

# Paul Wall "Round Here"

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## "Round Here"

(feat. Chamillionaire)

*[Chorus: Chamillionaire (Paul Wall)]*

Guess it's just a hood thing, woodgrain, grippin on the  
Friday\*

My chain lookin like the sun

Swag turned way up, maybe 'cause I'm draped up, stay  
plush

I don't know where y'all come from

But that's just how we do (that's-that's how we do it  
'round here)

That's how we do it 'round here (that's-that's how we do  
it 'round here)

That's how we do (that's-that's how we do it 'round  
here)

That's how we do it 'round here (that's-that's-that's-  
that's-that's how we do it 'round here)

That's how we do

*[Verse 1: Paul Wall]*

Knock, knock, who is it? Guess who come to pay a visit?  
It's the Mr. Walking Blizzard, with the "here lizard,  
lizard"

Flyer than a flock of pigeons, the earlobes are vivid  
But if you try to test, you'll get smoked like a brisket  
Last palace, fast livin, Family Guy like Peter Griffin  
And my wallet is stuffed like turkeys at Thanksgiving  
I grind hard, my pockets full like Easter Mass  
Paper long, my money stretchin like yoga class  
"Get Money", yeah that's my task, I'm throwed like a  
piece of trash

My wrists light up like camera flash while  
commentators live in the past

But me and Koopa back on our mash from Antoine to  
Ledbetter

Got more paper than a mail shredder, 'cause 'round  
here we go getters

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]*

Chamillitary mayne, who knowin just how I do, so it's  
time to turn up your tuner  
With radio play or not, they talk about me like a rumor  
(rumor)  
And they hope my album will leak on the streets and  
come sooner (sooner)  
I now renounce my throne as the King of Zamunda  
Hollywood, not true, been sick, ah-choo  
The inventors of the "what it do, " where the Don Kings  
of the candy blue  
We don't really mean to brag but we legends so act like  
you knew  
That we one notch below Pimp and Screw but we (way  
higher than you)  
I'm skatin, no Dayton's, with Paul Wall to plate and (plate  
and)  
Ya must've got us mistaken 'cause ain't no play-action  
fakin (fakin)  
Earthquakin, trunk shakin (shakin), the realest in my  
state and (say what?)  
The treat me like I'm God, they be like As-Salamu  
Alaykum, so vacant

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Paul Wall]*

'Round here the grind pays, it's all work and no play  
My pockets thick like Deltas and my Sprite's pink like  
AKA's  
Brace yourself, you'll be amazed, all haters can suck  
on these  
Me and Cham back in the game, I'm Reggie Bush, he's  
Drew Brees  
I run the mic and he's so thoed, now all the blogs are  
quite pleased  
'Cause they thought we fell off like dry scalp and bad  
weave  
"Get Ya Mind Correct" please, my wrist cold like winter  
breeze  
'Cause I'm grindin up all night like little kids on  
Christmas Eve  
I keep the stacks on deck like a lawn chair  
The wristware give off a glare, so when ya stare, do so  
with care  
'Round here we one hundred but them boys far from it  
Everyday I'm in the paper like the comics, how we do it  
'round here

*[Chorus]*

