

All Around the World (feat. YG)

Jay 305

Gotta do somethin' for the gangbangers
Gotta do somethin' for the hus'
Gotta do somethin' for the players
All my bad bitches dippin' down La Brea
Gotta do somethin' for the East Side
Gotta do somethin' for the West Side
Gotta do somethin' for the Decatur
All my niggas down south stackin paperAll around the world
Hoods around the world
All around the world
Hoods around the world
Crenshaw king, lil' homie set trip
Dip it down west, and made a right on they position
My big cousin Dulo, he was always with the Crippin'
My rellie on one, he was always with the whoopin'
Dippin' down Slauson, and im bumpin' Gucci Mane
Head icy fresh, got V's in my chain
Diamonds so bitter like they dazzlin' the brain
Gotta keep it ghetto, for forever, never change
I'm everywhere like LA hood strikeups on Instagram
Hit shoppers shoppin', got at least a couple grams
Gulf cannot give melove, niggas, stop playin'
Jay 305 more LA than the rams
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Yeah, yeah, four hunnid!
Gotta do somethin' for the Damus
Gotta do somethin' for the Kiways
Gotta do somethin' for my niggas in the pit, tire
Changin' shoes for the three-ways
Can't forget the eses, where you from?
Throw it up
Bang the wrong hood, get fucked up, oh

Still set trippin', still ridin' with the snippin'
They be like, "Why he do it?"
Man, that nigga worth a million
Man, that nigga got children
Man, he hang with the villains
Yeah, yeah, so what?
Baby Don, that's a real one
I'm a Tree Top nigga, I'm a Tree Top nigga
Got rich, and I ain't left the hood
Nigga, I'm a real one
If you ain't with this gangbangin' shit, I don't feel ya
Don't holler at me, holler at, sike, I can't hear yea
Talk bad 'bout the hood, but I love it
The block need love too, so the YG's hug it, uh
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Im 'bout to give you game, lil' homie, pay attention
If you out here bangin', never leave without your pistol
You can't sell dope and do dope, rappers ain't gon' tell ya
Can't love a bitch and be a pimp, I ain't a rapper, I'm a felon
He ran off on the plug, now the nigga AWOL
Don't listen to these niggas, man, these niggas only talk
We don't fuck with the Sherm, it'll leave you dancin' in the rain
Do up a lil' sign, do-do up a lil' sign
Don't even trust your mama if the bitch is doin' 'caine
Even if she get your sack, you still gon' have to pay
So do it 'fore I, do-do it or I'ma
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