

# Get From Round Me

The Diplomats

Get from 'round me  
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{Jha Jha's in this muh' fucka)  
get from 'round me

I'm the definition of, half lady half thug  
Half crazy, half hazey puffin on them drugs  
Half dizzy, half sizzly, sippin' on syzurp  
Half rich, cuz you kno ya girls a hustla  
I got my money up, now I can pop shit  
Still hit that purple punch, fuck a style-Cris'  
Fuck from round here, bitch I got a wild clique  
Thought that you was poppin' off before, what now bitch  
I'm one up on you hoes, I don't fuck wit you hoes  
Phony bitches I will DUMP on you hoes  
I ain't a spotlight chick, I stays on the low  
Keep my money on my mind and my mind on my dough  
And I roll right, Dro tight you kno that flow like no other  
So gutta, You gotta fuckin love her  
They gotta fuckin' love her, look how them jeans hug her  
Playa hatas suck a dick all you cock suckas

You don't puff what I puff, get from 'round me  
You ain't crunk, you a punk, get from 'round me  
You ain't down to dump when I dump, get from 'round me  
Nigga get from 'round me, Nigga get from 'round me  
And if you a phony ass hoe, then get from 'round me  
Broke ain't trickin' no dough, then get from 'round me  
In my grill tryna pimp up all the Dro, Bitch get from 'round me  
Shawty get from 'round me, shawty get from 'round me

Teachers used to down me, teachers used to clown me  
Now look I'm made, paid, screamin' get from 'round me  
You wanna learn how to get rich, stick around me  
If not, get from 'round me, you hot, get from 'round me  
You eat cheese, talk to cops, get from 'round me  
Stop, man that's not what's around me (nope)  
Niggaz get popped up around me it's not fun around me  
It's shotguns sround me (bank)  
Tell a chick if she round me, quick and profoundly  
If you don't swallow what comes out this dick get from 'round me  
I'm a pimp, lobster and shrimp, hit the strip and get from 'round me  
B-b-b-b-bitch, get from 'round me

Get from 'round me, the Big Apple's boss, get ya apple tossed  
Come through apple porche, color of apple sauce  
They hound us surround but don't clown us  
We on the Greyhound bus wit pounds, get from 'round us

Now when I roll up to the spot you'll know  
See the escalades wit the spades 24's  
I'm doin' big thangs, now I got a lot to show  
I still ain't content homey I gotta get mo'  
How I know bitches talk behind my back when they ain't round me  
Gossip tellin' lies on a chick when they ain't round me  
Even try and let my man hit when they ain't round me

Then act like everything is perfect when they get around me  
I'm a top notch bitch, you about a piece of shit  
Yo net worth is zilch, up yo game a couple bricks  
I up my game 80%, you can tell by the wrists  
Went from walkin' everywhere to shotgun in the 6  
I'm bout to bomb me a bitch, go Sadaam on a bitch  
Blow yoself to smitherines, goin' strong on them hits  
On a high speed paper chase, no time to hesitate  
Y'all bitches ain't down, ain't holdin no pounds, get out my fuckin' face

[Hook]