

## Round Here

WSTRN

Nah, me never bad for me bad  
But know what happens when you raised in North West, rude boy  
WSTRN season  
Nah, we don't need a reason  
That's just the rules, how it goes 'round here  
'Round here

Uh, yeah  
Motherfuckers call me LB, remember the name  
From long time I'm offside, been ahead of the game  
Handling stitch, blow the whistle with sweat in no lane  
Ask A how I level my aim  
I'm too official for these little niggas begging for fame  
I never come up off a press plate, I come up off pressing cocaine  
Paper towel when its out dry  
Up, never downsize  
'Round here, niggas go in and buy it outright  
I'm 'bout mines, they know mines about in all the junctions  
Still Ashlin, couple nobodies but we don't trust them  
Fuck them  
Used to keep a burner by the dustbin  
The one who put the fun and the gun in all the function  
What's up, then?  
Everytime I come around, you always make assumptions  
I'm just tryna build a lickkle, wollan, get jumpin'  
Free my hittas in the can but that's just something  
That happens 'round here ('Round here)

Nah, me never bad for me bad  
But know what happens when you raised in North West, rude boy  
Know it's love, action them na want  
'Round here, man you better watch yourself, rude boy oh  
Middle fingers if you ain't my drilla, oh  
If I'm eatin', know you havin' dinner too  
That's just the rules, how it goes 'round here  
'Round here

Yo, I grew up in the flats, never lived in a house  
I always knew that I was born to be a star, never had any doubts  
When I was young, I used to move reckless  
Real separate to the golden child  
That my mums probably would have expected  
I ain't golden, but my Rolex is  
Still in the trap like there's no exits  
I hit the roads without no breakfast  
Hit the spot, take the yayo out the pack  
Then I slap that in the Pyrex dish  
I, I've been in this, I never had a privilege  
And anything you hear me rap about, I'm really living it  
Tomorrow is a promise, I can go at any minute  
That's why I pack the spinner, innit  
And if you see me in a mask and somebody got smoked  
Then I never did it  
That's why I came through in a mask, innit  
I live my life without no limits  
I buss my gun 'til the clip finish  
Leave your face without no image

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