

Boot Camp Clik, Trading Places

(Intro-Sean Price)

P! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hey yo, listen

(Verse 1-Sean Price)

Before I lay my head down to rest
I roll up a dimebag of petro, then let the sket' blow
Sean Price from Seflow, nah, I'm from down the block
Brownsville, peace, my niggaz squeeze all kinda shots

(Verse 2-Steele)

You can catch me in your tenement
Hangin' with these thugs, weed, guns and Timberlands
Grind for the dividends, ride for my siblings
Roll with a bunch of gremlins, stick you up for your benjamins

(Verse 3-Rock)

Here we go, breakin' day with a mad lah session
Plottin' and schemin', somebody gon' die when I catch 'em
A lot of y'all should be petrified when I step inside
Of your section, especially if you're stoppin' my cheddar

(Verse 4-Tek)

So why oh why did I need cappuccino?
Must've had a hangover from all that Remy and Clicko
Nah, I don't remember hittin' off in the spot
Too tore up, don't remember gettin' it on with no cops

(Verse 5-Sean Price)

Nigga, my eyes peep this life in the form you can't picture
Panoramic view, the hammer damage your crew
Back flippin', gat spittin', sell crack rapper dude
Back smack a few rappers who rap with a attitude

(Verse 6-Tek)

Benjamin Benicar, Afrika Bambaataa
Get up in your spot with the four-fifth two shotter
Play the back with some of my mans
It's family first, like the "Tek"; that's on the back of my hands

(Verse 7-Rock)

We all walk around town with the pound strapped down
And clap a clown, and if not, it's cool, I will pound you out
I get me harders, that's why I'm Rock man, I regulate ya
Scrape bitch niggaz faces cross the pavement, whoever hatin'

(Verse 8-Steele)

You asked for it, who want beef? Well here's war
Silence the .44 so nobody will hear the roar
Now your body is stretched out horizontally on the floor
That's what a snitch get when he talk about what he saw

(Verse 9-Sean Price)

Commence the rock slide (Oh no!) I'm crushin' your pride by surprise
I be Sean Price, the forward for the Fab Five
It's 'Unbelievable', Christopher Wallace
The way I squeeze the tool and dig in your pocket, let's get money, nigga

(Verse 10-Rock)

Yo, from an unknown region, me and my legion
Never believin' to hear you bitch niggaz breathin'
The summer doom, doom, din, nobody eatin'
Nobody leavin' 'til you pay y'all owe my BCC, bitch

(Verse 11-Steele)

I'm dwellin' in the cellar with my niggaz Heltah Skeltah
Smif-N-Wessun pull triggers, the heat melt ya, Lord help ya
The Terrible Two, the Furious Four
I dare y'all to bear arms and square off with this force

(Verse 12-Tek)

See, I was taught that two wrongs don't make a right
But me and Steele been tight for a while and everything's a'ight
And it ain't never gonna change
And that's as real as the blood that's blue in our veins, bitch

(Hook-Rock)

Y'all don't wanna Trade Places with us, stay in your place
Claimin' you thug, Trade Places with us, we'll erase your face
The wrath of Duck Down, Bucktown is real
Word to them niggaz Ruck, Rock, Tek and Steele

(Scratched vocals)

"We all walk around town with the pound strapped down"
"Nigga, my eyes peep this life in the form you can't picture"
"See, I was taught that two wrongs don't make a right"
"Nigga, you asked for it, who want beef? Well here's war"

(Hook-Rock)

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