

# 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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