Round Here

Lethal Bizzle

Biz
Giggs
Yo

You don't wanna stop round here
You don't wanna plot round here, nah
(Big four fizzy in the hand
Kick off your headtop clear, clear, clear)
You don't wanna stop round here
You don't wanna plot round here, nah
(Big four fizzy in the hand
Kick off your headtop clear, yo)

Check 1, four fizzy in the air
One shot, two shot, three shot, clear
And you know that we got a transit spare
Case we gotta run up on your rer
Man don't care if you go gym and you [?]
Or if you rock Moncler
Talking tough? Man might call that bluff
Then next thing you know, you disappear
Dear oh dear, I don't wanna hear no he said, she said
He's gonna do that, my G, you're on ket
Badboy on the internet
But in real life, man ah man know that you're just wet
Talk out the side of your mout, but one thing I know
My name, you're gonna respect
Violation or wasting my time
You already know that's something I won't let
Man wanna go on like some Musketeer
Talk about P, my P, you're not near
500 when I step into gear
Look in the rear view, don, you're not there
Ten years plus, yo, I know it's not fair
And I'll do another ten, I can see clear
I'm on a different page
Two seventeen, I'm on a different wave

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Man's that kid that's local, vocal
DJ, mix that Pro Tool

He say, she say, so-called, so what?
Babe, quick, get that phone call
If that strap's got sixteen bullets
Man gon' get that total
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze
Greaze, greaze, greaze
It's that kid that flipped that token
Grabbed that, left that broken
It's that kid that lit that spliff
What, Biz, what? Get that potion
It's that kid that knocked that door
What? Knock-knock, kicked that open
Greaze, greaze, please
Leave man, please
Man just crept and tiptoed and hold 'em
Clip the prick that's been chosen
Man just lit the pricks up and smoke 'em
Man get lifted and soaken
Man get gassed up off all this social
Man's got big shit in motion
Man's too sick to be loafing, joking
Man's too big to be boasting

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London boys
(Trackerz)

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