

## **Rah Sun**

### **"I'll Be Around"**

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f/ Big Punisher, Deuce

[Rah Sun]

To all my peeps in the penitentiary

Free eventually, spiritually and mentally

We had to rep essentially

While you was on dissin ground

We was holdin fort down

Shit is so real I'm even back and forth to court now

We all struggle in the jungle for a bundle

Awaitin the day, til the whole earth crumble

It's like a royal rumble in the streets now

When cats blaow four pounds see trial nobody be  
around

Just the other day my brother Kwan got bagged

Three half ounces, three nickel bags in his ass

No doubt Son, shit is on smash, we want cash

to lamp like my cousin Thrash, with mad G's in his  
stash

So hold your head Dunn, and have no fear

Cause when the drama appear, you know the fams'll be  
there

You know the fams'll be there

You know the fam's'll be there

Chorus: Deuce

Whenever you call, I'll be a, I'll be a

I'll be around (you know the fam's'll be there)

Whatever you want, I'll be a, I'll be a

I'll be around (you know the fam's'll be there)

Whatever you need, I'll be a, I'll be a

I'll be around (you know the fam's'll be there)

I'll be arowwww-owwwwwwww-owwwwwwwnd

I'll be a, I'll be a, I'll be around

(you know the fam's'll be there)

[Big Punisher]

My Twinz already know, I'm always amped and ready to roll

Lendin me dough for Pampers when it was twenty below

That's how I know who to trust

That's how I know for who to bust

To shoot as many a clan concerned from Clue to Clutch

Who the fuck said that color matter?Your own brother

blacker than black'll leave you in the gutter splattered

It's automatic now with all the static

Only a coward or a faggot hides his flowers in the attic

I keep em close, to shine to blossom, try to floss em

Cried every time I lost one, fake niggaz come a dime a dozen

That's why I'm buggin, shorties is luggin heavy metal

Just call me a rebel cause I'ma keep reppin for every  
ghetto

For better or worse, up in the Jetta it hurts

I'ma keep reppin my niggaz til I'm dead in the earth

I'm settin the first, if niggaz want it we can three pound  
rock

Give me a call, you know the Big Pun'll be down

Chorus

[Rah Sun]

All decisions is made, we made it past twelveth grade

Health, wealth in the shade - whole team is paid

Even all the green beret's keep shit locked

More cheddar than Fort Knox, think not, we tryin to own  
spots

Yachts, cribs by the water, blessing

My little sons and my future daughter, I oughta

To everybody that didn't have faith, \_I'll Be Missing  
You\_

like Biggie, for tryin to shit on no fair one's committee

From sun-up to sundown, the glock up to glock down

Call my name! I'll be around..

You know the fams'll be there

Chorus 3X (to fade)

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