

The Diplomats, Get From Round Me

Get from 'round me
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Get from 'round me
{Jha Jha's in this muh' fucka)
get from 'round me

(Jha Jha)
I'm the definition of, half lady half thug
Half crazy, half hazey puffin on them drugs
Half dizzy, half sizzly, sippin' on syzurp
Half rich, cuz you kno ya girls a hustla
I got my money up, now I can pop shit
Still hit that purple punch, fuck a style-Cris'
Fuck from round here, bitch I got a wild clique
Thought that you was poppin' off before, what now bitch
I'm one up on you hoes, I don't fuck wit you hoes
Phony bitches I will DUMP on you hoes
I ain't a spotlight chick, I stays on the low
Keep my money on my mind and my mind on my dough
And I roll right, Dro tight you kno that flow like no other
So gutta, You gotta fuckin love her
They gotta fuckin' love her, look how them jeans hug her
Playa hatas suck a dick all you cock suckas

(Hook)
(Juelz Santana)
You don't puff what I puff, get from 'round me
You ain't crunk, you a punk, get from 'round me
You ain't down to dump when I dump, get from 'round me
Nigga get from 'round me, Nigga get from 'round me
(Jha Jha)
And if you a phony ass hoe, then get from 'round me
Broke ain't tricken' no dough, then get from 'round me
In my grill tryna pimp up all the Dro, Bitch get from 'round me
Shawty get from 'round me, shawty get from 'round me

(Juelz Santana)
Teachers used to down me, teachers used to clown me
Now look I'm made, paid, screamin' get from 'round me
You wanna learn how to get rich, stick around me
If not, get from 'round me, you hot, get from 'round me
You eat cheese, talk to cops, get from 'round me
Stop, man that's not what's around me (nope)
Niggaz get popped up around me it's not fun around me
It's shotguns sround me (bank)
Tell a chick if she round me, quick and profoundly
If you don't swallow what comes out this dick get from 'round me
I'm a pimp, lobster and shrimp, hit the strip and get from 'round me
B-b-b-b-bitch, get from 'round me

(Cam'Ron)
Get from 'round me, the Big Apple's boss, get ya apple tossed
Come through apple porche, color of apple sauce
They hound us surround but don't clown us
We on the Greyhound bus wit pounds, get from 'round us

(Hook)

(Jha Jha)
Now when I roll up to the spot you'll know
See the escalades wit the spades 24's
I'm doin' big thangs, now I got a lot to show
I still ain't content homey I gotta get mo'
How I know bitches talk behind my back when they ain't round me

Gossip tellin' lies on a chick when they ain't round me
Even try and let my man hit when they ain't round me
Then act like everything is perfect when they get around me
I'm a top notch bitch, you about a piece of shit
Yo net worth is zilch, up yo game a couple bricks
I up my game 80%, you can tell by the wrists
Went from walkin' everywhere to shotgun in the 6
I'm bout to bomb me a bitch, go Sadaam on a bitch
Blow yoself to smithierines, goin' strong on them hits
On a high speed paper chase, no time to hesitate
Y'all bitches ain't down, ain't holdin no pounds, get out my fuckin' face

(Hook)