

# Round Here (feat. Chamillionaire)

## Paul Wall

[Chorus: Chamillionaire (Paul Wall)]

Guess it's just a hood thing, woodgrain, grippin on the Friday\*

My chain lookin like the sun

Swag turned way up, maybe 'cause I'm draped up, stay plush

I don't know where y'all come from

But that's just how we do (that's-that's how we do it 'round here)

That's how we do it 'round here (that's-that's how we do it 'round here)

That's how we do (that's-that's how we do it 'round here)

That's how we do it 'round here

(that's-that's-that's-that's-that's how we do it 'round here)

That's how we do

[Verse 1: Paul Wall]

Knock, knock, who is it? Guess who come to pay a visit?

It's the Mr. Walking Blizzard, with the "here lizard, lizard"

Flyer than a flock of pigeons, the earlobes are vivid

But if you try to test, you'll get smoked like a brisket

Last palace, fast livin, Family Guy like Peter Griffin

And my wallet is stuffed like turkeys at Thanksgiving

I grind hard, my pockets full like Easter Mass

Paper long, my money stretchin like yoga class

"Get Money", yeah that's my task, I'm throwed like a piece of trash

My wrists light up like camera flash while commentators live in the past

But me and Koopa back on our mash from Antoine to Ledbetter

Got more paper than a mail shredder, 'cause 'round here we go getters[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]

Chamillitary mayne, who knowin just how I do,

so it's time to turn up your tuner

With radio play or not, they talk about me like a rumor (rumor)

And they hope my album will leak on the streets and come sooner (sooner)

I now renounce my throne as the King of Zamunda

Hollywood, not true, been sick, ah-choo

The inventors of the "what it do, " where the Don Kings of the candy blue

We don't really mean to brag but we legends so act like you knew

That we one notch below Pimp and Screw but we (way higher than you)

I'm skatin, no Daytons, with Paul Wall to plate and (plate and)

Ya must've got us mistaken 'cause ain't no play-action fakin (fakin)

Earthquakin, trunk shakin (shakin), the realest in my state and (say what?)

The treat me like I'm God, they be like As-Salamu Alaykum, so vacant[Chorus][Verse 3: Paul

Wall]

'Round here the grind pays, it's all work and no play

My pockets thick like Deltas and my Sprite's pink like AKA's

Brace yourself, you'll be amazed, all haters can suck on these

Me and Cham back in the game, I'm Reggie Bush, he's Drew Brees  
I run the mic and he's so thoed, now all the blogs are quite pleased  
'Cause they thought we fell off like dry scalp and bad weave  
"Get Ya Mind Correct" please, my wrist cold like winter breeze  
'Cause I'm grindin up all night like little kids on Christmas Eve  
I keep the stacks on deck like a lawn chair  
The wristware give off a glare, so when ya stare, do so with care  
'Round here we one hundred but them boys far from it  
Everyday I'm in the paper like the comics, how we do it 'round here[Chorus]  
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