

Marc Andre "Worldwide"

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First Verse (X-Raided):

This is for the ghettos, gangs, killas, pimps, playas,
and thugs
This for the bitches in the ghettos that you never heard
of
To them bitches and them hoes that be strugglin'
In the streets tryin' to keep the cash comin' in
I know it's hard, cuz don't nobody feel love
They turn they back while you down
Don't nobody come around
Stay real Cuz, only the strong survive
Fuck Jesse but nigga, but keep hope alive
Cess weed provides relief
And the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat
The police wanna see a nigga dead or in the pen
Abusin' your rights, can't win for losin'
But then again I might take flight, I'm facin' life anyway
Stripes got me thinkin' I might die any day
My back is against the wall, but I ain't trapped
It's a trap and if they ride, I'ma kill 'em all
Small-town in the West, don't underestimate
Cuz we ride with the best and we pre-meditate
Full of hate, and known to hold a grudge
But I be like Don Corleone, fuck the jury and the judge

Chorus (X-Raided):

It ain't where you from, it's how you ride
Killas come from everywhere, thuggin' Worldwide
Niggas gangbang from California to Alaska
Slang 'cane from Maine back down to Nebraska
Every single city got a killa in the town
Every neighborhood got a nigga that put it down
It ain't where you from, it's how you ride
In every area code, it's hardcore Worldwide

Second Verse (X-Raided):

Playin' war games, we off and discounted
L.A. against the bay in the Sacramento valley

Ain't no respect, niggas is blind
You do yours, I do mine, but that don't be workin' half
the time
But recognize, you ain't the only killa in the World
We come in all shapes and sizes, full of surprises
From jheri curls to perms, you never know
We got disguises, but when it's time to ride, nigga you
better know
Every hood got a square nigga
But if you rub him the wrong way, he might loc up and
scare niggas
So watch what you say, and who you say it to
Cuz he might retaliate in a day or two
When he told you he would shoot family, you thought
he was a coward
Talkin' like Gomer Pyle in a high tower
You found out the hard way you was dead wrong
But it ain't no second chances, you dead and gone
Cuz it ain't where you from, it's how you ride
In every area code, it's hardcore Worldwide

Chorus

Third Verse (Hanifah):

I had a close encounter
With some Cali bounty hunters
On the block niggas, with mad bodies on the under
Check my cypher, six-shells, gats you can't decipher
Niggas keep it hyper, in the clique I keep it proper
Watchin' who you talkin' to, watchin' who you hangin'
with,
Watchin' where you walkin' through, watchin' who you
bangin' with
It's one more that goes down
It's Worldwide that throws down like countdowns on
sundowns
Killin' niggas all around
A showdown that melts down your town
Niggas pay for the Hellbound
'Nifah got you spellbound
X with the shut down
Hope your crew is ready for this Black Market throw
down
The Worldwide sound
Cuz this is for the gangs, pimps, playas and the thugs
For the bitches in the ghetto you ain't never heard of
To them bitches and them hoes that be strugglin'
And the streets tryin' to keep the cash comin' in

