

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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