

Round Here

Paul Wall

Guess it's just a hood thing, woodgrain, grippin on the Friday*
My chain lookin like the sun
Swag turned way up, maybe 'cause I'm draped up, stay plush
I don't know where y'all come from
But that's just how we do (that's-that's how we do it 'round here)
That's how we do it 'round here (that's-
that's how we do it 'round here)
That's how we do (that's-that's how we do it 'round here)
That's how we do it 'round here (that's-that's-that's-that's-
that's how we do it 'round here)
That's how we do

Knock, knock, who is it? Guess who come to pay a visit?
It's the Mr. Walking Blizzard, with the "here lizard, lizard"
Flyer than a flock of pigeons, the earlobes are vivid
But if you try to test, you'll get smoked like a brisket
Last palace, fast livin, Family Guy like Peter Griffin
And my wallet is stuffed like turkeys at Thanksgiving
I grind hard, my pockets full like Easter Mass
Paper long, my money stretchin like yoga class
"Get Money", yeah that's my task, I'm throwed like a piece of trash
My wrists light up like camera flash while commentators live in the p
ast
But me and Koopa back on our mash from Antoine to Ledbetter
Got more paper than a mail shredder, 'cause 'round here we go getters

Chamillitary mayne, who knowin just how I do, so it's time to turn up
your tuner
With radio play or not, they talk about me like a rumor (rumor)
And they hope my album will leak on the streets and come sooner (soon
er)
I now renounce my throne as the King of Zamunda
Hollywood, not true, been sick, ah-choo
The inventors of the "what it do, " where the Don Kings of the candy
blue
We don't really mean to brag but we legends so act like you knew
That we one notch below Pimp and Screw but we (way higher than you)
I'm skatin, no Daytons, with Paul Wall to plate and (plate and)
Ya must've got us mistaken 'cause ain't no play-action fakin (fakin)
Earthquakin, trunk shakin (shakin), the realest in my state and (say
what?)
The treat me like I'm God, they be like As-Salamu Alaykum, so vacant

'Round here the grind pays, it's all work and no play
My pockets thick like Deltas and my Sprite's pink like AKA's
Brace yourself, you'll be amazed, all haters can suck on these
Me and Cham back in the game, I'm Reggie Bush, he's Drew Brees
I run the mic and he's so thoed, now all the blogs are quite pleased
'Cause they thought we fell off like dry scalp and bad weave
"Get Ya Mind Correct" please, my wrist cold like winter breeze
'Cause I'm grindin up all night like little kids on Christmas Eve
I keep the stacks on deck like a lawn chair

The wristware give off a glare, so when ya stare, do so with care
'Round here we one hundred but them boys far from it
Everyday I'm in the paper like the comics, how we do it 'round here