

Boot Camp Clik, The Chosen Few (Live For This)

(VERSE 1: Starang Wondah)

Hey yo, I remember Paula, a female baller
We hit down south, I would call her
She was lonely, strippin, had a job at the Shoneys
The only one who showed me the real from the phoneys
Stayed hangin out with her best friend Tony
Eyes stayed red with a head full of pony
Always jokin sayin she wish she could clone me
Actin all friendly, I hooked her up with Henny

(VERSE 2: Louieville)

Then she told me for me and Foul to come OT
You know me, baby girl, show me the money
Doin 90 down 95 South
If we don't move it out, then the town'll have a drought
Pushin, pedal to the metal
Once we get there the worries'll get settled
Chillin, fallin back for the week with
Money that counts and shorty bop's a freak
Toast to the dogs in the war
The one's who've been there, through rich and the poor
This bitch gotta twist up and hit
Ain't that some shit, I gotta ask, ain't that a bitch
But a nigga gotta keep the shit rollin
Keep the shit potent, Hennyville stay smokin
And a nigga ain't crackin no jokes
Smackin up your folks
Cause a nigga know broke

(VERSE 3: Sean Price)

Hey yo, I rhyme all day, I rhyme all night
I got to sleep, wake up, and rhyme some more
Starvin like Marvin, niggas screamin, "I'm so poor"
Hit records, bangin videos but I'm so poor
Yo, can I hold somethin? I'm fucked up, duke
You can tell by my jeans and my scuffed up boots
In the meantime, smoke a Newport down to the green line
Leave mine alone in the zone tryin to feed mine
Know y'all hope Sean fall with the words
Fuck you pa, Pope John, call him the Third
Follow the god, bitches wanna swallow the god
Hit my man off worse than you can polish the god

(Tek)

I told you to walk with me
You wanna lose your money, gamble with me
But if you all about your paper, hustle with me
Then come on
Come on
Listen
Listen

(VERSE 4: Tek)

All I need is one night, one whore, one million dollar score
Tell God to look out for one more
Matter of fact maybe more than one
So I can kick my feet up and sit down my gun
Just gimme one line, one role, complete with one lick
And one motion, collect it all from 1-6
This a painting of the barrio I'm givin to you
Readin a lifestyle a Harry-O see in his views
I'm tatted, only God can judge me, I know that I'm ugly
Who's my enemies and who don't love me?
My young'uns and my family all know that they could

Call the crib, same number, same hood, it all good

(VERSE 5: Buckshot)

I say it now like I said it back then
Bucktown's the state of mind that I'm trapped in
So I walk with the mind of many
My mind is designed to put rhymes in lines combined with semis
Spray any, plus I got the brain of a soldier
My son started but I stay till it's over
We click-click-click, it's Hamburger Hill
And saving Private Ryan out this bitch
I'm tryin to chill but we dyin quick
So my tactic to survive is a practice
Killin gus with my eyes, so how real am I?
And even if I'm finna fly I don't look the part
Cause in my hood we seperate the ballers and the crooks apart

(VERSE 6: Steele)

Ghetto livin, parallel to prisons
Cursed soul, from hell I've risen
We rebel from the system, Bloomberg cuttin millions from children
So we resort to the streets, I walk with my peeps
OG's responsible for my speech
Co-D's make me comfortable enough to preach
Tony Montana was deep, we all follow the script
Recipe to turn powder to bricks
Devour the script, the game the same, the players change
Homie, you gotta maintain if you wanna remain
Let God give guidance, may the hood provide us
With the necessities to get by this
Niggas fallin victim to mirages
We rep the hardest but the sweat gon' drip regardless
Behind enemy lines we chargin
The traget: gettin at all you niggas in the market
Got trees, spark it, got B's, then park it
Bucktown, where all the d's like to hawk us
Walk what you talk and gotta stay focused
Beware of this rap industry and the hocus pocus
Many are called, few are chosen
I choose to die for a cause and ride with my soldiers
Many are called, few are chosen
I choose to die for a cause and ride with my soldiers

(all)

We live for this, we die for this
Since some for die for this, we ride for this