

# Global

## Mac Dre

### [ VERSE 1 ]

I been tryin to flip the script and take this rap thing to the next page  
But the federalies got me travellin on \_Con Air\_ like I'm Nicholas Cage  
Did 4 years, 4 months in the feds, but couldn't get no peace  
Released from the belly of the beast, but the 'ralies put a nigga on a leash  
The rules and regulations they inflicted, had me restricted, paroled  
Kept me from blowin bomb, knowin and I'm hooked and addicted for sho'  
Now how am I to be an MC when I can't get my travel on?  
Can't bring no babby home, cause every morning I'm gettin sweated by Babylon  
The only way out is to max out and give these fools back they lease  
Fuck parole, probation, piss test and supervised release  
I'ma bring a calendar, bounce, blow up like Chernobyl  
Kirk out and get mobile and do this thing global  
Worldwide rompin, stompin in other nations  
Blowin bomb with Jamaicans, and sippin Dom with them Haitians  
Kickin major flows, have Asian hoes, play the romp, maxin for 'ternity  
Kick gravel, travel, see what they know about me in ???

### [ CHORUS: Dubee ]

We be global  
Touch land and that sand over the seas  
Blew off of coco leaves, releasin verbal telekinese  
For sheez, clickulate with players  
Under the stairs, to the Himalayas  
Kinda thick, layer for layer(2x)

### [ VERSE 2 ]

Sometimes I sit and reminisce about life in '87  
When I was doin my thug game, brain ten miles higher than heaven  
One-track minded, blinded by the game and quick change  
Not knowin across the way-way niggas were doin big thangs  
And it's a shame, cause before I hit the f-e-d's  
I didn't know about them niggas in Cuba and them sisters in Belize  
Now I'm curious - is Belizan pussy the bomb?  
When they blow, do they hum, and how quick do they come?  
Boy, it's time to hit the friendly skies and fly like a seagull  
Post up in spots where the pot's good and legal  
Eat tacos in Mexico with cats named Flaco  
And catch a red-eyed flight the same night to Morocco

Top-nacho, chasin superb bad scrilla villains  
Then bounce to the Philippines and get mo' head than guillotines  
Boy, life ain't nothin but fat checks and head sex  
So I'ma get mobile, stay global like FedEx

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

I was a cell dweller, eatin Top Ramen and sardines  
Now it's Taiwanese Japanese cuisine  
Barefooted, fitted, sippin on sake  
Blow on big hashis while I feast on teriaki  
International is how I'm smashin, hoe  
A cutthroat nigga that will blast and roll  
I took a trip to Queens to see Jazz and Preme  
They had a nigga blowin brown, said it wasn't no green  
But that ain't no thang, cause in Tacoma  
I blew bomb till I was in a coma  
And in Seattle my partner Chilly Chill  
Got that purple leaf dank that really real  
I'm global, boy, I be travellin  
Gettin further in the air like a javelin  
Chirpitch, kirkitch, finna bounce to San Coy  
Mac Dre, global, holler at your boy

[ CHORUS ]

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