

Boot Camp Clik, Just Us

(Buckshot)

Most definitely

We up in here

Boot Camp Clik

On the beat...

TY Dizzle

Ah

One Shot Deal

Duck Down in this muthafucka once again

Let's do this

(VERSE 1: Top Dog)

(You) thought I was finished, you thought I was done

Cause I took time off to raise my son

But I rep for the streets, prepared with the heat

The Top Dog will rhyme over any beat

Yeah, you rep for the hood, that's all to the good

My dogs get high off Henn and backwood

I got love for the game but some of you lames

Get me sick tryin to sound the same

But I do what I do, carry the flame

Like the last child tryin to carry the name

I'ma rep for my stripes, that's word to my life

Like you coward cops tryin to take my life

(VERSE 2: Louieville)

Yo, I'm just tryin to do me, high as fuck

Countin up bucks, baby boy's lackin trucks

Tryin to live through all the bullshit

Addin up chips, a nigga tryin to get rich

And when I'm aggravated I smoke heavenly

Drink heavenly until the loss of memory

It's the Vi-double to the I-e

Movin out where it's warm when it's chilly

(VERSE 3: Buckshot)

The god is back to put the r in rap

No R&B niggas, the streets don't want a part of that

Become hard for the game, some starve for the game

Some don't get the picture till they a part of the frame

Just cool it, mane, it's simple and plain

Yeah, I'm from Brooklyn but I live in this game

Still the same and I do the thang like it never was done

This little nigga move ahead of the gun

So what you sayin?

(CHORUS: Buckshot)

Everyday all day

(I'm) with my niggas

(Just) hangin out

(Just) coolin out

(Just) on the regular

(I'm) with my niggas

(Just) hangin out

(Just) coolin out

(Just) sober for now but

(I'm) rollin up

(Just) hangin out

(Just) coolin out

(Just) everbody together

(I'm) lovin it

(Just) hangin out

Coolin out

(VERSE 4: Tek)

Tek son, it's time that you're free
It been nights I ain't sleep
Too busy worried about the moves in the street
We send flames down the base of your spine
We lose one but we killed two, catch you while you're out on your grind
A nigga gotta get bloody every once in a row
Give it and go, let it out, it's good for the soul
How you're talkin but you can't understand it
I'm 'bout my money, mane, and I gets respect cause I demand it
Chief headbuster, throw a ace, come back on the sixth
Gotta jump, yeah, I ran but came back with the fifth
We turn May to the 4th of July
Sober you up, you're high
(?) I'm the voice of the (?)

(VERSE 5: Starang Wondah)

Yo, it's Starang Won with no deal, I'm mobile
This rap shit is so real, man, you don't even know Will
I play the crib, re-runs of _Moesha_
Eatin cold pizza, man, smokin more reefer
Passed my bitch up, took the hooker back, it's cheaper to keep her
Try to escape, a nigga keep gettin in deeper
Yo, this ain't the same Starang niggas is used to
I'm neutral but that don't mean a nigga won't shoot you
Yo, I write a check, niggas turn up dead
I'm like a toaster the way a nigga burn up bread
Aha, I come on, I play chess when I'm rappin
For real yo, a nigga feel like I'm the best when I'm rappin

(VERSE 6: Steele)

General Steele, original head, original crook
Reside in Southside Queens, born in the Brook
As a youth I was raised up by the books
Mom and pops gave what they could, the rest I took
Crook put me on, told me, "God, step to your biz
The hood needs soldiers to represent for the kids
Boom Camp started, so y'all gotta finish the shit"
BC legendary, dog, remember these kids
No record company can put an end to this shit
We click-click-click-connect, stay connect to get bricks
Black Smif-n-Wessun's the shit, we puttin it in
Entered da Stage underaged and became men
I shine, you shine, get your papers, mang
These cold streets preach the Rude Awakening
For the People we gon' do this, we endurin the pain
Duck Down more than a label, this family, mang

(CHORUS)