

Tupac Shakur "International"

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Eternally thug nigga, Hilfiger, made by Tommy
So when I speak hope to reach my biunique mammies
Oh come to poppy, I love it when it's wet and sloppy
In and out the mouth piece until I cum no one can stop
me

My bump and grind'll do ya' every time
Come get a blast of this thug passion it'll blow ya' mind
Hey, throw up your legs, rap them shits around my
back
It's a Westside thing fucking hoes around the map

Walking down 125 while I'm peeping out hotties
And they seduce my Jimmie I'll be screaming give me
body
Make 'em all scream my name out, give me my props
and don't you
Love how this thug nigga beat up the cock

I'm at the weekend parade, I'm watching caramel
bitches play
Get with real niggas bullshit will never get you paid
This is the dream of a young black teen
I fiend for hoes cross country like a greedy crack fiend,
now come on

Hey girl, I can tell that you want it by the way you're
dancing on the floor
Hey girl, I can look in your eyes and tell you want some
more
Oh girl, don't worry 'bout it just feel better keep doing
what you do
Hey girl, girl, tonight you can be, international

Nipsev when I pull up to the club on them chrome
things
I'm crispy shining from my wrist to my gold chain
Anywhere I go I keep the hood I never change
If it ain't up on my lap got it stashed in the Range,
bang, bang

I'm getting bread on the rob

Private jet anywhere I tell him he go fly to
My respect had these girls saying daddy I do
Anything you ask get it cracking when I slide through

With God as my witness, right hand on the Bible
In Tokyo honey turned it up, hottie got though I stroked
for show
Now up in Atlanta in the strip club
She thick 'cuz took me to the stop, where the crib was

Went full throttle got cracking I ain't bashed yet
From the kitchen to the counter top, in the bathroom
Flips mo', trips mo' stamps on my passport
Told her drop me off at Heartsville, I'm international

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It's Mr. Hoodnational, rider with the passport
Just landed from Paris homie pick me up I'm at the
airport
With two bottles of Moet and a bottle of Port
Can we, get something popping 'cuz tomorrow got
court

So of course I'm ready to get it, feel it going down right
now
Hopped in the whip, popped the bottle in a blood right
now
Get it out of it about 50 seconds later the party right
now
We celebrating Makaveli, 2Pacalypse now's

Escape through the front though they chewed up on
tippy toes
Cruising up to get the door if you lose a chick then let
her go
She done chose it's over bro look around it's Harleyville
Dimes in high heels came from Japan to New York to
Cali to chill

They choosing for real with no grill in my dental
Peep, my swagger tremendous make moves
monumental
It was me, three mammies, E-40 and 'Pac
[Incomprehensible] rounds after party it just don't stop

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