

Boot Camp Clik, Let's Get Down 2 Bizness

(Chorus: Buckshot)

Let's get down to business (say what?)
I think I'm gonna have to pay a visit
Beat to the ones that said I wouldn't get back
When I get back -- get back
Let's get down to business (say what?)
I think I'm gonna have to pay a visit
Beat to all y'all, this is for all y'all
Handle your biz, fall in, you fall off

(Steele)

I've been kicked, cut, jumped, stuffed
By record company exec's, schemin' on my bucks
These streets is rough, Timb's on my feet get scuffed
I hate to see my peeps get cuffed
As weed gets puffed, MC's get bluffed
A&R's get pressed, dj's get they shit bust
Bucktown, Duck Down Enterprise Record
Without distribution, dog, we still push records

(Buckshot)

I step to my business, man, strongarm my own crew
Rock with a group and a long tool
Peep the fore path, I been said the shit in the past
Let's go back in time, flip the hourglass
In 1998, I couldn't wait, to get all my niggaz
And do shows, from state to state
Even in 2000, two triple oh
I used to be the man, until my band got old
But I cannot fold, nor my paper thin
Get all my paper in, or I'm lace ya chin

(Chorus)

(Sean Price)

Know this B.I. thing, I be about it
The prophetic is only logic
I'm like assassins from Elijah Muhammed
Get ya hands out my pocket, stop it
You can't have it, in Long Street
It can't happen on beat, let another label
Try to play me for cheap, I'm takin' this cheap
Tryna chase down paper, til the white display the heat
The devil may cry, that's for Cuba, I'm playin' for keeps
How my ends not gon' meet, at the end of the week
I'mma be the streets for ya, I can get the streets on ya
Give me the things, I can bang, plus I'm trained to get lower
That's the last time I seen a CEO and his lawyer
See my shit tight, and I don't stack 5 feet taller

(Starang Wondah)

Yo, niggaz gossip quick to pop shit
Actin' like they pop shit, really not shit, yo
Muthafuckers try to say I changed, man
I'mma tryna change from Lex to Range
Don't look strange, tryna say that I ain't the same
Y'all niggaz know about Starang, the same nigga
From the white building up the block
Who used to be the hype man, for Ruck and Rock
Who knew the number to them bitches that can suck some cock
Got in the beef, had thugs that'll bust them shots
My vocals make me more than bi-coastal
You local, I get this dough like I'm suppose to
Make riches that's far from social

Hear these words, when we approach you

(Top Dog)

You keep our business alone
You keep our business, in mind, your own
Niggaz fuckin' with the feds, they got me fed up
Fuck keepin' it real, just keep ya head up
Damn if I smoke the weed to keep me dead up
Niggaz fuckin' with lens, that'll get them set up
Bucktown is the shit, so nigga shut up
Fuck parkin' the whip, just keep it reved up
Niggaz needin' the fifth, to keep a leg up
Niggaz bustin' they shit to big they set up

(Chorus)

(Sean Price)

Aiyo, let's get down to business
Let's get pound with this shit, get that dough
Slap a nigga, dude be like, yo why you do that for?
Same reason I slap the other two, tic-tac-toe
Fuck around, and jump out the ride with the big black foe
Pop you in the face, and leave you with a big black hole
Every time I fuckin' rhyme, you always get that flow
Fuck you, I'm past that, ditch that flow
Heard you performin' at what, niggaz, skip that show
Nigga ---

(Hook 2X: Buckshot)

Who we be, we be Boot Camp Clik
Click, click, in the night

(Chorus)