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 superbad 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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