

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)