

And So

Boot Camp Clik

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 clik 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