

Juvenile, Around The Way

[Chorus]

Dis rain 'sposed to drop, when I first hit the block
Niggaz wasn't really feelin me then {"Do it!"}
I had a little drama, I was bout that there
That's how a nigga kept his name in the wind {"Do it!"}
I'm from the projects, as in the 3rd Ward
As up in uptown, ah-what you heard of, it goes
{"Hey, hey, hey!"} Put your trigger fingers up I'm from around the way, it goes
{"Hey, hey, hey!"} Put your trigger fingers up I'm from around the way, it goes

[Juvenile]

I got ghosts on my team unseen
And they only be ridin with me 'til we do one thing
The watch, the bling bling, fuck what you heard
I ain't even gotta tell 'em nothin to give 'em the word
Put bosses on injured reserve, fuck losses
Put your sister brother mammy and your pa on the curb
I can make an ounce out of a quarter of a bird
Introduce you to the killers, all my dogs in the 3rd
Know that, this ain't the spot to sco' at
Cause you don't know if nigga really got a package or he's scopin to jack
If they get'cha won't nobody rat
These families been here for years with kids and they not about to demolish that
We got {?} and a lot of crack
Clearin our tracks cause fiends could be givin 'em a whole lot of facts
My lil' spot where it was poppin at
Standin in the court all day thinkin of ways to get out of that

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Storm with me, waitin on Mignon and Iggy
And this one gon' be out'chea in a minute ya hear me?
Hoe listen, watch them niggaz, let me do me
They gon' spin the bend right now, they know we on duty
I got my lil' cutie, I took her from hard times
Go 'head hand me the strap when these niggaz get out of line
I ain't tryin to size the beef up or measure it
But I'm know in your place's where you motherfuckers better get
We ain't gotta go back and forth people to settle this
X Juvey out, just handle business for Terius
I'm Conan wild wod', I'm glow{?}anchardo{?}
Run up like a stupid and get thrown in the pile hoe
You don't see me with no bodyguards, probably in exotic cars
Gettin the 411 from a lot of broads
You can get this money with me you ain't gotta starve
You my people with this business so I got a job

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Yeah I'm focusin on learnin from all your mistakes now
Was a face in the crowd, I'm a baller with grace now
I miss illegal shit but I don't fuck with the cops
Cause I'm always smokin some killer when I cut through the blocks and stop
'Fore I ignore it, my name be in all type of shit
Trippin over my car, and I don't even like the bitch
Niggaz get that false courage and buck
But you ain't doin shit unless the murder rate raise up
Lil' wonder, youth symbol stand for two K's up
It ain't your motherfuckin business about who pays us
Projects know you got some change on ya, it' sa shame on ya
I'm fresh out of the shootin range with my aim on ya
I heard 'em say they catchin feelings now cause I'm boss

Well put your drawers in your booty bitch and break to the North
What nigga I ain't feelin nothin, and I ain't fearin none
This is the Magnolia and see where this guerilla from [echoes]