

Jay-Z, All Around The World

(feat. LaToiya Williams)

Swear to God I just touched down

[Chorus: Jay-Z + (LaToiya)]

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

[Jay-Z]

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

[Chorus: Jay-Z + (LaToiya)]

All around the world.. (same song)

Brooklyn bombers (same song)

Detroit players (same song)

Chi-Town.. all around the world

[Jay-Z]

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 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

[LaToiya]

Sade, Sade, don't you know I love you sweet Sade, Sade

All around the world

[Jay-Z]

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 threwed

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

[LaToiya]

We gon' take you all around the world.. it's the same song (same song)
Everywhere (same song)
It's the same song (same song)
We gon' take you all around the world.. same song (same song)
Same song (same song)
Same song (same song)
All around the world..

[harmonizing to the end]