

Jim Jones

"Around My Way"

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

[Chorus] (Jim Jones)

Around my wayyyyyy (Ok this ya boy Jones aka Capo Status)

Around my wayyyyyy (I'm about to take you through my way you know the

projects and all that, I'm from Harlem ya'll)

Where the corners filled with sorrow (But I think ummm..)

All the streets are filled with pain

(every hood, every ghetto, every gutter, that's my way, you dig)

Around my wayyyyyy (I love it like that, straight like that, Eastside)

[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

Around my way is where this road started (Harlem!)

This little wild motherfucker grew up cold-hearted, rolled the hardest (yeah!)

And I was runnin' all through the projects (Taff)

Till I got caught up on some bogus charges

brought up learnin' loadin' cartridge (lock and load)

This little drama had dreams

I used to run on the scene, gun in between stomach and jeans (jack move jack)

Its only by the good of God, that we make it past 25 on my boulevard (and we still here)

Hmmm and Lord knows my hood is hard

Fuck around you could barred caught up on a gooder charge (that coke!)

I fell in love with the sound of the blicker-blast (blddddat!)

I roll around in this town where these niggaz mad (Eastside!)

Wit' shifty plans, it gets me man

How they try to get a kilo out of 15 gram

Damn, damn I mean some say we trippin' (why)

Cause we rather stand on corners get our dollars of pitchin (that's right)

[Chorus] (Jim Jones)

Around my wayyyyyy

(It's do or die, hope my niggaz'll ride
It's do or die, hope my niggaz survive)
Around my wayyyyyy
(It's do or die, hope my niggaz'll ride
It's do or die, hope my niggaz survive)
All the corners filled with sorrow (yea)
All the streets are filled with pain
Around my wayyyyyy (Harlem)
(Hope my niggaz'll ride, it's do or die hope my niggaz
survive)

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

By my way, these niggaz livin' for the foul play (they
greasy)
Brothers gunnin', babies runnin' this where the childs
play (watch 'em)
Puffin' grass, cuttin' class, jus' tryin' play my part
(straight g's)
Bustin' Mags, dust and cash, jus' tryin' to play my mark
(that money)
Starvin' nights, startin' fights, jus' like a trouble-maker
(what's poppin'!)
Through the nights, blue and whites, hope they don't
cuff and take us
(fuck the police!)
Pourin' liquor, for my niggaz, the ones that's dead and
gone (R.I.P.!)
Loadin' triggers, holdin' blickers, so we can get it
on (Blillldddddddaaaat!)
Yeah, he we go buggin' out
I mean some are blooded-in
But there ain't no bloodin'-out
I'm on that same bullshit my big buzzings is about
Homocide, drive-by, loaded clips and spit 'em out
Got birds for money, on the curb we hungry
And I promise that my way is like a 3rd world country
(fuck it!)
We doomed for the cage (yeah!)
I never let go of my ghetto, still shoot through my way
Around my way

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

I got some people, about my casaleo
Te matan, tu madre like "Ay bendito" (dito!)
No hablo ingles, but they fuma llerbita
Move with them heaters, in tune with my medas
(demelo!)
And to my goons and negritas
Shout to my nigga El Lobo

Who get in rojo and spit and the popo (que pasol!)
Over bricks with them lobos
The kid 'ill go loco and grip up the .44 and spit it like
uh-oh (hey pato)
Along the way, I'm scoopin' games in this manly
fashion (that's right)
And by the way, I'm movin' caine while I'm blammer-
blastin (fuck that)
When will it change, the restraints to the man
harrassin'
I gotta say I still love this shit
Around my way

[Chorus]

[Outro: Jim Jones overlapping chorus towards the
middle]

Yeah, this one goes to my way
All my G's, all my soldiers
'Round my way keep ya head up
We jus' started, we bubblin'
Hun-15th and 7th
Hun-15th and Lennox
Hun-12th and 5th, the border of 1st Avenue
That's my way
Whole Westside of Harlem
Whole Washington Heights, all my Dominicans
They all around my way
You know, Chi-Town, K-Town
That's up there by my way, smell me
Whole Ohio, Ackren, Colombus, Cinnccinati
That's my way
Whole New Jersey, Newark, them LB's
That's my way
Shout outs to Patterson (Shags, Lulu)
That's my way
Whole North-Cackalacka, Greensboro, come down
there
That's my way
Can't forget Miami, Day-County
That's all around my way
Shout outs to Atlanta, down in Bank-Head, my niggaz
down there in the Trap
That's my way
Big shout out to Houston...

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