Round Here (feat. T.I. & Trick Daddy)

Memphis Bleek

Uh yeah yeah Yeah yeah yeah Know what it sound like (It's the Roc nigga) Heard

(Uh-huh, uh)

Don't be scared now niggaz

(Round here, round here)

We know you scared now

Marcy House

(Let's go, just blaze)

I let you know, how I do it round here

And I'm out eight in a morn', dawg Glock two around here What chu move around here, and you know I keep my tool around here

My niggaz act a fool around here, yeah

My hood, my set, my strip, my P's, whatever

We down, we real, we bang forever

Put in game down here, make change down here

'Coz I serve them fiends, that raw 'caine down here, yeahAnd I done made my way, round here

And them hoes know, I twist them like haze round here

Been made down here, blow hay round here

Ask around, them niggaz know I lay down here

Down here, yeah, and I done aired down there

But the streets was bigger, I pump the lead round here

Round here, and I'm still in my Nike Air's

Yeah, my hat leanin', I'm livin' wit no fears

Round here, yeah, round here, yeah

Yeah, we ridin' clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeahRound here, yeah, round here, yeah

We ridin' clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeahIt's hot as hell, but it snows down here

You get a box of blow for no mo' then 24 down here

This is the season for the zoe's round here

If you corner who you know, you can get it for the low down here

From nickels to birds, you can get it flipped and served

For talkin' too much, be for certain, them niggaz workin'

You can buy it, from the cops down here

You know who sweat it down here, bitch it's so Crip round here

So many bitches out there, snitchin' round here

That's why every summer, bitches be missin' round hereI roll wit straight killers, thug niggaz,

and drug dealers

And if they ridin' wit me, best believe them my niggaz

As for you bitches, forget about it

See the head was tremendous, but this dick is strickly business

I'll be thuggin' forever, see I'ma fighter, not a lover

I'm a hit-and-run-it, cold-blooded, motherfucka

But the hoes, they don't care down here

They be suckin' and fuckin' all year down here

They be heavy on the pill, down here

Got mo' than that what the motherfuckin' meal down hereRound here, yeah, round here, yeah

Yeah, we ridin' clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeahRound here, yeah, round here, yeah

We ridin' clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah Oh yeah, I know you prolly never known, round

here

It get hotter then the body, get the wrong idea

It's just Caprice's, and Impala's sittin' on chrome down here

Brawls and ballin', ain't all that's goin' on round here

Young killers tote pistols, like they grown down here

Them young niggaz similar to King Kong, round here

A pocket full of stones, would get you on down here

So dope boy, keep ya drops like the song round hereHey, it ain't safe for the faker walkin' home round here

Hey, the hell what we know if you ain't know round here

You say the wrong thang, will get ya back blown round here

The gangsta's rep they hood, by the zone round here

Get a hole in ya dome, 'bout ya rims down here

24's make them dubs, look like 10 down here

I'm where it is, and the biz is for us rappers round here

Money, hoes, cars, dro's is all that matters down hereRound here, yeah, round here, yeah

Yeah, we 'ridin clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeahRound here, yeah, round here, yeah

We ridin' clean, on them things round here

Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah

We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah

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