

# Ohkeedoke

## Boot Camp Clik

Let's go...no time to do your hair, baby  
Ayo! There the go kid!  
Right there! Right there!...Oh Oh, Oh Oh...

I'm movin' smooth like a wet foot glidin' across ice,  
because these fools who be sliding on tracks, braggin' they nice  
headz screamin' they need it, but do you really want hardcore?  
Stakes is High like De La, plus i'm fiending to start more

Trouble on the double, yet cooler than any hooligan  
frontin' on the mic nigga, who you think you foolin' with?  
y'all be on the mic kickin' nothing but that nonsense  
nigga please, ease back my crew been the bomb since

Tell me to maintain and keep doin' my thang  
keep my dick in my pants, and just stack the green  
shorties can't be coniving, had to flip about warning  
now you in a cell tryin' to post bail by mornin'

Now in the back of my mind, yo I really do hope  
That motherf\*\*kers out here don't take my crew for no joke  
'Cause if our backs against the wall, then we goin' for broke  
But we'll never fall victim to the OHKEEDOKE!

It goes on and on and on and on  
You keep on, and you don't stop  
Yo, it goes on and on and on and on  
You keep on and you don't stop

Steepin' to ya, Dru Ha, you hit the jackpot  
Starang bust thangs since Tek found the A-Black spot  
me and Mr. Smokee, playin' the lo-key  
puffin; on L's, I never fell for the ohkee...

...Doke! when your plan goes up in smoke  
like a Bob Marley spliff being smoked to a roach  
but on the contrair, if I smoked an ounce a day  
it'll only make a mess when I bounce this way

The jail scene ain't workin' no more, got me punchin' a wall  
fam put a block on the phone, won't accept collect calls  
and to top it all off, heard my co-defendant turned canary  
stutter steeping through the house lookin' all scary  
I'm just waiting to face him in the mess hall  
thinkin' 'bout the Tyson loss, gettin' my reps off  
and the niggas in the world that I used to roll with  
dont even write scripts, that's the ohkeedoke shit

Niggas say Starang's smooth, just like ice without cube  
I'm nice without dudes, on my motherf\*\*kin' track  
niggas call me Starang, others call me Jack  
but if you call and I'm not home, you can call me back  
but no matter where i'm at, I always rock the show  
the niggas next up on the mic, y'all niggas gots to go  
Phantom of the Opera, yo I blow scenes North, South, East  
West, f\*\*k your chest dukes, get it out your mouthpiece

(I was) laid back sippin' Beck's, gently cleaning off a black Tek  
JP's cuban link got my neck laced (shine baby)  
steal the show like a thief, blow without a trace  
see so many wannabe's steadily tryin' to be me  
act grimy, crimies constantly scheme how to fi me  
out to get the bonus, becoming assed out like the homeless  
no disresepect intended, but it's a f\*\*ked up world we live in

My lust for hip hop got me strivin' for perfection  
and when my inner glow shine, you vision my reflection  
and now chumps had to get a closer glimpse at it  
as sweat trickle down your face, you break into a panic

Like when your shorties put on helmets and shouder pads, that's the ohkeedok  
e,  
when shorties come to see a nigga with...while you bleedin' is the ohkeedoke  
,  
too  
Magnum Force...  
world wide...  
Strictly BCC...Strictly BCC...

It goes on and on and on and on  
you keep on and you don't stop

Word up y'all everything is nature, word up y'all, I don't hate cha  
we keep it movin'...we keep it movin'...

Yo, gettin pulled over when you just got your wallet at your crib  
with your license...that's the ohkeedoke...