

# Round Here

Skrapz

Whip it in the house, whip it in the flats  
Whip it on the side, whip it in my lap  
Them niggas didn't rate little niggas' raps  
Or if it isn't H, if it isn't Skrapz  
Whip a little tape, nigga, look at that  
Whip a little cake, whip a cookie batch  
I could teach you little niggas how to cook a pat  
Serving raps, my little niggas, where your bookings at?  
Whip, whip, whip it, nigga, whip, whip it  
I've got sick, sick niggas and my bitch wicked  
Brought 'em backstage quick, I gave 'em six tickets  
'Bout to cut the pussy up, she call the dick scissors  
Bitch bent over say my dick's biggest  
Then she span the pussy on me, made my dick dizzy  
Gotta shout XL out for them six digits  
Now I do this shit myself, I'm building sick bridges  
Observe them niggas, I've got that third eye  
I've got worthy niggas, they know I earnt mine  
Turn them triggers and let them birds cry  
Man'll burn them niggas, we'll hit 'em birds-eye  
Sick, sick nigga and a sick rapper  
This is big bad Hollowman and big Skrappa  
Got the swag dressed down, a little bit dapper  
Beat these bitch niggas up with the big whapper

We keep it steady round here  
How you mean? Niggas heavy round here  
I heard he's got a little desi down there  
Weed smoke, little medi round there  
Boom, we keep it steady round here  
On your marks, get set, niggas ready round here  
Ain't nobody lightweight, my niggas heavy round here  
All my niggas bruck shot, niggas Teddy round here

Boom, famous and dangerous  
Like some lions out the cage cuh they couldn't tame us  
I'm whip-whipping in my whip, I'm whipping with the stainless  
And if I see him, due to whip a nigga out his trainers  
Little pussies must've thought that they could contain us  
Nah man, we're the hardest niggas on the pavement  
Niggas lying in their raps, talking this and talking that  
To tell the truth, it all sounds like prepared statements  
I'm in the game, now all these rappers tryna holla man  
It's real nigga rap, I had to shout my brudda Hollowman  
And if a nigga diss the programme, and they make me  
Whip my weapon out my pants, it's gonna mash up your tomorrow plan  
I've got my back against the wall, but that's the way I like it  
I said I'll always be a G, I must've been a psychic  
Riding round with my ride-or-die chick  
True, she likes to get low, I mek her bill it, but I always light it  
It's real life, nothing's been recited  
We're still turning up at parties when we're not invited  
I still smoke a lot of weed cuh that's exactly what I need  
To keep my head up in the skies, feeling like a pilot  
And oh, forgot to mention, all my niggas violent  
Shh, let me exercise my right to silence  
Gold chain round my neck, staring in the mirror, swinging

Kill a whole motherfucking family if a nigga tried it

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