

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ E-Dog

"Around My Way"

Visit "[Around My Way](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

Around my way...
Around my way...
All the corners filled with sorrow
All the streets are filled with pain
Around my way...

Around my way...
Around my way...
All the corners filled with sorrow
All the streets are filled with pain
Around my way...

(1st Verse)

People let me paint a picture
You know I ain't a christian
I ain't a muslim, ain't a jew
I'm losing my religion
I speak to god directly
I know my god respect me
Cause he let me breathe his air and he really blessed me
I ain't knocking you, but I don't fuck with hospitals
Spit the gospel, truly knowing jesus like apostles do
Return like the prodigal son to honor Mohammed too
Stay away from ham like Abraham, Lord'll follow you
Even when you took my man Chaka God and what I'm a do
You gave the hood a modern day martyr in Brother Amadou
I'm on the block, I'm tracing your footsteps, I keep the faith in you
Your love, plus hard work and ambition
We gonna make it through, my songs is psalms I'm spiritual when I'm lyrical
This is for my soldier niggaz looking in the mirror who
Sitting home scratching off serials eating cereal
The way we find a way to survive, shit is a miracle
We got mice in the crib and roaches in the toasters,
rice in the fridge
Bread in the oven by the roaster

We be takin' gypsy cabs and chasin' 50 bags
They be laced with shitty swag and it really get me mad
The way we saluting flags, wrapping them around our
heads
when niggaz ain't become American till 9/11
Feeling like you gotta sneak into heaven
When the reverend looking like a pimp and the pimp
look like the reverend

(Chorus)

Around my way...
Around my way...
All the corners filled with sorrow
All the streets are filled with pain
Around my way...

These conditions make us strong
And we create our own businesses so later on
Our children have things in their name that they can
say they own
A mix tape freestyle become your favorite song
No place like home when the cops ask you about your
neighbors
Beat on you, threaten to incarcerate you
Till you spill your guys like you a Garcia Vega
We roll blunts not the papers
Cop the greatest take it coast to coast
L.A. to Chicago like Smooth Operators
Cop the Dro and cop the blacks
Cop the four, cock it back
Drop the flow, rock a hat on top a stocking cap
Be a doctor or a lawyer or make your momma a
promise that
You'll finish school, but when you got a dream you
gotta follow that
And make sure when you make it out the hood, you
always holler back
Think about what you got from that
And always put your dollars back
On top of that, this is a legacy and we a part of that
The hood is where my heart is at
Catch me around my way

(Chorus)

Around my way...
Around my way...
All the corners filled with sorrow
All the streets are filled with hate
Around my way...

Around my way...

Around my way...
All the corners filled with sorrow
All the streets are filled with pain
Around my way...

Visit [Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ E-Dog](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.