

## Round Here

Potter Payper

We don't play that pussy shit, round here  
All the jewels fully lit, round here  
There's child soldiers on the strip around here  
You fake as fuck you don't fit in 'round here  
I call it "New Crack City", round here  
BK you know I'm Biggie round there  
I run my block so I'm not allowed there  
Send two booters on a jilly 'round there  
And when you're bootin' always keep a round spare  
Ain't no mouse, ain't no Mickey round here  
Three for twenty-five, six for fifty round here  
A opp's a opp, we ain't picky round here  
I swear it's like Mogadishu round here  
Hungry, starving, they'll stick you round here  
Rico and Money Mitch you round here  
I go asleep and wake up in a nightmare

I'm a smoke CEO, I'm a big investor  
But I still let it ring, make it sing like George Ezra  
Got my white from my sheep and my dark came from Leicester  
Two squares on the arm and that's a reload selector  
They wanna sauce and drip I just wanna spill ketchup  
My young boys tapped three times like a wrestler  
Come to your show and let it shout like a heckler  
Said they come to your show, let it shout like a heckler  
Like never say never, like you spoke too soon  
But Imma never stop trapping till it's cold in June  
I got a twos in the microwave, frozen food  
I'll put pressure on the block like a open wound  
How they snitches and they rappers? Man I'm so confused  
Heard I get the block jumping like a broken tune  
I knew I'd have the last laugh so the joke's on you  
Cause I heard real's back in style but it's overdue  
Now I'm back in the cut looking silky  
She don't want a rapper, said she want a real G  
One who's still smiling, when the judge says "Guilty"  
One who stays strapped cah I won't let these [?] kill me  
Four bootings on the one mash, now it's filthy  
Coulda been Aggy B, coulda be Filthy  
Three for twenty-five, that was my kinda deal  
Now I'm home, man I heard labels really wanna deal me  
Shit

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