

Mystikal, Out That Boot Camp Clicc

Chorus: Mystikal

Bitch I'm out that Boot Camp Clicc
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I got my rifle and my rocks see. (2X)

Mystikal.....
Left, your left
Left, your left, dress it right
Left your left, cover down soldier

Mark time march
Company! (Left!)
Atten---hut!

(Mystikal)
It's strictly representation of the Boot Camp Clicc
got to find, got you runnin that train!
The M-16 A2 the nine millimeter beretta AIM!
You better be dressed for wet weather soldier I get cold as North Dakota
I'ma do whatever whenever to run yo muthafuckin' ass BACK TO THE BORDER!
Rock and roll ya' I control ya' I can hold ya' lock and load
thirty round clip, FLESH GON' RIP
ain't shit a tourniquet can fix, the booby trap tripped
I drop P's and 203's on you MC's
ranked and hit the rooms, STAND BACK HEAVE!
in danger, but in the Ranger I drank King Cobra's
out my canteen and smoked Optimos
in the ashtray, violent, move silent
Five meter hittin single file counter
You in my sights you gonna DIE
you on it tight keep yo head down, EYE'S RIGHT
all you dying on the battlefied strictly for survival
(I hope you got your bible) BITCH!!! I GOT MY RIFLE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chorus

(Black Menace)
I hope you know nobody can take me
Handle my business I'm in this the winter
you fuck the menace and you will be tasting my tennis
and when I get finished you be needing a dentist
I'm ready to end this niggas defenseless when I be laying that shit down
Hold up, where the fuck you going? Nah nigga don't quit now
Reachin' up under your shirt like you got a strap but you ain't using shit!
FUCK bringin' out guns I'ma start drowning niggas
like Susan Smith cause youz the bitch making me believe
you other than a BITCHCOCK it's drama time and I'm playin
the role of a black ALFRED HITCHCOCK
B double O-T C-A-M-P better be known
where the best lay now what the fuck that camp like
(it's for life ess-say) I got my glock locked the fuck down
and I'm still gonna be pullin' a plug
Much love to my niggas that's full off the buzz I say what up cuz
I buzzed off the suds partna' I does what I want to
you tink your pretty C-A-T smart don't you
that first step's a loo-loo and I'm too through
so chill bailin' straight from the five-oh-four
so slow your roll and recognize the real

Chorus

(Mystikal and Black Menace)

It's a runaway from home can't escape the killin
feel ready to peel casket feel for real
Twistin' the night away AK's the weapon
step into the darkness this nigga be heartless
with the still feel me as I duck your guts upon a corner
down for the funk smell the aroma death I'm on ya
erase your blood stains ghetto train like a pit
survival kit marks the beast nigga triple six
Minus one up out the chamber, endangered species
be me when I'm in anger rearrange your structure
bustin' at you bustas USA to Russia
fuck you never trusta' Bitch I'm out that boot camp!

Chorus

Mystikal:

Company (Left!) Grrrrrrrr....HOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Riiight! Hee! (Forward!!)

(Mystikal....)

Forward....MARCH!!!! (Move Left!!)

Left.... Go Left

Left.... Go Left

Left.... Go Left

Left.... Go Left

Left, Left inch Left

Go Left right just right

Go Left, Left double it down go left right left

Left, Left, Left, Left, Left

Black Menace:

Big Rob been chillin'

Black Menace Aaaaahh Aaaaahh Aaaaahh Heeeee