

# All Around the World (feat. LaToiya Williams)

## Jay-Z

Swear to God I just touched down All around the world (same song)

Killa Cali nigga (same song)

A-T-L (same song)

Real-adelphia, dude it's all around the world London, England, South of France

And all points between they know about your man

Konichiwa ladies when I'm out in Japan

I'm a Tokyo Giant like Ichiro, I am

Piss poor nigga from the hood but I blew

Now I bounce six-fours up and down Crenshaw

Spot me the hotel, the Cap', or Capri

Bathrobe, slippers in the lobby like weed

Your man'll stand manta ray, handling a steak

And handling the modern stand about five-eight

Five-nine fine wine fine dine either that

Or I'm mixing in Switzerland, trying to buy time

Balling out in Bali when it's gorgeous out in Cali

Brunching at the 4 Seasons, off the heezy

When it's back home nigga back to the zone

Nigga back to the books to the rhymes that took me All around the world.. (same song)

Brooklyn bombers (same song)

Detroit players (same song)

Chi-Town all around the world Said it's all love, Sure Club, M-I-A

Party at bungalow eight, when I stay

Pool look like a hundred Beyonce's

A couple fiances, I'm the new DeVante

"Come and Talk to Me" mami in the Easy

Garant, I hope, she ain't too young

Only twenty-one and older let another nigga mold her

I'm just tryin to show her how a baller and a roller

Sleep one place, sell the pie to keep the engine

Running then I wake up in Martha's Vineyard

Same boss this year, I think I'm gon' spend Christmas

Reminisce about the time my mom couldn't spend Christmas

Now I'm goin' send her on her own little wish list

Anywhere in the world, anywhere for my girl

Forever my lady, blind crippled and crazy

A ticket and you pay to see D, sweet Sade Sade, Sade, don't you know I love you sweet Sade, Sade

All around the world Said it ain't where you from yo it's where you at

Real niggas out in Brooklyn, some niggas don't clap

It's real killers out in Cali, some niggas just act  
Hollywood like they out the hood, it's all to the good  
Real players in the D-Twa, some of them threwed  
Slacking on they macking, rest haven for hoes  
Real pranksters in the Chi, most of them real folks  
Disciplined Gangsters, come on Charlie I know  
Shit it ain't about your city or borough  
It's bout if you really as thorough  
And if you are, holla at your boy  
I put my hand on my heart, that means I feel you  
Real recognize real and you looking familiar  
I'ma Bed-Stuy nigga but I do it to death  
I promise I'm as St. Thomas homey eating at Chef's  
One-twelve, A-T-L, the sun up yet?  
Then we party like the sun don't set We goin' take you all around the world, it's the same song (same song)  
Everywhere (same song)  
It's the same song (same song)  
We goin' take you all around the world, same song (same song)  
Same song (same song)  
Same song (same song)  
All around the world

#### Songwriters

Hawkins, Edwin / Carter, Shawn C / Collins, William Bootsy / Vitti, James A / Theracon, Js / Clinton, George S  
/ Jefferson, Joseph / Hawes, Bruce / Simmons, Charles  
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