

Boot Camp Clik, Hate All You Want

(Intro-Rock)
Yeah, Boot Camp!

(Verse 1-Rock)
Go 'head, act like you don't know Boot Camp Clik
Go 'head, ask who, I will, "I Stand Alone", God smash you
I will pop lamb the chrome at your broad and you
I will have Xzibit "Pimp Your Ride" then carjack you
Have him shoot you dead, you stressin'
Just 'cause your girl showed me her best Superhead impression
I'm Don Rocko, rapper-slash-mutha fuckin' crook-
Slash-killer, got you mutha fuckas shook, take a mutha fuckin' look...

(Verse 2-Buckshot)
...At how you lookin' and you look at me now
I had to move up, you pulled me down
Yup, now I'm shittin' with no tissue
And this is my issue, I'm not kiddin' you
Y'all say it's forbidden for me to be a fly rap star
In a fly car, livin' like y'all
So, I don't pay you no mind
Go ahead, switch, have a gay old time
You that bitch, rapper-slash-fan
Tryin' to get on with your half-a-ass plan
I know, you a "Watch When I"
Watch when I this, watch when I, but then I
Show y'all mutha fuckas how the indies do it
Duck Down, servin' niggas like Wendy's do it
Why y'all fight over release date
I'm droppin' mutha fuckin' records every month, with a new briefcase, I'm so
straight

(Verse 3-Sean Price)
Like six o'clock, grip the watch
Off your wrist and watch as bitch get the cops
Sean Price quick to box, grip your gwop
Split your knot and go pitch piston rocks
You ain't shit to Rock, you ain't shit to me
Tryin' to take out the team, that's some shit to see
We the number one independent
You a bird, go against your word, snitchin' on your co-defendant, P

(Hook-Rock)
We Boot Camp! Y'all can Hate it All You Want
Boot Camp! All you stunts, all you chumps
Boot Camp! Have us straight break all y'all fronts
And if it go down, we all gon' dump, Boot Camp!
Boot Camp! Y'all can Hate it All You Want
Boot Camp! All you chumps, all you stunts
Boot Camp! Guns scrape damn near all y'all smuts
Your man pop off, we all gon' dump, Boot Camp!

(Bridge-Rock)
Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four
That's what we chant when we 'bout to get it on
Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four
That's what we chant when we 'bout to get it on
Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four
That's what we chant when we 'bout to get it on
Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four
Boot Camp, it's time to get it on

(Verse 4-Tek)
Yo, ten-hut! That's how I move 'round with the nine tucked

Plus, I'm in a black truck, the ARS Corsa
Window half down with a whistling sound
Next thing, you in a wheelchair bein' pushed 'round
Hold up, wait a second, get the wrong idea of Tek
'Cause you paralyzed don't mean I don't show you respect
But some of y'all deserve more than two shots to your grill
Hit with a clip full, buried in products-ville, biatch!

(Verse 5-Steele)

My team thick like syrup, b-d-rrrrrr-up
My gun go, it's time to roll, nigga, hur' up
Crime mind corrupt, never wanna burn up
Burn us, ain't no tellin' where your body turn up
Smif-N-Wessun, dirty, know it's sure us
We said "Headz Ain't Redee", I don't think ya heard us
Now we back in position with the gat in the britches
Put the track in submission, it's a wrap for you niggas

(Hook-Rock)

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