

Boot Camp Clik, Go For Yours

(Chorus: D. Real)

It be the B.T.J's, wit lyrics for all
We be on point wit the joints, cuz we takin no fall
So I'mma go for mine (so son, go for yours)
Yo I'mma go for mine (so son, go for yours)

(El Sha)

My crew be in the mix, like name brand kicks
The kids that only deal wit that type of nonsense
You can't get wit, D.K.S. self evident
Adolescence, reign the supreme court, in any, every, meant

(Lil Knock)

The time was approximately eleven forty three
When the D called me, and told me, we must be
Lyrically, the best that he says, the
K N O C K, and S and K, it's spray
Comin away, the B.T.J., it be they
I'mma hold it down, wit sounds
Like clowns, walk the trey pound
Now in the underground, B.T.J. just entered
Remember, the S comes last like December
Once shit cock it's time to Rock like the Monsta
In reality, B.T.J., is lyrically responsible for all difficulties

(El Sha)

My lyrics oppose a threat to the best M.C. yet
And appears nightmares for those who slept
Also the biters, claimin they writers
They need to think about what they talk about
When you exposin your dirt, that's when you dummin out
Dwellin in the PJ's, all day, hangin out wit nothin to do
Them rebellin niggas is mad, cuz I'm tellin the truth
Hittin yo wit mind craftin, flows to molecular cord graphin

(Chorus 2X)

(Lil Knock)

Aiyo one day it was me and the D
Walkin down the street, some niggas stepped to me
Said are you Lil R-U-T-I-Z
He said I heard you nice on the muthafuckin M-I-C
Battle me, battle right here, and let's see
So we kicked a verse that didn't hurt
So I hit 'em worst, to let him know I don't play those games
Save 'em for the jerks, D. Verbs said "Son, let me get some"
I said "No, cuz he's a victim, and he probably in my premises
You know when I open my book wit my lyrics I'm endin this"
(No question) All this shit he poppin in my ears
Fuckin ejected, he can't hang wit my style
Look now, here's man fillin it, back to like what I was sayin
I start extortin, I'm not playin
You want Lil Knock? I come on your block
Cock and then start sprayin, lyrics
So don't start what you can't finish
Cuz I will be sure to end whatever you created

(El Sha)

Mentally you can't function
Physically you dead wit the push of this button
Explosion be corruptin, from the expert of execution
I met Lil Knock at the junction
He was talkin about walkin, to the tree spot
We took the L to New Rox, we got stopped by two cops

Talkin about 'Where the two glocks?', we doo wops
How was I two glocks? Man, it's too hot
And I'm cold, so let me go, I never hold
Whoever told you, that I do la?
Lil Sha, fuck a do or die
Nigga die, because of what they do
I do what I do wit my crew
Po-po was hype, they was like 'You bite, stick wit the mic device'
Drivin off, said 'Have a good night'
Personally I might, and all that shit I said was a psych'

(Break)

So who's the crew that give nightmares to those who slept (D.K.S.)
Constantly flown wit finesse (D.K.S.)
Puttin all comp' to rest (D.K.S.)
Be the best so you can't contest