All Around The World

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, handlin' a steak
And handlin' the modern stand about five-eight
Five-nine, fine wine, fine dine either that or I'm mixin' in Switzerland
Tryin' to buy time, ballin' out in Bali when it's gorgeous out in Cali
Brunchin' 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
Brooklyn bombers
Detroit players
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 fiancres, I'm the new DeVante
Come and talk to me, mami in the ea-sy
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
Runnin' 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 gon' 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, don't you know I love you sweet Sade
All around the world
Said it ain't where you from yo it's where you at
Real niggaz out in Brooklyn, some niggaz don't clap
It's real killers out in Cali, some niggaz just act
Hollywood like they out the hood, it's all to the good
Real players in the D-Twa, some of them throwed
Slackin' on they mackin', 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 lookin' familiar
I'ma Bed-Stuy nigga but I do it to death
I promise I'm as St. Thomas homey eatin' at Chef's
One-twelve, A-T-L, the sun up yet?
Then we party like the sun don't set
We gon' take you all around the world
It's the same song, everywhere
It's the same song
We gon' take you all around the world, same song
Same song
Same song
All around the world
Same, same, same song song song song

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