

# 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]