

# Around the world

## Maxence Cyrin

Yeah, praise Jesus  
(Quiet on the set)  
One time, baby  
In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, Amen  
(Let's get this money, baby)  
In the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, baby  
(Yeah, boy, chase the cat productions in the house)  
Let's get this money baby  
(Playalitical on the track)  
One time, baby, one time, baby  
(Bizzy Bone, the midwest cowboy, bone thugs)  
As we travel around the world  
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper  
And tell me what's really, really, real good  
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us  
(Get off, get off)  
I can answer you quicker than them  
Shall I begin keeping my mouth closed  
Keeping my mouth closed  
I don't chase when they fucking with me  
You don't fuck with me when I'm down and out though  
When I'm down and out though  
I keep a map and they jealous of me  
They're jealousy is no doubt, ya'll, no doubt, ya'll  
And looking for something, they want to attack  
Pushing 'em back, knocking 'em out cold, knocking 'em out cold  
What do you want from me, they don't want your dreams  
They want reality  
They get up inside your head, you tell 'em, "I'm dead"  
I tell 'em, "Get outta be"  
Will they try to rob me, in the direction we chill?  
I'm only moving by the grace of the Lord, it's God's will  
Huh, go get that vital money, fo' real  
They better not fuck with us, we get 'em, honey, what the deal  
They go the other testing, mic checker, dipping skill  
For somebody dippin' in fluids, baby  
I don't want nothing but liquor and beer  
Listening into the hearts of a Bizzy, apart of me, time to grow  
And if you don't me now, what do I know bout myself, I'm taking it slow

Admit it, I'm a little bit different than others  
I'll tell you the story I know bout the church and you my brother  
You my brother  
As we travel around the world  
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper  
And tell me what's really, really, real good  
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us  
(Get off, get off)  
If kid, you was fighting me, fighting behind me  
Give me some money or give me some change  
Steadily working to keep it moving  
If it was grooving, I'd do it again  
What I don't know, this place to be playing  
And treating the knowledge

Don't weak up the rhyme and they probably think that I'm crazy  
My brain will be running, I'm coming to die, my  
Come in a time, medical federal, what is known, don't have to be spoken  
Do it congruently, making the music so truly  
I'm keeping it moving and leaving the secrets of picking  
And moving in silence, evidently I don't want no Bentley, baby  
I'm keeping it quiet, roll out, they start a riot, no, now  
Baby, don't even try it, no doubt  
Picking up his diet to get the mission with precision  
As the superstition set aside, showdown  
I smoke the chronic, baby, peace release me is mine, is mine  
Don't play, baby  
(I stay in this muthafucka)  
And better don't play, baby  
(Gonna go get a beer)  
Handle your business and diminish the thoughts  
The elevation of survival when it's vital, the rock, the rock  
Dedication of the love for myself, the love for my wealth  
The love for my stealth, the love of everybody else  
And I'm coming to meet that little baby, you staying on top  
You know what we do, baby, solid as a muthafuckin' rock  
As we travel around the world  
Stacking that paper, stacking that paper  
And tell me what's really, really, real good  
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us  
(Get off, get off)  
And don't even worry when we scurry up in the flurry  
It's getting blurry in the stormy of the purgatory, the thought for me  
Wanna eat with the angels, be patient, still wait for the party, baby  
What party, I party, you and your body, baby

Right here, right now, get 'em up when they get down  
Shake thoughts, don't ever get caught, now let me pray now  
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Amen  
In the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen  
You better believe it, I will say it again  
(Jesus)

From this day forth, God willing  
Lean back chilling, precious medal of steel, titanium  
Nine percent of the cranium, baby, you feel me  
No adultery, adultery, when I see, I see, we kill 'em  
Stay dry for me daddy, baby, sunset  
Come get a taste of what you never had, you ain't come yet  
When we raise up the one, yes, poppa he guide you  
Standing right beside you, in the midst of the storm  
Baby, I ride with you, never die, not in spirit  
It can't get much fucking clearer, did you hear it  
Yes

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Stacking that paper, stacking that paper  
And tell me what's really, really, real good  
I keep it popping, so these haters coming to hate us  
(Get off, get off)

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