Boot Camp Clik, Yeah

[Verse 1-Tek]
It's the chalk cracker, street rapper, x-factor
Smokey Lah, your girl ass slapper
Trap rider, nipple biter, spits fire
The coptic hitman for hire
The rate proper, pound copper, dime chopper
Don't get it twisted, you'se a cock blocker
I'm a nigga double-darer, nigga, I double dare ya
To act like you want it, touch this boy's a ton wearer
Me the semi popper, SL shot ya
Tell mo' deep call the copper
'Cause you wanna flip mo', Bucktown sicko
Ask my nigga Kicko 'bout Miami strip shows
Real deal, PNC Steele
True warrior, I'm not Holyfield
In the words of Marvin Gaye, "What's Going On?"
Black mask, black glove, B-I-G love

[Verse 2-Buckshot]
Yeah, that's how I like it
High with a hangover, me and my mic get
Might just take a little day off to lay off
Niggas like you that don't pay off, you fake boss
This ain't a rap, this reality
You sad to see I set up a salary, you mad at me?
Well, Duck Down is the home
Where we put it down for two-thousand and on
And anybody gettin' gully is us
So anybody gettin' money is us, the rest is up
Not really worth the mentionin'
When the last time you heard a rapper with a pension?
And mention him, B-U-C-K
Look on my grill, duke, do you see play?
Nah, I come fully equipped
One rubber, one key to burn rubber, one rubber grip

[Chorus: Tek] + (Buckshot)
Is Boot Camp the best to do it? (Yeah)
Tell me, do you love our music? (Say Yeah)
Can I talk to you for a minute? (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Allow my mans to get off in it (You say Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)
Can I talk to you for a minute?
Allow my mans to get off in it (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Is Boot Camp the best to do it?
Tell me, do you love our music?

[Verse 3-Steele]
Niggas ain't ready for the shit we got
The Clik we got, the heat we bust, the beats we rock
The street not Pop, but don't think a T won't pop
A team that I've got got a mean pump shot
Sleep not, me no speak to cops
But not nothin', not one dime drop
Stop snitchin', clock digits, clock chicken
Block sizzlin', cops sniffin', pop biscuits, leave not one witness

[Verse 4-Rock]
Niggas be shakin' like pits when they lock on, I rock on
Calm, in these streets or in jail, gettin' my high rocks on
Even though I rock with the red, gettin' my pop on
I'm a D-E-C-E-P-T-Icon
You mutha fuckin' right, Pa, I fight hard and I like crons
It ain't my fault I don't like y'all [Word], stop actin' like broads
Fold yo' bitch ass up, you a tripod

We don't need no cameras for this version of "Die Hard"
Oh my God! Oh my goodness, no, say "Oh my Rockness"
I'm a God to y'all, Rock, damn it, all of y'all my kids
All of y'all doin' shit I done did years ago
So all y'all suck my dick in stereo

[Chorus]

[Verse 5-Louieville Sluggah]
You'se a bullshitter, I'm a big-dream go-getter
Then I go get her, let the whole crew hit her
Then I send her back room to ya
Where you kissin' her and eatin' her, and niggas finish beatin' her
You'se a Jackass, your new name is Steve-O
Ray, Ray, Ray, niggas don't believe you
I take care of niggas I fuck wit
But you on the other hand, Uncle Tom ass nigga
Callin' me a brother man, damn
You would've had me if I ain't know no better, man
Believe half of what you see and none of what you hear
In one ear and right out the other
You can't fool me, a G schooled me
Man listen, my life is somethin' like a movie
And you just a mouse tryin' to get a crumb, get him some
But you ain't gettin' shit, or put back on the strip

[Chorus]

[Outro-Buckshot]
Headz Ain't Redee for the shit we got
Headz Ain't Redee, man, I swear they not
Headz Ain't Redee for the shit we got
Headz Ain't Redee, man, I swear they not
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