

Dolores Ling

"Worldwide"

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[Mr. 45]

Yeh...are you....ready?
What, wildout now, uh, yeh come on, what
I see you, you see me, what
Right here right now, uh, what
4-5, El-Fudge, Joe Buddah what yeh

[Verse 1]

The best rap star, a.k.a mister Revolver
One verse from moi, ya whole game over
Roll like Rangeover case over when this thug start
Tell it on moi, ya never been raised by proper stars
Foolin' yaself tryna claim what's ours
I'm international wid magical flows on national radio
Jay-Z approved it on Westwood show
I'm blessed wid a ear for music, beautiful when I use it
Abuse beats for the better the king of this era
Anybody'll tell ya, the four fifth's mega
Honor celebrity flicks wid glamour kid etcetera
Cause I'm in the ghetto wid money, you don't
remember
I put knots on the map, ya s'posed to show me love
Wid grad fore ya get me, yeh I'm that chosen thug
I spit on a track flowin' like skatin' on frozen blood
Amazin' when I roll a couple a spliffs support on tele
Vocabulary photogenic, vision me at the airport wid
Morrison
sippin' on some cherry, dip overseas and I'm back in
London
Thug receive hugs from shows at Ameraconda
Gardens
V.I.P. suite partyin', I pass a blunt to Timbaland
Introduced to Missy Ellion, top shot I'm minglin'
Peeps of the telly an', everybody jinglin', everybody
merryin'

[Hook]

Yeh, what, uh, yeh
Come on, what, uh yeh
(scracthin' and mixin')

[Verse 2]

I been around the world and back, and got nuttin' to
show for it
By now, I thought I would've explode to bits
Huh, but it's been much harder
I had to run farther away from the throne one accepts
upon stardom
Lose yaself there, whether you believe it or don't
Spendin' nights breathin' in smoke, whether cheeba or
dope
Then hot break it down to litres of coke
Walk through the crowd wid all intentions I'm leavin'
wid hoes
Seems like a nice way of livin', the stressful have
Cause all them jealous cats, ready to test your ass
Let's not take it there, I remain cool
Learnt how to handle them situations in grade school
I paid dues, niggas know that, the name sound familiar
From New York to London, when crews talk amongst us
it's nothin' but good things
Not only the bad stuff is what the hood brings
Listen, cats is salivatin' plottin' on eatin' ya meal
The four fives carried in our dome keep it concealed
Runnin' laps around tracks 'til we bleed from our heels
Disregardin' where we grow from we teamin' up still

[Hook] (w/ variations in mixing and scratching)

We worldwide!

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