

## Rugged Terrain

### Boot Camp Klik

Sometime me shout out, sometime me gon' long  
When me big up me chest, call me number one  
Me be represent me click, like me represent me gun  
Pussy boy, test me, me chop off ya arm  
If you weak for the gun, kill it, collection  
Mommy do this long time like a barn veteran  
Like Screech and Pac Man or James Bond  
Also Top Dog, or Louieville don  
So sit back and watch and spark perfection  
Me used to be young, bout know me older  
Me spit lyrics wrong just like the Twister  
So know we go, galley wit the one Twanie  
Pick up them shoes and rub them for me  
Lift up them anger, put them on it  
Gimme ya number, girl, before them leave  
I'm not sure anymore, whose knockin at my door

Is it a Mom p, who want Hawaiian pie, me  
Hit the slim girl, and I deal wit twenty  
Oversize, I put my car in overdrive  
Cuz life is a lot of rules wit lots of signs  
I want mines on the dance floor, love the dance hall  
My nigga Twanie Ranks'll make ya pants fall  
Last call, for the session  
I think that nigga's under the impression  
That I may accord to the MP, for some more weed  
He told me to pick up some more fine call-eed

The life of the true, live trife up ya life up wit  
true, I live trife  
We are the one that cough up ya sack  
Cop the Steele, I bust out the Tek  
Want one, come out turn the mic down  
Gimme money, I lick a pound, vacation  
Talkin politickin, I look for convincin  
Take a hundred out me pocket, now put down me pen  
For are me red, for are me smoke weed-weed and dred  
Me leaf's a bitch now, and leave ya light convent

We are the wickedest, wickedest, manor in town  
Wickedest, wickedest, mon we don't care  
Wickedest, wickedest, how we do  
We are the wickedest, wickedest, duo

When jah rocks the party, leave 'em your shorty  
I got shorties on watch and they don't wanna hurt nobody  
Worldwide, givin you the chance to decide  
If the place to be is on my muthaf\*\*kin side  
I let it slide, to a whole world of disorder  
Give you order, put your ass under water  
Despite, we know God Don't Like Ugly  
But is it ugly, when nature becomes of me

After the party, gather my target  
Me have two, gather, me don't know which one to hit  
So sexy, sexy girl in the air  
When will ya come, will ya come out wit a stare

Push up ya face and lift up ya feet  
And when will they come, I'm comin and creepin  
Irie, you my collar irie, when I gotta come to a nation  
Give the people what the people want  
Watch me now, watch me now, watch me now  
Cuz me lickin at them head, lickin at they back  
Keep the girl locked down just like two partner  
Action, ready for injection  
Pull up ya leave, put down ya turban  
Call me a bad man, and me no bust carbon  
A long time me ban, I live in the Brooklyn

A what do dem, a what do dem dem dem, a who a dem, a who a dem dem dem  
You didn't know-oh, I thought I told you so-oh  
I be the three from O.G.C., runnin things wit Twanie, touch me  
That's why your skin out be burn, you must learn  
While we dub ya assess in the urn