

Twinz

"Round & Round (Feat. Nancy Fletcher)"

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Round & Round)
Twinz got the sound that go round & round
(Round & Round)
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[Tripp Locc]
Wayniac (What's up?), I think we oughta check it
for a second straight record for them fools
disrespectin
(Disrespect what?) the flow.
And being the Tripp Locc, I just can't take it no more
(so?), let me televise my shit the underground
MTV, the Box, BET it's still hits
24-7 eastsidein' it, G ridin
we slidin, bomb to the fullest, fuck hidin' it.
You know what's up wit' me the dollar bill and my steal,
I play for keeps, that's on the real

[Wayniac]
Now get the glass and the yak and take a step back
and try to figure out this nigga Wayniac, the maniac
when it comes to a track
it's like this, or should I say it's like that (like that)
I got that knack to make the beats smack
from my nine-millimeter microphone Mack
10-9-8-wait-B-e-a-c-h, city is the place to be
with my brother Tripp Locc and the G funk family.

Chorus

[Tripp Locc]
We just doin' our thang, straight up, it's fixin' to hit the

fan
serious like that cuz some ain't goin understand
Anticipation got'em all on the sack
all my time that I gotta spin up that track
Money got me motivated, word up to my moms
nine-four set it up so now it's time for the bomb
to get dropped, non-stop on my way to the T-O-P
servin' conversation, as if it were some cavi

[Wayniac]

You could tell I was a hustla from the start
which meant the Locc and me could never ever see a
mark
cuz sippin-ass niggas wear them pumps to get fed
bitches steady gankin' while they puffin' up your head
Since I'm the Loc they come and show we just chillin
peepin out my whole click I'm wit make a killin
you know me I'm the one that will always make'em pay
but for now I'ma slide and listen to the women as they
say

Chorus

[Tripp Locc]

Catch a grip young Tripp, that's what they told me
I gotta thank god for all my true homies
you molded me, into a true G
that's how I put it down (That's right) with Tripnology
and dissocology from G to G
helps a nigga like me see clearly
I'm tellin' you the truth with proof
it's like a pimp tryin to pimp some hoes with no coupe
(you know how that go) Stoop down (Down)
and listen to the look alike, dynamite, trump tight twins
from the P-A-C,
Poly Apartments for them niggas that ain't from the
LBC.

Chorus (2.5X)

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