

Yeah, H.C.P. Defeat does not exist in this Camp  
Do you hear me it's goin down  
Yhe niggaz who's sellin for real  
Ya boys hurtin out there man  
I see your sound scans we killin you baby  
And we gon keep bringing this pain  
and this motherfuckin bump in your motherfuckin speakers

See I'm the number one killa for these bitch ass niggaz  
Got guns got rope for a bitch ass nigga  
Plastic bags, duck tape for a bitch ass nigga  
Stolen cars, sellin hoes for a bitch ass nigga  
S K's, double clips for a bitch ass nigga  
40 cal. on the hip for a bitch ass nigga  
Ridin Benz's shootin at you old bitch ass nigga  
Hypnotize we allergic to a bitch ass nigga  
Niggaz wanna talk shit you a kid to me  
I'll f\*\*k you up, real dog, its some killas with me  
In the end you won't see me, just wait for my calls  
Ill ride by shoot your momma's house up and all  
And leave a motherfucker bleedin on the carpet  
Walk right up to your bedroom window and don't stop it  
Nigga you started, I won't when I brought you back  
Momma dead in the Lexus, when you look back

Hold up my nigga  
This is danger you is facing  
Ima crank the fuckin chain saw  
And cut you like Jason  
Aint wastin no time  
Ima go on head and let my smith and wesson  
Gone shine my nigga, yall be hatin  
Aint no hatin on me dog  
Ima leave you layin in the motherfuckin street dog  
Now catch this heat yall, lock it and release yall  
I'm just tryin to keep some mutherfuckin peace dog  
Yall Testin me

People always asking bout Project Pat  
Did he get ten years, or did he time go flat  
Well ima tell you like this, its a baller battle  
Try to prosecute a nigga, probably taller than Shaq  
Me and my brother been down, since the days a rap  
Hangin out Cypress Garden tryin to sell the crack  
Can't no money or no bitch can relate to that  
Throught he good and the bad ima have his back  
So ima tell you young niggaz in the streets today  
That be standing on the block, smoke chokin that hay  
The Police, Prosecutors are the enemies  
Dont get caught up in that cross yo decsion you make  
If I could turn back the hands of time, I would  
And tell my big brother the gun ain't no good  
He got one strike a felon, thats good

Its the heavyweight Champion chip of rap  
I hope you did all your sit ups and ran your laps  
Cause I'm ready for the whole damn ten round bout

Throw a jab left, up, right, to the map  
And I don't think your boys gonna help you this time  
Cause you done fucked around with the roll down kind  
Got get a bump and grind gotta bump me the pine  
Gotta nine to your spine, yo I gotta get mine  
With that in mind, yo for what I am highly trained  
Insane mane, and I gotta very good aim  
So bring yo bandaids and your pain killers  
We foe killer, type of niggaz  
Best believe we keepin you injured  
Even worse then you in pictures  
So get buck if you really think you want to  
Best believe Lord is gonna come back and haunt you

Calls it quits when you talk cause you spoke my name  
Gotta switch when you walk, lookin like you a dame  
Lil Wyte, yeah I rocked it when I entered the game  
Cause Ima hussler on my bumpin for my fortune and fame  
And its a blessin, not a question, being part of this Camp  
Learn a lessin from this blessin you can't f\*\*k with this Fam'  
Youll come up missin when you glisten your lil wrist I'm not dissin  
Until the center of attention, and your momma you listenin  
And I'm the one bringing thunder to this sky you wonder  
Fuck around wit a mugger and Ill then make you wonder  
What happened to this little craker it was just marijuana  
His shoes just got a little bigger, I just gonna warn you  
That he was creepin from the slab, where the gat is packed  
Pull a Cop killer bullets that'll pierce your back  
I tried to save your soul and plus state the facts  
But still bitch made motherfucker's get laid flat

Muthafucker cock sucker you don't want none of this  
Bitch pull a trigger tell a nigga fuckin wit this shit  
HCP best believe, bring the motherfuckin pain  
Clickin on you, hittin on you, we ain't playin no games  
Fuck you off, we the boss, got the city on lock  
Glock my side, time of ride, Got the sawed bitch cocked  
Wit a nigga makin moves, in this fuckin rap shit  
Trigger pull it, get a bullet, cause you know I'm strapped bitch  
Know a bunch of niggaz some real, some fake, some hate, Some trake  
So I get them bitches out the way  
Dont you test, be my guess, We gone bust the steal  
Nigga one less, shoot less, tone to the head feel  
Nigga what you wanna do dog  
Bring the shit to the fan  
Every stressin, got you goin down like quick sand  
Frayser Boy, Rep of course, find me in the fuckin Bay  
Slangin work, doin dirt, quickin wit the AK  
Pass the gat and lets ride  
Lord is in your house best go hide  
Crunchy gon smack you cross the head wit the Tone  
Juicy the type nigga you best leave lone  
Paul ain't gone talk at all he gon blast  
Fuckin wit this click you bitch you won't last  
Much love to my nigga Pat and thats real  
Lil Wyte reppin Bay with me don't get killed