

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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