

Do or Die f/ Malik Yusef

"Around Here"

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(Hook, AK)

My homie lost his life (Around here)
Sold plenty bags of nickle weed
So we won't struggle (Around here)
And if a nigga have static boom (Around here)
It ain't no love in these streets
But I love 'em
Cause I'm from (Around here)
We still lost souls (Around here)
We gettin' money (Around here)
We still slangin' (Around here)
We still bangin' (Around here)
We slangin' 'cain (Around here)
It ain't no thang (Around here)
We pull them thangs (Around here)

(Verse 1, AK)

They ask me why I rap, and I still live around here
Cause money never changed the way I looked around here
You know you gotta keep it grimey, for the playas and pimps
You know you still not a ol' g, if the hood ya stiff
The number one rule; don't bite the hand that feed ya
Cause one day gon' come back around, when you sho' gon' need us, about
When ya got kids, shorty suffer from teachin'
Then ya try to give 'em a word, now you up and ya bleedin'
You say it just ain't no love no mo'
Been mad daily, you can lock us up, but still the problem won't go
We livin' in this city full of rocks and blows
My family got to eat and that's all a nigga knows

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(Verse 2, Belo)

Now put yo'self off in my shoes
Dig into my gutter mind
A child born is supposed to cry
Fucked up in his own time
See mama told me, "live and learn"
"And never be and wicked man"
But where I'm from, we trained to kill
Tote thangs, and all that
I run from no man, cause round here we'll fuck you up
Niggas play that tough role, four-five gon' back you up
An original dime to the streets
When God calls, a man come
We'll catch the niggas on the block
Deranged, rest another son
I done see-ith that I done
Cause P died and I lost
Well my buck, get the sawed-off
Clear the whole block, and ride off
And women sellin' sex for ends
Thinkin' it'll pay the way
Round here these niggas shife
Fuck around and catch AIDS
The land I'm from don't give a fuck
Picture babies in the cold
Starvin', gotta fend-for-self
Catch a case for servin' old
And niggas claimin' they yo homies
Settin' you up, on thirst-mode
My friend is my friend
Trade that for no soul

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(Verse 3, N.A.R.D)

Finna bust my strap at these wigs (Around here)
Criminal wit' three strikes
That street fight wit' niggas (Around here)
It's a drop, wit' the Feds on my back
Gotta get a pack off (Around here)
See niggas don't change (Around here)
Gotta make stacks (Around here)
Rush to the crushin', got 'em duckin', clutchin' them
thangs (Around here)
Will the lights go off? (Around here)
Bodies be found? (Around here)
(We sellin' that fat ass 'Dro, a-around here)
If it's not that dope, it's cocaine that we sellin' (Around
here)
Gotta feed my fam (Around here)
I'm focused man (Around here)
Gotta watch my man's (Around here)
It's not yo enemy, it's yo homie (Around here)
Why do we die? (Around here)
Or they despise? (Around here)
But we gon' ride and collide (Around here, around
here)
Gotta make a million, cause billion has rotation (Around
here)
Don't got no 'Dro? We put dust together to smoke
(Around here)
We got it locked (Around here)
We gon' stay sippin' (Around here)
We pourin' out Hennessy for niggas that died (Around
here)

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