

Boot Camp Clik, Ice Skate

(CHORUS: Danielle Henry)

It's on you if you wanna hate (we stay true)
You can ice-skate (you and you)
But you don't hold no weight
This is how we do around here

(Sean Price)

I know, you don't like me, I don't like you
You wanna fight me? Well fuck it, let's fight, duke
I'm 1/5th of the Fab, I'm 1/8th of the great
I got shit on the ave, I make cake out of state
Smack clown niggas, back down niggas
In the front yappin or the background niggas
B-u-c-k is that town, nigga
R-u-c-k, the fact's found, nigga
So listen as the god body rap
I pop this and twist it when the god shotie clap
Yo, recognize the name
Sean Price, recognize my game

(Buckshot)

Critics, rip em down like thunderpound
Makin niggas wonder how
That nigga Buckshot still around
Knowin you pop the most shit
While I pop that Cris and that Mo shit
I get scoliosis cause I ain't straight
Till I see every one of my niggas rise
Don't say shit to Buck, I solidify
Come on guy, recognize and correct
Anybody disrespect I'ma show you parts of your body you never met
Let's start with your heart, then next let's visit your butt
I'm good with the arts, kickin my part
Like done deal, signed and sealed
The contract on your life is a mill
What the deal

(CHORUS)

(Top Dog)

I don't know baby, maybe it's the dog in me
That got me runnin around, markin my territory
Don't try to stop me now cause I'm ahead of the pack
Chasin that cat, girl, you know I know better than that
You say you love me when you know you hate me
See me on the screen and try to date me
But I play the streets cause that's where the cake be
Because I'm D-o-g you wanna leave me lonely, lonely, loney

(Steele)

Screw me? Screw you
Who me? Who you?
I do me, you do you
Respect the General, I'm too true to the game
You new in the game
Mad cause I get up in the clubs with my Timbs and jeans
Weed in my seams, pass all the fiends
We all VIP's, peep my ass in your dreams
So my company better have my currency
Been actin funny currently
Y'all might react gallantly
Don't like the fact that programmers can't stand us
We too military, record labels can't handle us
Press click cameras, we click-click-click hammers, brah

Get slick, we sic the animals
Far from amateurs, we professionals
Hard bars and bricks lock shit like correctional
This industry two-way like bi-sexual
BC straight in your face, defrost niggas next to you

(CHORUS)

(Buckshot)

You can ice-skate, meaning bounce and breeze
Bounce, so leave, you could have a ounce of trees
Fuck fatigue, we white t's, cut the sleeves
You gotta love it how we (?) with ease
Oh of course Buck the boss toss molotovs in your Ford Explor'
You niggas ain't raw, you poor, this is what you can't afford
To keep dissin Buck thinkin I'm soft
Baby, I put it down when you was in drawers
I ain't never say pause
Fuck a fad, fuck the latest trend
I leave bodies where I lay this pen
And next time I gotta say this again
I'ma say exactly, not a lot but the gun'll spray
Now gone and play

(Ruck)

Bust on you, baby, for everything
Grab guns, take rings, chain bling, everything
No doubt, Ruck is the best
My kids think I'm such a success
They don't know a motherfucka's a mess
I used to stand on the block with Rock for fun
With a pocket full of rocks and 1's
Stopped that, now I got chips from illegal stock tips
When I draw heat on crackers on Wall Street
Yo

(CHORUS)