

# 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 )