

## 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