Round n Round

C-Block

{Red Dogg}
As I grip the microphone while you slip, I pick up the pieces.
One time the honey did listen up, as I hit you with the funk stuff.
It?s like see-to the blam I hit the grandslam. Mr.P & I'm saying it loud.
Like I'm proud, can you see that I'm holdong it down from the clowns.
MC Red in the house without a doubt, we going to show why?all.
Tell why?all Busta?s what it?s all about. Cause we coming from the west & we moving to the east, going to let why?all know that I can compete as I speak.
I'm coming with the street beat, we rollin deep I'm on Jeep?s while ya creep.
Or why?all feet. Is it bumping? (yeah) Is it bumping? (Yeah)
Is the beat steady on the one steady thumping? (Yeah)
Cause we comin with the underground funky sound.
It?s the P. to the OP keepin it round.
{Bridge:Goldie}
Ridin in my Jeep, on the creep rollin deep.
Deeper than the valley below.
Rollin the cash, mashin on the gas.
Slippin on the mask as we blast, Round N Round the world we go.
{Chorus:Goldie/Misty}
Round N Round N Round, pick yourself up off the ground.
you've gotta be down if you really want to ride with me.
Round N Round N Round, what goes up, it must dome down.
You gotta roll low if you really want to stroll with me.
{Mr.P}
Raise them up, raise them up. Now bogy bang with my funk.
It?s the click Cell-Block, I do what other nigga?s don?t.
Straight Pim to the Pin, I done blasted once before & I'm a blast the again.
Hip Hop will never stop, I let?s it fly like a kike, keep my toung laced tight.
When it comes to the game so call me nike, tennis shoes, don't snooze.
I bring the news, like the paperboy I'm out there collecting my dues.
Pimp mentality, it?s planty wild in me. I handle big with the homie.
P.O.P-Pittsburgh P. Profilin see-Block stylin actin wildy.
I spits my shit way the fuck out there like an island.
Is it funky? (Yeah) Is it funky? (Yeah) Is the beat steady rockin like a junky? (Yeah) Relax your mind & let your concrons be free.
Mr.P & Red Cell Block G
{Bridge} {Chorus}
{Misty}
Funky G.

Mashin on the gas slipping now & then. As we blast Round N round. Roll of alone, uhuh. Mashin on the gas slipping now & then. As we blast Round N round. Funky G. Heee-eey. You gotta be down, you gotta be, you gotta be down. Yeah, hey, heey. Roll of alone. Ridin in my Jeep on the creep. Rollin deep & deep. Roll on Roll on.

{Bridge} {Chorus}

Songwriters

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