

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 click 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 rolly, 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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