

# Smif-n-wessun, Stand Strong

I walk around town with the pound strapped down,  
that's only because it's mad real in Bucktown.  
It gets mad deep in the streets,  
when you gotta watch ya back for beasts, enemies even ya peeps.  
I step to my business stand strong on my own two,  
do what I have have to do to get true.  
If you for real then you know the deal,  
I do or die and I never ran never will.

[Verse 1]

Daybreak sneaks upon my camp once more,  
niggas drowning in blackness stretched on da floor.  
Breakfast is served the killa dilla from the sky,  
Aw boy go head me but no boy wan die!  
Watch the thin line 'nough rap and reality,  
get yourself hurt even cause fatal causality.  
See, let me explain this ain't no game,  
the words you talking have you coming right up out your frame.  
You understand where I'm coming from slim,  
Bucktown's the state of mind that I'm trapped in.  
If you want to see me have some sensei,  
keep your actions real everything will be ire.  
Wicked minded youth dem'll lick off a shot,  
cause the roots silly around my way to get hot.  
Had to relocate, update with my inner,  
feel and destroy when I step in the center.  
A decipher in the night, woo rolled tight,  
Boot Camp Click no doubt that's right.  
Now you sank in the sadem, asking me to stop them,  
from throwing away your sloppy double chinned husband.  
Mr. Ripper I got lyrics out the Tims,  
hurt dem pride so bad make ya never talk again.  
Now you call yourself a man, I cram to understand,  
never step into ya business less ya got a clan.

When I come around the block,  
I give mad love to the heads that I know,  
while the heads that I don't know watch.  
As I step to my business they witness me,  
consistently building with my family.  
Jealously makes them enemies,  
so when I'm nice step correctly and my ????  
Individuals who chose to use life for granted,  
what cha' gon when it's demanded.  
When your boys leave ya stranded in the mist,  
of a battle where you get that ass shattered at your own risk.  
I hope ya niggas get right this time,  
cause in this life of mine I'm going out for crime.  
And I believe, you got to take what you want to achieve,  
some do have tricks up them sleeves (but we).  
Crack down on the wack found background Bucktown  
get down if your with then now.  
Cause what's happening theres a whole lot of flappin',  
but watch what'll happen if we bring gun clappers in.  
Boot Camp organizing in the streets,  
in the industry on the rise with my peeps, but don't sleep.  
Cause you only manage to gain a mental block on your brain,  
or a glock to your frame.  
Basic training Boot Camp don't let shit slide,  
so we be ready for what be on the brick side.

Straight like that beat minus for ya crumbs!!!