

Round Here

Ras Kass

Round here is really gangsta, niggas stay banged up
And only go to the club looking to snatch your chain up
And shoot at rival gangs just to get their aim up
Niggas is marks who claim one set and change up
Round here really every color flag will get you clap
Red, blue, orange, purple, gray, brown or black
And these crooked ass ones will pop you
And say you pulled your phone too fast
Is the reason they shot you
Round here is big dope and I can't lie
How to witness a nigga grandmother get high
Down here we put Lacs and Chevys on thangs
And paracoat the sportsters the same color as the frame
Round here them Eses is deep too
Go ahead, get caught in the wrong hood cause them niggas 'll heatt you
And don't think you about to set up shop and make ends
Cause round here the streets take orders from the pen
O.G.s sip 40 OZ of OE
Catch a nigga from the blind side and that's a dope fiend
Ain't a whole lot of talking, we make niggas believers
And hate snitches so Nas we ain't fucking with Cobe either
Round here everybody on your block got a [?]
Hood rat bitches hide niggas gats in their purse
Dodger fitteds and pro clubs that's the business
West coast culture khakis and classic K-swisses
Round here

La familia, mob affiliates, try me
Wrist rocky, my garage [?] I be
About that bizz rap for that making house
Spit it until I'm caking out all about that paper route
Line per line niggas is weak and can't pronounce
I'm busting your head just to see what you thinkin' 'bout
Who the fuck want stress with a nigga like me
Never should you even press upper killers like he
I'm M16, I'm GCM, I'm with that team
And you can never cheat those men
I'm a nigga that'll beat yo' chin
Like if I was chinese, that'll be my name: Be Cho Chin
You gettin' skinny figures, eatin' Denny dinners
Not gettin' any bigger fuckin' with them trendy niggas
Even old timers give me respect
Cause I'm a mother fuckin' west side Fresno vet
So nigga what now, I don't give a fuck now
You gon' make me grab the gat and lay your ass the fuck down
Shit gets real, cocaine whip a pound
(Yes)
Gold chain chip us down
(Yes)
This is how we get [?]

I'm a do or die, ride or die west coast sider
Die, come back reborn like the Ghost Rider
My whole cranium on fire from the round under
West side super max thunder
Those bitch niggas get put on punk status
Little wild niggas smoke dips and dump [?]

I'm on some shit like, million dollar dream type nigga
All about my cream type nigga
But [?] got the work out
Cause niggas keep jackin' [?] in the bird house, green light nigga
I make you mouthpiece so [?] like Angelina Jolie
When I release you lose teeth like Big Squig
Nigga please, shit in your stone washed jeans
Get stabbed in the mouth, need a tube just to feed
I used to be Hennessy shooter straight out the glass
'Till uncle Chuckie got me 3 with half
B-dogs in the street say they beat me on PB
My crip niggas C-Walk to my CD
Still I call a bitch my Fifi
Exchange fluids with the music and give a track of VD
No man is sicker lock [?]
You ain't a rider you're the valet parkin' the regal
And the bitch you got across your arm, homie
I call that chicken foster forms, nigga