## **Round Here**

## Florida Georgia Line / Florida Georgia Line

Uh yeah yeah Yeah yeah yeah Know what it sound like (It's the Roc nigga) Heard (Uh-huh, uh) Don't be scared now niggaz (Round here, round here) We know you scared now Marcy House (Let's go, just blaze) I let you know, how I do it round here And I'm out eight in a morn', dawg Glock two around here What chu move around here, and you know I keep my tool around here My niggaz act a fool around here, yeah My hood, my set, my strip, my P's, whatever We down, we real, we bang forever Put in game down here, make change down here 'Coz I serve them fiends, that raw 'caine down here, yeah And I done made my way, round here And them hoes know, I twist them like haze round here Been made down here, blow hay round here Ask around, them niggaz know I lay down here Down here, yeah, and I done aired down there But the streets was bigger, I pump the lead round here Round here, and I'm still in my Nike Air's Yeah, my hat leanin', I'm livin' wit no fears Round here, yeah, round here, yeah Yeah, we ridin' clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah Round here, yeah, round here, yeah We ridin' clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah It's hot as hell, but it snows down here You get a box of blow for no mo' then 24 down here This is the season for the zoe's round here If you corner who you know, you can get it for the low down here

From nickels to birds, you can get it flipped and served For talkin' too much, be for certain, them niggaz workin' You can buy it, from the cops down here You know who sweat it down here, bitch it's so Crip round here So many bitches out there, snitchin' round here That's why every summer, bitches be missin' round here

I roll wit straight killers, thug niggaz, and drug dealers And if they ridin' wit me, best believe them my niggaz As for you bitches, forget about it See the head was tremendous, but this dick is strickly business I'll be thuggin' forever, see I'ma fighter, not a lover I'm a hit-and-run-it, cold-blooded, motherfucka But the hoes, they don't care down here They be suckin' and fuckin' all year down here They be heavy on the pill, down here Got mo' than that what the motherfuckin' meal down here Round here, yeah, round here, yeah Yeah, we ridin' clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah Round here, yeah, round here, yeah We ridin' clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah Oh yeah, I know you prolly never known, round here It get hotter then the body, get the wrong idea It's just Caprice's, and Impala's sittin' on chrome down here Brawls and ballin', ain't all that's goin' on round here Young killers tote pistols, like they grown down here Them young niggaz similar to King Kong, round here A pocket full of stones, would get you on down here So dope boy, keep ya drops like the song round here Hey, it ain't safe for the faker walkin' home round here Hey, the hell what we know if you ain't know round here You say the wrong thang, will get ya back blown round here The gangsta's rep they hood, by the zone round here Get a hole in ya dome, 'bout ya rims down here 24's make them dubs, look like 10 down here I'm where it is, and the biz is for us rappers round here Money, hoes, cars, dro's is all that matters down here Round here, yeah, round here, yeah Yeah, we 'ridin clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah

Round here, yeah, round here, yeah We ridin' clean, on them things round here Yeah, round here, yeah, round here, yeah We blowin' dro, gettin' low round here, yeah

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