

Round Here

G-Unit

Me, I call the shots 'round here
I say who get shot, who don't get shot 'round here
I say who can and can't pump on the block round' here
Stick-up kids can get they ass got 'round here
Niggas snitchin', D's comin', it's hot 'round here
They finna run up on one of the spots 'round here
Be on point, its easy to get knocked 'round here
But be smart, you need to have that Glock 'round here

Yo, I'm on that James Bond shit
That Z3 smoking that bomb shit, my guns in my armpit
I'm still pitching rock and bundles of D
But you can catch me in Hollywood with Pamela Lee
Yo, my team stay rocky, kid
In the crib, priced out, it's as big as Versace crib
You could be D-Zel or Frel, my 9 mil
I drive by and do you like the Russians did Denzel

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They ain't never heard a clique like mine so they admire us heavy
Clue, you better get them firetrucks ready
Cause I am, I'm hot now, I came up quicker
They comparing me to veterans, nigga
And I'm too young to buy liquor
I'm holding out till they break the pore of a chip straight
Struggling, baby, I'm on tour of a mixtape
Fronting'll get ya bashed in
Nigga, my flows worth mills like the dress Princess Diana crashed in

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Even the old folks in my hood know I stay with a gat
They say, "Sabrina baby boy just don't know how to act"
They sit in front of a hollow tip, leave a hole in your Jag'
Big enough to fit a D battery in your back
You call G-Unit Jew-Unit the way that money stack
It's a fee for me, nigga you were paying for that
We got artilleries and targets to spit it at
Banks to poppingp shots that they would sign on your fitted hats

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Yeah, nigga. You need to have your motherfucking gun 'round here. Don't be off to see the wizard, motherfucker. Lying without a heart. Barking and shit. You ain't gonna do nothing, nigga. Don't make me touch something out this motherfucker. Go ahead and jump back, nigga. I'm waiting on these niggas. You think I'm scared? Oh, I'm shaking in my motherfucking shoes. I'm scared to death. Don't I sound scared?