

Memphis Bleek, Round Here

(feat. T.I., Trick Daddy)

[Intro - Memphis Bleek]

Uh (uh) yeah (yeah)
Yeah (yeah) yeah (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)

[Verse 1 - Memphis Bleek]

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
Cause I serve them fiends, that raw 'caine down here, yeah
And I done made my way, round here
And them hoes know, I twist them like haze round here
Been +M.A.D.E.+ 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, and I'm livin wit no fears

[Chorus - Memphis Bleek]

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, yeah
Round 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

[Verse 2 - Trick Daddy]

It'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 here
I 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 here

[Chorus w/ (T.I. ad-libs)]

[Verse 3 - T.I.]

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 here
Hey 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 here

[Chorus]