

Boot Camp Clik, Watch Your Step

Excuse me, excuse me

I be the poetry man that was sent here by the WWBCC fanclub

You called the number 1-900-GET-DA-BOOT and you asked the question

What is the world coming to

How come nature hasn't changed us

How come we haven't learned so many things

Things that rearrange our brains make us think insane

See we were sent here on a mission

A particular one this plan that was sent

That was broadcast across the planet earth

So to let you know open your eyes realize

Reps, sayin? Suuweeee

Chorus:

Rock: Yo watch yo step baby

Louieville: Watch where ya walk

Rock: When it time for some action

Louie: Yo these reps don talk

Rock: That first step a doosy

Louie: So watch where ya walk

Rock: When it time for action

Louie: Real heads don talk

Check this

I press this nigga next on my checklist

Get restless bring it where ya rest son di-tect it SEE

I gets hectic when these reps run through your set bitch

No diggy

Soon we bring it to crews a fifty

Se it be be niggas that make it shitty in ya city

A sound simply pounds leaving your grounds empty

You just can convince me

That you got what it takes TO

Swim in a tank of sharks become bait

Face 5-8 inches are better, however

Supreme, means I bring things ya can measure

Bring bad weather, like Starang, Louie and D.O.

See we blow muthafuckas to rubbish like we C-4

Wee known to be triple R rated but gets down for dough

To of the first to hit the scene and the last to go

Move slow if you got the heart to get blazed

By the double one mac when you react and get laid

Leave yo back sprayed, attack fade turn your naps gray

Move yo monkey ass ore I let this fuckin?gat play

Melodies that I mash your mainframe

To bring forth and understand then know why these two niggas came

Get yo body stained my shotty plain far from complex

Been trained by the realer soldiers, gods and the non

But the bomb threat

Has yet to be confirmed

Shoulda learned that we de-bone these cats like big worm

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Alright here goes the submission holder MC folder
Scold ya supreme sting teams Rock the boulder
Yes I shoulda told ya
We bomb crews like Oklahoma
Don come any closer
Leave those creepers sleepin?in comas
Playtime over, draw ya toaster from ya hoster
Roast ya then watch them fall like October
It gets colder, than January
Shoulda ran already
Too late crews break cuz they still ain ready
Ain steady
Defeat the weak who speak petty
I sting you with lingual sharp like a machete
Prepare to meet your maker
Won hesitate to break a snake up
Bomb crews like Arnold then Il berate ya

These rebels are dissatisfied
So many dead so many battlecries
So many things that change so many niggas try
To end me cuz envy has taken over
So many fake thugs so many slugs this shit gets colder
As I got older had plans to roll like boulder
And flip the whole set cuz cash wreck for all my souljahs
I fumble a well nigga that shelves who have to tumble
Before I get locked and blow the spot like Bryant Gumble
Prepare to rumble we servin?justice now must this
Nigga get open like a leakhead wit a dutch spliff
Now fuck this these reps are-a
No need to crush shit when I touch shit
I make this shit more spicier than mustard

Ahh ohh ahh