

# Come Back Around

**Boldy James**

Sometimes you get up just to fall down  
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round  
Coming back 'round  
Sometimes you get up just to fall down  
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round  
Coming back 'round

I'm from the ghetto where it's families with no healthcare  
Fathers nowhere to be found, mamas on welfare  
Cousin home from the clink, he ran it from the top bunk  
Uncle love to smoke and drink, granny on the couch slumped  
Needle hanging out her arm, shoot up at least twice a day  
Kids damn near starving, cooking noodles in the microwave  
Where people slave and don't never get a job promotion  
Auntie working two jobs every day, but she be closet smoking  
Where niggas sick and tired of being tired of hoping  
Thought he copped some Percs, but they finessed him with some Ibuprofen  
Where pregnant underage mothers, they considered MILFs  
Where sisters run and get they brothers just to get 'em killed  
Fiends at the store, you tell 'em, "No", I bet they still beg  
Where they ain't shit but J's, custos, and pillheads  
Where you gon' feel some pain you never truly heal from  
Where you gotta take a paycut to be a real one

Sometimes you get up just to fall down (Ten does down)  
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round (It's gon' be some up and downs)  
Coming back 'round (So pick your face up off the ground)  
Sometimes you get up just to fall down (Yeah, what else?)  
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round (This shit ain't as easy as it sounds)  
Coming back 'round (Come back around, come back around)

Whatever it is holding all of your fears, throw them  
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I'm from the ghetto where the tenants in the project  
Never snitch, but love to gossip, most the children was adopted  
Streets like a foster home, basement, no Honda Civic  
Ten pints fresh out the pharm', I've been putting on a clinic  
May the whores always be hoes and the rats forever sluts  
Where that backdoor never close, but the latch forever shut  
Where the police short-staffed, where the facts ain't matching up  
Where your math ain't mathing up, where the grass ain't never cut  
Where the trap don't never close, social seven twenty-four  
Is it back to charging motherfuckers eleven for an O?  
Hundred tacos in a bale, I'm a block away from hell  
Where the good die young or they rot away in jail  
Seen the hood high-strung in my hideaway from 12  
Never go on dry runs when I'm tryna make a sale  
In the Murder Mitten where all the gloves coming off  
Thought I seen it all 'til I saw the plug running off, let's get it

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