

Boot Camp Clik, Don't You Cross The Line

(Intro-Sean Price)

Pen my mutha fuckin' rhyme, yeah, what up, what up?
Boot Camp in the house, Sean P, set it off, yo

(Verse 1-Sean Price)

Hey yo, the arm bone connected to the hand bone
Nigga, the hand bone connected to the damn chrome
Sean is a killer, Monkey Barz, Sean a gorilla
Great ape in the flesh, the Great 8 is the best
Duke, I spit bodies and take name, and take aim
At wack-ass rappers who be thinkin' that they the king
Stop with the lies 'fore I put a knot on your eye
Pop a popular guy, pa, plot your demise
It's not just a rhyme, it's a actual fact
That the God would actually clap at any rapper that's wack
Internet niggas usin' my image, you not Sean
Triple-w-dot-get the fuck on-dot com

(Verse 2-Top Dog)

I'm still G'd up, G.C.'d up
B.C.'d up, blaze the weed up
Henny in my cup, jump in my truck
Knuck if you buck and bust if I don't trust, so...
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?
Or the gun's in my hand, the gun goes "blam"
My shit don't jam, murk you and your fam
In a military stance, got you pissin' in your pants

(Verse 3-Rock)

Yo, I roll with a bunch of gun dumpers
You'se a fag, you roll with a bunch of butt munchers
I will ghost you, but won't nobody call no Ghostbusters
Bet if you live, next time you'll call some toast busters
I'm so gutter, since you really shook, I whoop bouncers
My reputation precedes me, they know I could and would
Out countless hood pouncers, I beat fire out of niggas like you
My right hand's a recliner, lean back off that
Track of the pack of your cabbage, fall flat
Smack of the earth, with your staff's jacked before that
Happen, I'm Boot Camp, what you expect from me?
I ain't askin' for love, you fuckers better love me

(Hook)

So Don't You Cross The Line, understand?
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy
Don't you walk around like you raw
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy
Don't you walk around like you raw
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy

(Verse 4-Buckshot)

Buck is mass murder, I murder the masses
New or old school, I shoot up they classes
Niggas need glasses when you lookin' at I
To recognize BDI, I'm a crook 'til I die
Fuck y'all, why? I was on the low with no dough
And y'all was like, "Nah, I don't no go"
When y'all had yo flow, now my attitude is so-so
You jealous and you wanna tell po-po, for what, yo?
I don't sell no crack
I don't sell no cocaine, weed now or none of that
But, I am here for runnin' rap

I tell you one thing, fuck with that, gun in your back
Boo-ya-ka! Who ya nah?
Buckshot, I was here before Tupac died
No doubt, One Nation, I'm done wastin' time
Now my gun facin' while you wastin' lines, we rise

(Hook)

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(Verse 5-Tek)

This little nigga went out for a night on the town
With a cone-head hoodie and a black four-pound
Ran up to the door, told 'em "open it now
'Fore I cock back the hammer and blow the shit down"
Now you see how bad niggas on my dick
Sayin' what you did to me when you ain't do shit
'Cept hide behind your man, cop a plea to my dude
Y'all niggas is sweet, easily become food
So stay in your lane, homes, before them thangs drawn
And it be you and all of your mans gone

(Verse 6-Louieville Sluggah)

Look, ain't nobody doin' a got-damn
Forever B-C-C is the fam
So sucker niggas hate if you want
Get your chest blown out, crack a nigga blazin' a skunk
I'm high as Cheech, levels you can't reach
Sippin' on that 'Nac, tighten up the strap
Fuckin' with this 'Bad Bitch' and her name ain't Trina
Just a thorough bitch, told me "Stack and keep your feet up"
I'm on mines double time, yeah, your boy gotta shine
And my life consist of more then just rhymes
Niggas hatin' on the bankroll
But nigga, front if you want, stand under the halo

(Hook)

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(Verse 7-Steele)

Yeah, if you cross me, that'll be costly
Lose a lung or a limb, slug puncture your artery
Go thatta-way, you're startin' to bother me
When I'm frustrated, guns blazin', no apologies
Fuck what they told you, I don't know you
I don't owe you a damn thing, fuck what you go through
I got issues of my own, pistols made of chrome
Specially used to some dudes like you back home