

Funkmaster Flex F/ In Essence

"Round & Round"

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[Intro: some DJ (Jonell)]

Sound... bombing...

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ah, uh)

[Method Man]

I was gutter when you met me, gutter when you left me
Gutter when you came back, face it, nothin' can change
that

Not romance or marriage counselin', you dropped the
ball, now I'm bouncin'

Find me a room, burn up an ounce in

Waitin' for my baby to call, forgive it all

On some break up to make up shit, givin' me drawers

I adore mi amore, but every time she choose to go to
war

I'm lookin' at the front door

[Pharoahe Monch]

You could keep the negative's mind, please, I get the
picture

The emotional sounds was different when I first split
you

Claim I brought pain to the thing like King Kong

Like villains in the Western flicks, that I was well hung

So put you up on Talib Kweli and the Village of Slum

Read the book of psalms to get the miles, sing some
(come on now)

And you actin' like you don't know what I came here for

It's wrong to put our spirits your drove at the front door

Affectionate smiles, so you could front more

I should call you somethin' that walks on all fours

Cuz you got a fella heated for sure, love him or delete
it, it's raw

Feelin' cheated when I'm out on tour

They catch a glimpse from beyond this globe, on the
same note

Cuz in terrential downpours, I keep a rain coat

And a bottle of cham', bored, to let the brain flow

Pray for sun after the rain and creep the rainbow

[Jonell]

Oh, I try and I try to stop the
Forces that go round in my head and cloud
Thought you were the one to understand me
You turned my dark skies to light
But once again you touched my hopes to him
My soulful sing, my tears start glimmin' in the rain
All and again, all and again

[Chorus 2X: Jonell]

I really don't know what you came here for, round and
round we go
Consider your bags outside the door, round and round
we go

[Jonell]

If you don't understand where I'm from
Then my heart is tellin' me you're not the one
All the games you played and now realize
You're not the one, for me to want some baby, bye-bye
Pack your bags and get to steppin'
You gotta let it go, you need to stop trippin'
I hope you don't think I'm gon' let you back in
Cuz you're a fool

[Chorus 2X]

[Kool G. Rap]

G. Rap Giacanna, I'm not the one who's born to be
dissed
So let me make this clear for you, just like stones on my
wrist
Just cuz the door closed, don't mean I'm on the phone
wit a chick
I'm just a cat about his B.I. and let's only get rich
Straight up politickin', so where you lay your dome and
be sick
Stack cake, wit food on the plate and chrome on the six
Then we can make a little fam, just us, alone in the
sticks
And I can get rid of these bricks, we gone from the
strip, you know?

[Hook: Jonell]

Today, I made up my mind, to get away
Everyday, I sit and pray, everyday, everyday

[Chorus 2X]

[Hook with the Chorus]

[Outro: Jonell]

Every day, every day (round and round we go)
To get away, away, away (round and round...)

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