

Round Here

Adam Calhoun

So long, boy you so gone
You gonna learn not to fuck with me
Don't bring it around here
We don't play no games and if you wanna go to war
There ain't nothing to say
Don't bring it around here

What the fuck wrong with that boy, get him
I ain't got time to be toyin' with 'em
When a shotgun hit 'em, then he gonna go
He gonna know not to fuck with me no more
Can't breathe no more
Throw that bitch in the back of the truck
And we gonna go dump you somewhere so deep that even we don't know
We ridin', you ridin' with us or you gon' get ran over
When I say we ridin' I ain't talkin' Range Rover
Lifted up trucks give a fuck about a boulder
Shotgun in the rack hangin' right above my shoulder
Poster with your face on it
Face it, these bullets hit you in the face
Fuck your shit up more than braces
Ammo come in by the cases
Have you leanin' like the Matrix
Why you're family settin' up the wake and all they sayin' is (sayin' is)

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Are you still talkin' shit, huh
You won't go away, just like a hiccup
Bitch I hit you I promise you won't get up
Get out my hair, don't bring that shit around here, boy, leave it be
Or you're gonna see the bottom of a fuckin' creek, RIP
Yea, Bubba, bad motherfucker tires smoking burnin' rubber
Dirt and mud we got you covered
Bitch I put you six feet under
Pistol underneath my seat
I go to war, you go to sleep
And I know that you heard of me
Hell yea, hell yea
Th-th-that boy A-Cal with a 50 cal
I'm in your town and run that shit, yee yee
Don't play around, I'll lay you down
Should've known boy not to fuck with me
Should've know better not to throw with 'em
Have you runnin' back like Jerome Bettis

I'll light you up with that hot lead
Then dump you off in the cold river
I don't give a fuck, no fear
Crack your head then a cold beer
You ain't known here, don't go there
Get dumped on a dirt road here
Got a 12 gauge, I'm well paid
Bought lots of bullets, put you front page
Them headlines, you dead
I'm doing just fine, while the papers say

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