

# What Goes Around

[Nas/Keon Bryce](#)

Artist: DJ Envy f/ G-Unit (50 Cent, Lloyd Banks)

Album: Blok Party Vol. 1

Song: What Goes Around

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\* send corrections to the typist

[50 Cent] G-Unit haha

[Lloyd Banks]

I dont know where you from but out here we ride  
So if you scared of conflict don't come outside  
Get your hands on a gun  
Cause ain't no one gonna respect you as a man if you run, dial 9-1-1  
I'm hear talkin' to the street now  
That's only gonna lead to bulletwounds and beatdown's, retreat clown  
You still strugglin down to your last rock  
G-Unit is gorillas and Blackchild's the mascot  
You thought you wouldn't hear my voice  
I'm in the hood cause I'm hood  
You in the hood cause you ain't got no choice  
Your top seller gettin' sticked for his shine  
Either I'm blind, or Ashanti's sideburns is thicker than mine  
I'm youngest in charge with my dick in a dime  
Grippin' the nine, sippin' that lime  
Becardi in a party, you sorry  
I'm blowin' wet green right out the safari  
That'll put you in a left lean higher than a marley  
And as far as Charlie, a studio hour is a waste  
She look like she took a bag of flour in the face  
You want street credibility instead of I'ma sting you  
C'mon Ja you put a fuckin crackhead on your single

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

What goes up must come down, what goes around comes back around  
I suggest you run when you see the pound  
Or get laid the fuck out on the ground  
What goes up must come down, what goes around comes back around  
I suggest you run when you see the pound

Or get laid the fuck out on the ground

[Lloyd Banks]

My cousin bringin' back them blueberry bags, I've been waiting all day  
On them Shelltops that got Jam Master Jay, on 'em  
I got a jeanius and kneehighs that swallows me whole  
Tongue's longer than the ones on your Fila's  
She's buys anything I desire, prolly cause I'm on fire  
The 2003 McGwire, until I retire  
My neighborhood breed ballers that slam dunk  
Cross overed to crack now they can't even jump  
I leave with any panties I want, the industries new face  
I'm in a bitch mouth every morning like toothpaste  
Place your bet, Envy pull out a few crates  
I got enough 16's to battle 2 states  
I'm in a spaceship, neck full of grey shit  
Bigetes in the bracet, expect nothing basic  
Respect and embrace it, your sketch in the basement  
I'll have them try to find where the rest of your face is

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

The hoes know I'm lazy as hell, that's why I get the bitch to twist  
Dogg, I stay around trees like Christmas gifts  
Yea, you laughing and dancing 'til they stick you  
And have you holdin' your chest like I'm singing the National Anthem  
Have your worried bout the reprecussions after the tantrum  
I'll be alone in a mansion, and it's snowing in the Hamptons  
Regardless of what these fools say, I'ma be around longer than 'Cool J  
Armed with a new K  
So dumb in a new way, If I don't fuck Monday, I'm gone hit it Tuesday  
My charm get it usually  
You put a lot of years into rap, these lil' starvin' chumps  
Start your career from the back of a milk carton  
Your gased up from whatever he must of told ya  
But everything in Army fatigues ain't a soldier  
In my upbringing we wore the same socks  
And buckets in the living room to catch the rain drops

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Dial 9-1-1, Yeah!, young Lloyd Banks, GGgg, GGgg, GGgg, G-Unittttt, haha  
I dare you to say something, haha, I dare you to say something back nigga...

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