

Boot Camp Clik, Whoop His Ass

(Buckshot)

Yeah, this one for all you motherfuckers dissing me
And don't I'm listening, well I'm listening you listen

I went from rags to riches, riches to rags
On my face & pocket to the one on gat
For the ones that be up back like anybody did it
Fronting like fake digits look Kenyta did it
Prolific hard-core shit I gotta spit it
The hardest admit it put my heart in it
I ain't trying to see broke all wanna do is see notes
A few mill with an ill speedboat
And I quote Buck ain't daily good
Fuck words, I spits shots till you feel good
Love rap & I love mc-ing
Shit but still love killing every nigga in sight
No reason, we in duck season, watch out
Elmer bud, smoke the fuss pull the glock out
Jack in box two shots pop out
Still money on the dow pitch stock out
It's Duckdown I-N-C for niggas who be D-I-C-K ride I-N-G
Don't hate just holla and you can follow pitbull & rottweilers
Who wear chain tight collar
Benz to Impalas
Friends who just gotta grab they dick, cause they love
Hip Hop like Big Poppa
Dog, Heh I know it's hard to see
But I'm Whoop your Ass my squad & me

(Rufus Blaq/Chorus)

That nigga on block slanging
Whoop his ass
Talking bout how he banging
Whoop his ass
Nigga felt your girl ass
Whoop his ass
He fronting on your cash
Whoop his ass
If he get up in your face
Whoop his ass
Put him back in his place
Whoop his ass
Don't be playing with these niggas, man
You better Whoop his ass (repeat)

(Steele & Tek)

Who dem niggas over there (Steele)
Some broke dude fronting thinks I was scared (Tek)
Man., get that thang what he moving onions (Tek)
Stop playing I'll show you how to this younging (Tek)
See we about biz feed the kids, no apologies (Steele)
Pushing for you industry niggas no stopping this

(Steele)

Been pissing whores before R.Kezzy (Tek)
We number one stunners like Baby & Wezzy (Tek)
Do like it's easy want me, see me (Steele)
Fuck talking, we squeezing my lips is greasy (Steele)
My neck, My back (Tek)
Y'all I'm gonna light this head crack (Tek)
My neck, My back (Tek)
Suck my dick & nut sack (Tek)
Bitch! (Tek)

(Chorus)

(Buckshot)

Who this flapping like he started something
Acting like you hard or something
Man, listen you can sell drugs for life
I'm a hit-man for hire sell slugs for life
And you that right anybody left goodnight
Run you down your last sight is the headlight
In the Halo niggas better watch what they say yo
Cause I don't play no bank broke O.K. so
Up the world like I saw your girl
Fuck yours I throw up Crowhill you throw up Earl
I keep a mac by my dog precious
So I can bark & bite at the same time
Y'all test up I spaz out ass-low I never ass out
Keep a gun I be the first one to pull the brass out no doubt
So I ain't to prove you nothing
But I can prove one thing is that you two-way fronting

(Chorus)