

## And So

## Boot Camp Klik

It's Tek man niggaz can't tell me shit

I do what I do like I do for the hood  
Pop tools pop jewels burn backwoods  
Slay dj's who think they untouchable  
Renegade never been afraid MC's get it too  
The moral of the story is this  
I used to say get off but this time  
Suck my dick!  
I'm from BK home of Big and Aaliyah  
Watch how the pound of the four-fifth leave ya

I guess I'm back where I started  
Open up for Buckshot and just rappin retarded  
I hate the life that I'm livin I need it  
Don't believe me ask my wife and my children  
See I'm back on the street packin the heat  
Royalty checks equal to crack in the street  
Niggaz like f\*\*k crack Ruck rap to the beat  
I'm aight I'll be back week listen  
From day one I had bad start  
To eat moms stole meat out the path mart  
I ain't playin I went from the prey to the street  
To blazin heat to blazin heat to haze in street  
Did a couple of months and came home  
Thought about what I did  
Did the same shit I ain't come back home  
Niggaz like "why you done that homes?"  
"I don't know, (shit..f\*\*k)..I don't know"

The saga continues the motherf\*\*kin drama continues  
Buck brought bomb to ya interview and blew the main  
topic  
Whats up with boot camp klik son?  
They ain't knockin they ain't hot in  
Ain't droppin the now topics  
But listen nigga this is how I pop shit  
I don't mean Moet corks when the poet talks  
Every line leave ya blind when the mind get lost  
Rhymes are enforced with action  
Cause everybody looking like  
Is they slackin, are they back in what's crackin?  
Nigga I'm hip hop like the backspinnen  
Never change the fact that I did back then

Way before this all began  
Back when I wasn't rappin  
I was scrappin for ends  
Stop crime started rhymin  
Knapsack and my tims  
Chart climbin yall kind can get a ghat to ya ribs  
There's a thin between what I rep and I live  
When you violate mine I'm getting back at you kid  
Don't let it get to the gun clappin and shit  
Plastic wrap back smack you in the back of ya wig  
I, make it so you won't get back to ya crib  
Break ya wrist, never scratch you never wreck it again

Take a risk never steal from Steele and Tek again  
Take the fifth, cock the hammer let it rest on ya chin  
My dudes destine to win  
Fuck ya thoughts  
Wanna brawl dog my team the sports  
And so ya thinking I'm "The One" like Jet Li  
Test me Steele will leave you resting

I can't take this  
Blood boiling pressure rising  
Open my eye's an we narrowed down to 7 guys  
And so you ask about the god DO  
I'm top notch holdin my spot gun by my crotch  
You think not I'm respected and feared around here  
And so I must prepared around here  
You know everything that glitters ain't gold  
You ho getting pimped by niggaz you don't know  
That's whoa, watch out for cars that move slow  
Windows low  
I was taught by the best to do the one  
And gain control of this game  
And be sold not told And So  
I'ma rep for B-O-O-T C-A-M-P  
Cause I'm Top D-O-G number 3  
You know from the O.G.C.  
That blow trees f\*\*kin with them Cocoa B's  
We OD's f\*\*kin with them Cocoa B's

Fuck everything you been told  
Shit like Buck ain't never went gold  
He never have a platinum hit  
He on that underground backpack rappin shit

If you for real than you know the deal

I do or I die and I never ran never will

And Sooo you still peepin my words  
Words that get niggaz locked up in 73rd

You forgot who we are?  
Have you lost all your respect for my