
scape thru the light penetrate streets is trife
representin from the lands of the guns and good
smoke
heavy shines, poppin them lines and cut throats
dont provoke and getcha team smoke for broke and no
joke
you just a boy you not bad enough to compete wit
challengers
bustin off the guns wit the silencers
Word....New York New York big city of dreams
Comin from Queens, where we dont 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 thru your vest

Chorus

Worldwide worldwide wherever people startin
keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin

Verse 2

Its 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
its major, vibratin thru 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
its a city game, blastin at cops by all means
keep it real thru out Queens
catchin jooks for cream
on the tap phone, fuckin wit niggas thats far from
home
G-S's chrome, makin power moves like Capone
shits zone fuckin wit nigga Flush holds his own
guarnateed to blow, puffin on trees do I go
way low, kidnappin children for dough thats 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
im out to get it, you billed somethin sweet
go getcha heat and your peeps
and findin body parts on the streets

Chorus

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