

# Boot Camp Clik, Had It Up 2 Here

It's going down baby!  
Bucktown, Duckdown baby (whispering)  
My B.C.C., Cocoa B'z, Top Dog (Sean Price)  
Starang where you at? B.D.I. Eye we got to this  
people, Don (Louieville)  
Niggas had it up 2 here (Louieville)  
A nigga had it up to here (Louieville)  
I'm tired of fallen' (Louieville)  
Slugs fallen' all day (Steele)  
Feelin' this, feelin' this (Steele)

(Steele)  
I'm in the ride right  
Getting high right  
When some guy comes wit some papers for me to sign right  
Aight money started acting fly  
Like I ain't shit he the one that should be in the lime light  
Saying he rhyme tight  
Coming all out his face  
Saying that he's better than any rapper that out right  
I'm like look I care if you were dumb like  
Your demo was reviewed in The Source and they gave you 9 mics  
I can care less who look like  
Or who you rhyme like  
Let me show what a real MC sounds like

(Buckshot)  
I pulled up to the red light  
Somebody was parked on my right  
I heard them like K  
Ain't you that little nigga from Bucktown or Ducktown or whatever?  
What's up with you now nigga  
As a matter of fact I got some rough shit and going love it  
Make you a million boy if you fuck with  
Trust me dog my flow is grimy  
Soon as spit you dog you'll be the first to sign me  
Listen your flow is aight though  
Really wasn't tight though  
You're kind of loose with aight bite flows  
Got me like WHOA!  
Let me keep it moving or my shottie might blow  
Spittin' but you bullshit me yo  
I can't hear your ill sub-libs  
You ain't gotta feel Boot Camp to fill some tims  
But you will respect the 4th Star  
Or I'm spit 4 at your sports car  
When you spit bar listen par  
You better respect or I'm a have the check  
Let the loan half of the check got yet Hummm  
Who was it cuz only stopped I cause I thought knew who it was  
Now move up

(Tek)  
I had it up to here with y'all weak ass rappers  
DJ's CEOs I want y'all to know  
I had it up to here with y'all hundred grand producers  
Fake ass thugs, dress codes in clubs  
I had it up to here with y'all P.D.R's  
Racist cops cheeba holders don't me start  
I had it up to here with y'all wannabe stars  
Trying to be who you ain't just be who you are, Man

Who you think your talking be  
Get your head bust to the white meat, questioning me

Won't play cause I won't pay what you think I'm a bitch  
Never tell who shot you what think I'm a snitch  
But I will the order for them to smack you up  
Clap you up, yo money lone we snatch you up  
Think you hide where, I got family over there and they all think like me  
We had it up to here

(Starang Wondah)

Ayo, I was a broke working nigga  
This rap got me money  
I had bitches; my good looks kept the honies  
But in the game niggas with real money  
They steal from me, when you mention my name  
I changed the real money  
In the game after a few years  
I'm still hungry, put the band back together  
Its bout get real ugly yo  
I crush plenty guys, I had plenty wives  
I'm on old school tapes I'm only twenty-five  
Niggas would doubt me, bitches talk about me  
They both wouldn't be shit without me  
Starang One

(Top Dog)

Yes, Yes Y'all  
Y'all know niggas ready to brawl y'all  
Hit the floor y'all  
The 4-pound leaving all y'all wasted  
The gun powder can you taste it  
The Big Khahuna ready to ride up in your place, bitch  
Can you feel me?  
These bitch niggas trying to kill  
No what they do to me, to try to fool me see  
D.O. stay sharp and on top of my game  
Spittin' my flames, so don't throw dirt on my name  
I'm trying to hold lot of thing and make a whole lot of cream  
All the plots and the schemes got me doing wicked things

(Sean Price)

Shoot your moms, stab your pops, rape your daughter  
Get the moment on the tape recorder  
Give copies out to every nigga up in the hood  
Let them know I'm not the nigga to fuck with up in the hood  
Give me some weed, give some coke, give me some dope  
Give your seed; give me your throat, give me some rope  
Choking your bitch provoking your click  
To get guns, smoking a spliff  
You're throwing a fit, now that's fun  
Backpack niggas acting all funny and shit  
Till I them that shit is wack they're no money in this

And you female rappers I'm end your careers  
Rap my hands around your throat while you get banged from the rear  
I'm the type of nigga that will throw a shell in your arm  
You the type to snitch, bitch  
Why you telling my moms listen  
Y'all bitch niggas are bout as wack as come  
Don't make me clap you in the back of the ass when I'm done

(Illa Noyz)

We pack 10 billion, 987 million, 654 thousand  
321 hundred fans in housing know how we get down and  
What this shit about The Boot Camp sounding it's astounding  
But I'm tried of it, questioning y'all budget  
I wanna snuff but I look him and be like ahh fuck it

But now I ride wit it when I blow I slide wit it  
All I know I'm Boot Camp and are niggas

Now a days I had it up to here (Louieville)