

Chris Brown International Love ft. Pitbull

You can't catch me, boy (Can't catch me, boy) I'm overseas at about a hundred G's per show Don't test me, boy (Don't test me, boy) 'Cause I rap with the best for sure 305 'til the death of me (Yeah) Cremate my body, let the ocean have what's left of me (Uh-huh) But for now, forget about that

Blow the whistle, baby, you the referee, dale

[Chorus: Chris Brown, Pitbull] You put it down like New York City, I never sleep (Yeah) Wild like Los Angeles, my fantasy (Chris Brown, woo!) Hotter than Miami, I-I-I feel the heat (Oh, yeah) Oh-oh-oh-oh (Girl, it's), it's international love (International, oh-oh) Oh-oh-oh-oh (Yeah), it's international love (Woo!)

[Verse 2: Pitbull] I don't play football, but I've touched down everywhere, everywhere? Everywhere (Dale) I don't play baseball, but I've hit a home run everywhere, everywhere (Dale) I been to countries and cities I can't pronounce and to places on the globe I ain't know existed (Yeah) In Romania, she pulled me to the side and told me, "Pit, you can have me and my sister" (Woo!) In Lebanon, yeah, the women are bomb And in Greece, you guessed it, the women are sweet Been all around the world, but I ain't gon' lie There's nothin' like Miami's heat, dale (Woo!)