Round & Round

Fabolous

Yeah man, Real Talk New York
Yeah man, Street F-F-F-Fitted, Damn
Yeah man

Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)

And they say what comes around goes around
So the cristal rolls ya down til it slows ya down
I got a smoother style
Fo me it's +Slow Motion+ like Juvenile
'Til I pass through ya areas
The SLR, class lookin' serious, they has to be curious
You never seen one of the nastiest lyricist
Speed through like he in the +Fast and the Furious+
Like Pharrell, we stand on bars
Girls on us like a fan on stars
500 Grand on cars, you'll see a man on Mars
Before a nigga lay a hand on ours
Catch me in a Diamond chain and a thick cuban
In the piece lookin' somethin' like Rick Rubin
Put a grin on ya face, then spin in ya waist
The world look like it's spinnin' in space

Whoa, whoa, slow down mami
{Uh uh, ya betta keep up daddy}
{I show ya how to get ya roll on all ya gotta do is hold on}
{and it goes}
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
{Round and Round and Round and Round} (WHOA!)
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
{Round and Round and Round and Round} (WHOA!)

What comes around goes back around again
And niggaz gon' act up now again
And What goes up must come down
And I'll be here like What's Up now?

I do the yankee rockin' wit a lean
Know ya can't knock it when ya clean
Girls want me on they ass like back pockets on the jeans
I just try to plug into the socket in between
Then watch me do my step
At the same time throwin' up who I rep
Street F-F-F-F-Fitted damn
No other way to put it to ya ma'am
But the look'll say D-D-D-D-Damn
I can throw down like a killa
Put slugs and banana clips that'll slow down gorillas, Girl
Move like you in a Hula Hoop

Then blow me like you tryin' to cool ya soup, I'm Hot
(WHOA!) (WHOA!)

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{and it goes}
Round and Round and Round and Round (WHOA!)
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I'm lookin' for a 10 cent wifey
Cool as a 10 cent icey
That'll fit in vince nicely
Let 'em get close
Tell 'em play dimmy
Imma get swazy, you can get ghost
Well, F-A-Beezy, F-A-Sheezy
To the press suite at the F-O-Ceezy
I'm lookin' at you (Yeah, man)
You lookin' at me (Yeah, man)
Slow down ma, ya speedin' again
You can put the top down and blow weed in the wind
But fo now, let yo hips go to this
Betta yet, let ya lips blow a kiss
When I dip low and flip, show the wrist
It looks like a froze hypno and cris
(WHOA!) (WHOA!)
And I'm in amazing shape
With the DR flag on a bathe of apes
(WHOA!) (WHOA!)

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