

Round Here

Glokk40Spaz

(2wo2imes, huh, grrah)
BabyLife (Brrrt, go)
Mm, hundred round in that Glock, these niggas get run up (Gang, grrah, grrah)
)
(Huh, grrah-grrah)

EBG Band Gang goin' for none'
Ain't reloading the clip this a fifty-round drum
Don't even walk in the trap, boy, yo' ass might be done
Got that stick in my bag, that bitch feel like a ton
When I walk through that flame, man, that shit ain't no fun
We got AR-15s, give a fuck bout yo' gun
Better get off that block 'fore y'all niggas get spun
Put one in the head 'cause she know that I'm not the one (Gang, gang)
Lil' buddy, don't pop yo' gun
Y'all act like y'all fuck nigga shot for some'
EBG can't stop till the money like gone
Most of these niggas got popped, so I'm seeing redrum (Huh, gang)
Heard that lil' buddy got jumped (Huh)
I mean, most of these niggas got stomped out
Don't hit my block 'cause you don't know 'bout yo' where-a-bouts
Stick in the cars, it's bigger than elephant snouts
And I gotta find my way out
'Cause these niggas be watching me (Yeah)
Man, I put the fire where my pocket be
Nothing about me counterfeit, that's honesty
Niggas ain't got that pistol, how they shot at me?
And I just might hit the bitch and I mean probably
Man, I'm on the fucking eastside where the shottas be
Turn my phone off, why the fuck is you calling me? (Gang)
This that trap life, we pull them fuck yoppas out on sight
And we catching fuck niggas we don't like
Give a fuck who you is, man, I'll pull a strap out on a dyke (Huh)
Give a fuck 'bout yo' rights
We'll pop a nigga right at night
Do a nigga broad day, I'll find out where the nigga stay
Fell in love with the wood on the drake
I'm finna cook 'em like a steak
Shawty a rat ass nigga, talk to the jakes
I heard he telling state-to-state (Huh)
We'll stomp a fuck nigga, ain't talkin' no brake
Give a fuck what you made, I made that in a day
We beat the block up then we head back to Crystal Lake
Slit my throat before I talk to the jakes (Gang)
4CH, dropping rakes
Ain't no pocket watchin' 'cause we get to much cake
I done cop a nigga, niggas tried to flank us
Man, this ain't no rap beef, I'll shoot yo' tour bus up (Huh)
Gotta believe that BabyLife don't give a fuck
That's the only way y'all both won't be dust
Lil' buddy got popped, but don't got no guts
Told lil' baby, "Come over, let fuck"
I want yo' mouth, ho, I want yo' tongue
Man, I got them young nigga going dumb
Don't come to my side nigga, it ain't fun over here
Nigga get spun over here
Nigga get shot round here

We don't got no cops 'round here
You fight for yourself or get dropped over there
Pass that bitch to the gang, why the fuck would I care? (Yeah)
Fuck nigga, why the fuck would you dare?
Let them shots fly, ain't nobody getting spared
This a Glock 9, ain't got no time for no jail
'Cause if I pull the shotty out, then that boy catch a shell
I don't take Ls, how the fuck can I fail?
And I hate cops 'cause they hate how I smell
Put mascottie in the wood, the shit you can sail
Man, I got these young niggas raising hell
Hell nah, ain't scared of no jail
All white Glock, now his ass feel pale
You don't got no chips so yo' ass might be staled
You know me and 2wo2imes going dumb
And you know I'm gon' add attachments on that gun
And I'm throwing up big Bs, they must be stunned
Don't come 'round that way, nigga, you get hung

(Grrah, grrah)

BabyLife, come 'round that way nigga, don't come round here
Nigga get- nigga get gunned round here