

Mike D f/ Mr. 3-2, Clay Doe**"All Around the World"**

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[Hook]

We been all around the world, and it's all the same
See these niggaz ain't changed, and the game is
strange
(get off your ass, too early to lay it down
We on a mission for big heads, and y'all can't hold us
down)

[Mike D]

These niggaz don't want the riches, these niggaz want
the bitches
Wide bodies with switches, platinum pieces that glisten
My paper rowdy to start, man I been on the grind
Sacrificing and paying dues, to shine and get mine
From the dope game to the rap game, from the rap
game to the dope game
Street niggaz feel our pain, we grave diggers for the
fame
From rocks to blocks, and duct taping 'em up
Dragging boys out they boots, on that big head hunt
It was all in the making, a young youth with loot
Street smart plus heart, migrated to the booth
Had to put my boogie down, with them ducks and
pounds
Wrapped up and compressed, to distract them
bloodhounds
As time evolved, I kept my 40 for squealers
Kept them young broads kneeling, as my paper hit the
ceiling
This game we're revealing baby, is sold out to'
Taking trips around the world, serving raw by the load
cause I been

[Hook - 2x]

[Clay Doe]

I been all around this world, and nothing changed
Gold diggers looking for niggaz, with ghetto fame
Boys aiming, to impress these hoes
While gorillas they bout scrilla, masterplanning all my X
and O's

Scratching and core it, I'm all out for it
I can't ignore it, so I'ma stack it I'ma store it
Til' it's millionaire status, in a millionaire's palace
Niggaz wrists and chests, fifty plus karats
Lifestyles of the rich and lavish
Bumps and bruises got me dropping off, out here
trying to manage the damage
Keep me scrambling and rambling, from H-Town to
Dallas
Texas G's, and no we won't panic
I know it's hard, for you foreigners to understand it
Respect is demanded, or boys getting knocked off with
the cannon
I went, on a quest around this planet
For the scrilla and got it, everywhere that I landed

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

I been all around the world, and it's all the same
People struggle and hustle, but you gotta maintain
From Texas to Maine, it's the same in every hood
Gotta get up off your ass, to make shit all good
Riding leather and wood, cause boys don't like that
Tilting my dob hat, on a mission for my stacks
Haters trying to hold you back, and keep a playa down
But S.S.P. shine forever, Screwed Up underground
How you like us now, we worldwide and legit
Ghetto dreams came true, cause it's money over a
bitch
3-2 will never switch, just cause my paper get long
Cause you can't take it, with you when you gone
From swangas and two prone, to sitting on twinkies
Brick homes and bank accounts, with iced out piece
watch and pinkies
This game done got janky, so I'm heated all times
On a grind, all around the world getting mine

[Hook - 2x]

(*singing*)

Get off your ass, ooh and stack your cash
It's too early, it's too early to lay it down
Oh yeah-yeah, ooh yeah-yeah-yeah
Ooh yeah, oh

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