

Lil' Jon & the Eastside Boyz

"Round My Way"

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[B.G.]

UPT baby, this how we do around my way
Niggas struggle, they struggle and they hustle
But you cant knock the hustle, feel this

Nigga, I be comin wit dat drama that you cant even duck
Buck, buck, off the top, nigga you cant even duck
Baby Gangsta, heart stopper, car stopper
I tote this chopper, I'm quick to stop ya
You heard that I'll drop ya
I'm runnin wit some killas, we'll break it on down
Yo click think they an organization, we'll take it on down
Uptown in '97, it's the place to be
They packin M-11's nigga and 223
Erase faces all day, AKs get sprayed
That's how it be goin down around my way
V.L., UPT, The ward? 13th
I represent no matter what, respect or check me
Let me live through round 1, and it's all on you
I retaliate, you think the statue of liberty fall on you
Valence snort so much 'til they nose get sore
It's time to graduate, bags aint doin the job no mo'
Now a needle and some dope, tap dat green vein
Smoke blunts sometime, it's all about that bank
My heart don't pump lemonade, it pump battery juice
Make me pump the trigga finga up when I'm after you
Now I strap a big dick by the Girbaud sign
You heard I'm fuckin yo bitch, so you grabbin yo 9
Movin up like you got it on yo mind
Flexin up for that pussy, you must don't mind dyin
I leave ya folks cryin, you wont take out the policy
It's 50 G, it's accidental so it increase to hundred G
And when it come, proper
I'm louder, popper
Around my way

[Juvenile]

Nigga, you must be real in the UPT
You would wanna be packin that steel in the UPT
I know you heard that them youngstas creep in the UPT

Niggas be leavin them white sheets in the UPT

[B.G.]

My block is hot wit killas, ATF be hittin
Niggas slangin and snortin, if we spittin we splittin
I put G's on the map, leave brains in laps
I hit da stage with drama, startin niggas to scrap
See my hood straight thugged out
You in my hood slippin, nigga you get drugged out
Ya body layin there, but ya spirit is shoved out
On V.L., it's hell when the coke drought, you assed out
When you hear my name, nigga, you hear my street,
nigga
When you hear my street, nigga, you think six feet
deep
You think six feet deep 'cause you know I kill
You spot me comin up the block, I'm in black wit a
sparkle grill
You see, we tote macks, Glocks, and choppers
Playin wit them hoes, nigga slip we got ya
Rest in Peace, Hooley Hoo, 13 'til death
Thug 'til he die, now my nigga at rest
Runnin ounces by the half, birds by the half
Whatever you want we have, chumps we got it on the
half
My people Big Stan, Uptown open shop
Funky Fades and Trimmings, 10 dollars a whop
If you real you make it, fake yo ass get shookin
Fo' you can look, you hit bitch, yo life get tookin
If you think, stay put, or feel the fire from the K
If you aint from Uptown, stay from round my way

[Juvenile]

Nigga, you must be real in the UPT
You would wanna be packin that steel in the UPT
I know you heard that them youngstas creep in the UPT
Niggas be leavin them white sheets in the UPT

[B.G.]

Around my way nigga hustle, from crooked cops we
fled
Niggas struggle to support they habit, gotta keep that
monkey fed
Catchin cases every week, misdemeanors and felonies
Playin hatin is a disease, gotta beware of jealousy
If you ball then you hated on
If you do bad dats what bitch niggas done waited on
Caveman, dats my nigga bitch
Mook brother Pete we on Valence 'cause we all in the
click
Man Pookie took a fall, this ho tryin to rott ya

Nigga I got ya, just stay click tight wit all the partnas
I'ma watch ya, Hooley Hoo nigga did 'em foul
I had to watch 'em get pulled out from under a fuckin
house
He didn't deserve it
Joe Casey is an old G
I take his advice, he one of the old G's on Valence
street
Funk and Clarence upstate, but hey gon' touch down
Soon as ya thinkin, think hustlin down uptown
Ya think we aint, Lil Baby just hit the street
>From that 13th, took a lil cake, now the nigga see
what I see
He down wit me
My nigga Pete just got 2 years, he gon' survive
But Lil Popeye lookin at 5, that aint shy
Nigga gon' bring noise like a drummer
Everybody gettin outta jail, it's gon' be a hot summer
Better dare yo thinkin and be ready to spray
If not...
You gon' get bucked down nigga, around my way

[B.G.]
Aww, man
I just got one more verse

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