

# 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]