What Goes Around

ymd

Artist: DJ Envy f/ G-Unit (50 Cent, Lloyd Banks)
Album: Blok Party Vol. 1
Song: What Goes Around
Typed by: x2pacalypsehalx@hotmail.com *

* 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 repspect 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 braclet, 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 upbring 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...

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by JACKSON, CURTIS JAMES / LLOYD, CHRISTOPHER CHARLES / SMITH, ROBERT BRANDON / COLLINS, S. / PROSPER, DERICK A.
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/