

## **Bobby Caldwell**

### **"I'll Be Around"**

Visit "[I'll Be Around](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Rah Sun]

To all my peeps in the penitentiary  
Free eventually, spiritually and mentally  
We had to rep essentially  
While you was on dissin ground  
We was holdin fort down  
Shit is so real I'm even back and forth to court now  
We all struggle in the jungle for a bundle  
Awaitin the day, til the whole earth crumble  
It's like a royal rumble in the streets now  
When cats blaow four pounds see trial nobody be  
around  
Just the other day my brother Kwan got bagged  
Three half ounces, three nickel bags in his ass  
No doubt Son, shit is on smash, we want cash  
to lamp like my cousin Thrash, with mad G's in his  
stash  
So hold your head Dunn, and have no fear  
Cause when the drama appear, you know the fams'll be  
there  
You know the fams'll be there  
You know the fams'll be there

Chorus: Deuce

Whenever you call, I'll be a, I'll be a  
I'll be around (you know the fam's'll be there)  
Whatever you want, I'll be a, I'll be a  
I'll be around (you know the fams'll be there)  
Whatever you need, I'll be a, I'll be a  
I'll be around (you know the fams'll be there)  
I'll be arowwww-owwwwwwww-owwwwwwwnd  
I'll be a, I'll be a, I'll be around  
(you know the fams'll be there)

[Big Punisher]

My Twinz already know, I'm always amped and ready to  
roll  
Lendin me dough for Pampers when it was twenty  
below  
That's how I know who to trust

That's how I know for who to bust  
To shoot as many a clan concerned from Clue to Clutch  
Who the fuck said that color matter? Your own brother  
blacker than black'll leave you in the gutter splattered  
It's automatic now with all the static  
Only a coward or a faggot hides his flowers in the attic  
I keep em close, to shine to blossom, try to floss em  
Cried every time I lost one, fake niggaz come a dime a  
dozen  
That's why I'm buggin, shorties is luggin heavy metal  
Just call me a rebel cause I'ma keep reppin for every  
ghetto  
For better or worse, up in the Jetta it hurts  
I'ma keep reppin my niggaz til I'm dead in the earth  
I'm settin the first, if niggaz want it we can three pound  
rock  
Give me a call, you know the Big Pun'll be down

Chorus

[Rah Sun]

All decisions is made, we made it past twelveth grade  
Health, wealth in the shade - whole team is paid  
Even all the green beret's keep shit locked  
More cheddar than Fort Knox, think not, we tryin to own  
spots  
Yachts, cribs by the water, blessing  
My little sons and my future daughter, I oughta  
To everybody that didn't have faith, \_I'll Be Missing  
You\_  
like Biggie, for tryin to shit on no fair one's committee  
From sun-up to sundown, the glock up to glock down  
Call my name! I'll be around..  
You know the fams'll be there

Chorus 3X (to fade)

Visit [Bobby Caldwell](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.