

B.G. "Round My Way"

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[B.G.]

UPT baby, this how we do around my way Niggas struggle, they struggle and they hustle But you can't knock the hustle, feel this

Nigga, I be comin wit dat drama that you can't even duck

Buck, buck, off the top, nigga you can't even duck Baby Gangsta, heart stopper, car stopper I tote this chopper, I'm quick to stop ya You heard that I'll drop ya

I'm runnin wit some killas, we'll break it on down
Yo click think they an organization, we'll take it on down
Uptown in '97, it's the place to be

They packin M-11's nigga and 223
Erase faces all day, AKs get sprayed
That's how it be goin down around my way

V.L., UPT, The ward? 13th I represent no matter what, respect or check me Let me live through round 1, and it's all on you I retaliate, you think the statue of liberty fall on you Valence snort so much 'til they nose get sore It's time to graduate, bags aint doin the job no mo' Now a needle and some dope, tap dat green vein Smoke blunts sometime, it's all about that bank My heart don't pump lemonade, it pump battery juice Make me pump the trigga finga up when I'm after you Now I strap a big dick by the Girbaud sign You heard I'm fuckin yo bitch, so you grabbin yo 9 Movin up like you got it on yo mind Flexin up for that pussy, you must don't mind dyin I leave ya folks cryin, you wont take out the policy It's 50 G, it's accidental so it increase to hundred G And when it come, proper I'm louder, popper

[Juvenile]

Around my way

Nigga, you must be real in the UPT You would wanna be packin that steel in the UPT I know you heard that them youngstas creep in the UPT Niggas be leavin them white sheets in the UPT

[B.G.]

My block is hot wit killas, ATF be hittin
Niggas slangin and snortin, if we spittin we splittin
I put G's on the map, leave brains in laps
I hit da stage with drama, startin niggas to scrap
See my hood straight thugged out
You in my hood slippin, nigga you get drugged out
Ya body layin there, but ya spirit is shoved out
On V.L., it's hell when the coke drought, you assed out
When you hear my name, nigga, you hear my street,
nigga

When you hear my street, nigga, you think six feet deep

You think six feet deep 'cause you know I kill

You spot me comin up the block, I'm in black wit a sparkle grill

You see, we tote macks, Glocks, and choppers
Playin wit them hoes, nigga slip we got ya
Rest in Peace, Hooley Hoo, 13 'til death
Thug 'til he die, now my nigga at rest
Runnin ounces by the half, birds by the half
Whatever you want we have, chumps we got it on the
half

My people Big Stan, Uptown open shop Funky Fades and Trimmings, 10 dollars a whop If you real you make it, fake yo ass get shookin Fo' you can look, you hit bitch, yo life get tookin If you think, stay put, or feel the fire from the K If you aint from Uptown, stay from round my way

[luvenile]

Nigga, you must be real in the UPT You would wanna be packin that steel in the UPT I know you heard that them youngstas creep in the UPT Niggas be leavin them white sheets in the UPT

[B.G.]

Around my way nigga hustle, from crooked cops we fled

Niggas struggle to support they habit, gotta keep that monkey fed

Catchin cases every week, misdemeanors and felonies Playin hatin is a disease, gotta beware of jealousy If you ball then you hated on

If you do bad dats what bitch niggas done waited on Caveman, dats my nigga bitch

Mook brother Pete we on Valence 'cause we all in the click

Man Pookie took a fall, this ho tryin to rott ya

Nigga I got ya, just stay click tight wit all the partnas I'ma watch ya, Hooley Hoo nigga did 'em foul I had to watch 'em get pulled out from under a fuckin house

He didn't diserve it

Joe Casey is an old G

I take his advice, he one of the old G's on Valence street

Funk and Clarence upstate, but hey gon' touch down Soon as ya thinkin, think hustlin down uptown Ya think we aint, Lil Baby just hit the street From that 13th, took a lil cake, now the nigga see what I see

He down wit me

My nigga Pete just got 2 years, he gon' survive But Lil Popeye lookin at 5, that aint shy Nigga gon' bring noise like a drummer Everybody gettin outta jail, it's gon' be a hot summer Better dare yo thinkin and be ready to spray If not...

You gon' get bucked down nigga, around my way

[B.G.] Aww, man I just got one more verse

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