

## Internationally yours

Tq

[Verse 1: TQ]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ooh yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Here we go again  
It's 7:47, y'all strapped in?  
Off we go to London, we flow  
Wednesday night, rushin' from show to show  
You wanna know the real though  
I got love for my peoples in Japan  
To France, to Amsterdam, we keep it goin'  
For the ones who ain't knowin'  
Still westside for life and I'm a worldwide nigga, get it

[Chorus: TQ]

You make me feel just like flowin' (yes you do)  
Damn, all my niggas and my people all kick it together  
Everybody hear the beats of my songs  
Internationally yours  
I'll be back a thousand times  
To all my fans, I've read every one of your letters  
I've been around the world and I, I, I  
Internationally yours

[Verse 2: TQ]

Used to read about it  
Now I see about it, be about it  
And it's so exciting  
To have the opportunity to meet riders  
Who don't speak the same language as me  
But know my record like they wrote it G  
Switzerland and Germany  
Light up a fat one, burn with me  
Me and Sabrina on the train in Spain  
Tongue kissin' like don't nobody know our names  
But it's aight though  
I thought I'd never find love  
That is until I met the 2 little French girls  
Stood outside in the rain all day, just waitin' to say  
That they was comin' to my show, and they was down to play  
Hold up your lighters if you hear me right  
All my people across the world, y'all feel me right  
I'll always keep it real with you  
I'll come and chill with you  
Cuz you made all my dreams come true  
I love you

[Chorus: TQ]

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[Bridge: TQ]

This one goes out to all my people that  
Threw they dubs up while drinkin' Koniak  
And all the women with my symbol tatted on they back  
Y'all crazy for that, but I feel you though  
I guess, thanks for ridin' for the west  
Now every damn time, I'ma give you my best  
And get ya somethin' funky like deep in ya chest  
Would you believe that I used to dream about it

[Verse 4: Homie]

I never thought I'd dream about the places I've seen  
On a flight at 5:30, on the way to Belize  
I thank the Lord on my way for the day that I'm given  
And for not bein' dead or endin' up in prison  
My decision to be a musician got me on this mission  
Seems strange to hear foreign people screamin' my name  
On a plane to Spain, doin' the exact same thing with no shame  
Got game and use it, got love for the music  
My dreams and ambition got me faced with this opposition  
Now that I'm large, livin' my life like a superstar  
They callin' me the man, cuz 'round the world I got fans  
Ready for SoundScan, elevatin' through the southland  
If it wasn't for this music, what the hell would I do?  
And if it wasn't for this music, I'd probably have to rob you  
I keep my head up, pray to God that he'll come quick  
So I can escape life on the street and keep y'all bumpin' my shit

Chorus x3: TQ

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