

# Boot Camp Clik, Let's Roll

(Louieville Sluggah)

Aiyo, bank rolls, face swolls  
BD Boys move, cause they know it dollars when I say so  
Say no, if it ain't dough, right up front  
Because you still got haters right up front  
That's plottin' on the downfall, creepin' all around y'all  
As soon as he jump up, I grip that pound sound off  
Just trynna live this, back bone the business  
BCC is the clik and, y'all can't get with  
Nothing them boys spitting  
Cause y'all like female dogs --- bitches  
So move when we come through, of course with a gun or two  
So tell me now, what the fuck niggaz gonna do  
H-E-NN-Y, pissy off shots of Hen', rockin' til I die  
Nuts I bust off, if I bust off  
Slugs I bust off, if they want war, what?

(Top Dog)

Up in the club, Top Dog, show me some love  
I got my game face, gun in the place, blaze the place  
With that yard weed, you know the god we remember that  
You know we, ten second roly, bum on the fat

(Chorus 2X: Tek (Starang Wondah))

Hey ma, I'm hollerin', trynna see if you swallowin'  
Hey ma, trynna pick out which ride you hoppin' in  
I know you wanna ride, come on, let's roll  
(Aiyo, I kow you wanna roll, come on, let's ride)

(Tek)

It's six fifty by the curb, and a fifty ya herb  
Three sixties by the sixth fifty, that's by the curve  
Number six on the throwback, Julius Irv'  
Pound on 36 indites, for use and observe

(Starang Wondah)

These niggaz steppin' on the scene, MVP's of the team  
Steppin' outta Yukon, like Alida Lamine, knawmean?  
Starang Wondah, pickin' and crips  
You know me, low key, bitch, lits on the spliff  
Skinny nigga, I ain't got no time to exercise  
Step to guys, motherfuckers lives is jeopardized  
Y'all recognize

(Tek)

Yeah, we dead in the hood, but not dead in the hood  
You know your boys boys, credit line is good  
Can't afford to see your step, got torned, same as the lords  
Sip clubs and smoke purple, like we won the playoffs

(Hook: Buckshot)

No matter what you go through  
We gonna stick gonna together

(Steele)

Got on my Timb boots, car hard jeans too  
Bulletproof vehicle, that's how we steam through  
Ten to twenty niggaz deep with me, muggs rollin' the drugs  
Bouncers wanna throw us out, but we ain't givin' a fuck  
I'm 3 star general, who you?  
Cowards wanna disrespect the God, screw you  
Bet if I put the Smif-N-Wess', and to ya head and squeeze it  
Kill all the beef, and send you to meet Jesus  
Say y'all, rappers, can hate on

Waiting on my down fall, mad cause we stay strong  
Most record labels too scared to deal with some real shit  
Bet they all ride the dick when they feel this  
Duck Down, bitch, you in Bucktown  
Little homey playin' big man and got struck down  
Ain't near motherfucker safe in this game we walkin'  
Puttin' in work, til I'm layed in the coffin  
Play hard strong, scrape y'all, thing on my waste y'all  
Face off, BC, every thing we been through we still together  
Keep sons on the block, guess to dead ya

(Buckshot)

Roll with me, ride with me  
You can get dissed til ya side, or side with me  
Whether it's raw or it's cooked beef, we serve fiends  
Proteins in our hooks and beats, from the snow to the streets  
Skeets of the rain, feet in the games  
And every nigga eatin' the same, I can't quit  
Drama then we handle it, cause any man'll flip with no prob'  
Wanna play ball? Get ya squad  
My shit is for niggaz behind bars, who do crime  
Do time, and do time hard, play the yard  
Lift heavy, get ready for the massacre  
We came a long way after ya, I see them niggaz gashin'  
Cause, you really ain't half the thug  
You just an average nigga flappin' for love

(Hook)

(Chorus 2X)

(Louieville Sluggah)

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