

Boot Camp Clik, But Tha Game Iz Still Tha Same

(Intro-Louis Farrakhan vocal sample)

"The names and the faces have changed
But Tha Game Iz Still Tha Same" You tell 'em, Farrakhan
"Understand it, brothers and sisters"

(Hook-Rock)

Y'all go 'head, get your hustle on, huh
We gon' continue to get our muscle on
Muscle anybody, muscle y'all 'cause
"Tha Game Iz Still Tha Same" We still B-C-C
Y'all go 'head, get your hustle on, huh
We gon' continue to get our muscle on
We done watched a bunch of y'all come and gone
But, "Tha Game Iz Still Tha Same" B-C-C

(Verse 1-Buckshot)

Look at you, dog, you hustlin' hard
You flip the script, true, you playin' your part
Got the looks, got the chain, earrings, playin' your card
I know you playin' yourself only to be big, but hey pa
Everybody's a titan, we do whatever they likin'
So I invite you to the spot so you can see the right view
'Cause, I'm sittin' back and I'm laughin'
At niggas spendin' they money, and they don't even have it
It's tragic, some do elastic numbers
For a look in the mirror and the net full of slum, but
You can't tell 'em nothin' when they stuntin'
Like Evil Knievel, leavin' the needle jumpin'
Something's gotta change, kinda strange how niggas start actin'
When a hot record come out, they think it's them rappin'
Then they get gassed and start clappin'
When them things come out, they get assed and start trackin'

(Hook-Rock)

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(Verse 2-Steele)

I stay real since 'Atari' and 'Calico'
Late night hustlin', hangin' with my peoples
What's in my 'X-Box'? Unknown to the cops
'Cause I don't 'Play Stations' close, I ain't tryin' to get knocked
It's not a game, boy, nah, I knew that from the genesis
When you see me, I'm fatigued up, stay in some Timberlands
Soldier in this 'Game Cube', bang dudes, gang rules
It's not a 'Dream Cast' when your life flash in your view

(Verse 3-Sean Price)

Yo, listen, hey yo, Dexter Manning, pull sket's, wet your family
Overstand the underhanded ways of my Camp, B
Sean P the General, so generally speakin'
I put ten in your body, your friends 'll be leakin'
Never chill on the weekend, the son don't chill
Gat 'll spray on a Saturday 'cause I'm from the 'Ville
Got no time for petty lines, rappin' your stupid shit
You can get the fist in your face for fuckin' with the pugilist
Sean ain't new to this, rappin' a while now
Happy drug dealer, sell crack with a smile now

Karate chop grills, Johnny Knoxville
Gettin' high from my own supply, that's not real
Your arm's too short to box with the God
You weed-whack, don't smoke pot with the God
Listen, Sean Price is the prophet, the profit
The best Nation is donation, Elijah Mohammad, P!

(Hook-Rock)

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(Outro-Louis Farrakhan vocal sample)

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