

**Gavin Rossdale****"What Go Around Come Around"**

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Come on come on  
(time for some action)  
yeah yeah  
(time for some action)  
Come on come on  
(time for some action)  
yeah yeah  
(time for some action)  
Come on come on

Drunk ass fool  
just a punk ass  
gonna cause trouble  
yeah let me burst that bubble  
in a hurry  
I ani't happy  
so worry  
what's a judge  
and a punk ass jury  
homeboy  
Should I'm done to go home  
but ya got caught up inside the cyclone  
If I go home  
I'll get slopped and stoned  
When I disconnect that  
fuckin neck bone  
WATA!  
Then ya get the kick to jaw kid  
And I rip out ya eyelids  
So you can see  
The head nigger at it  
killa  
Commin when I break on the static

What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)

What go around come around

Shit

I get real shit

yo shit

can ya feel it

Carbon copy come steal it

The gatt I conceal it

Under my jacket

Oh where oh where

Do ya think I pack it

Under my belt

when the cards get dealt

to all the players

And though the punk ass fakers

just come

And ya get the high pitched humm

Make ya understand where I'm from

The eastside brown

kid looks around

Put's down tump

it must fall down

It's on

when ya wanna take my pound

punk

what go around come around

What go around come around, kid (go around)

What go around come around (go around)

What go around come around, kid (go around)

What go around come around (go around)

What go around come around, kid (go around)

What go around come around (go around)

What go around come around, kid (go around)

What go around come around

(time, time for some action)

check me and I'll check you back

(time, time for some action)

check me and I'll check you back

When they come

with the staic cling

it's not thing

Make ya sing the blues

like B.B. King

I got the roughneck scales

To give awhile

Like a voodoo child

Nuthin but style

Take it

But you can see the black glock clickin  
Point my gatt  
at the punk ass victims  
Step up  
Or you can step back  
though the doors  
You can bring it on  
if ya wanna come get yours  
But ya betta look ova ya shoulda  
Cuz a loss of blood gets the body much colder

What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around (go around)  
What go around come around, kid (go around)  
What go around come around

(time, time for some action)  
check me and I'll check you back  
(time, time for some action)  
check me and I'll check you back  
(time, time for some action)  
check me and I'll check you back

check me and I'll check you back

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