

## Around Here

## Do Or Die

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)

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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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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Finna bust my strap at these wigs (Around here)  
Criminal with' three strikes  
That street fight with' niggas (Around here)  
It's a drop, with' 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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