

# 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  
&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 prophet 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)