

T. Rex

"Round Here"

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Oh yeah, I know you prolly never known, round here
It get hotter then the nevada, don't get tha wrong idea
(don't get it fucked up)
It's just Caprice's, and Impala's sittin on chrome down
here
Brawls and ballin, and that ain't all that's goin on round
here
Young killaz totin' pistol's like they grown down here (ay ay)
Them young niggaz similar to King Kong, round here
A pocket full of stones, would get you on down here
So dope boy, keep ya drops like the song round here (A TOWN)
Hey it ain't safe for the fake to walk alone round here
Hey, the hell what we know if you ain't known round
here
Say the wrong thing get cha back blown round here (what what)
'cause gangstas rep they hood by the zone round here
(westside shawty)
Get a hole in ya dome, bout ya rims down here
24's make them dubs, look like 10's down here (ha ha)
I'm where it ends, and begins as far as rappers round
here
'cause Money, hoes, cars, and clothes is all that
matters down here (A yeah chea)

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