

The Dugout

Boot Camp Clik

'Ello I would like to meet
Some people from da Bootcamp
Like Top Dawg Louieville yaknahmsayin?

Whattup all you at Boot Camp why'know?
KnowwhatI'msayin?
Yo I just got them new O.G.C. and whatnot
It's madd crazy bangin' kid
Yo uhh I just givin' y'all a call
To tell y'all how dope all y'all are
You like one of my favorite groups
The whole Boot Camp Clik is like

Is there a caller out there? "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
Speak

Thanks for just makin all this bangin
Music for me to listen to, give me "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
Somethin' to do why'know? And thanks for
Not bein all commercialized "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"

Right, thank you very much
Thank you very much
We gonna keep the good shit comin "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
Uh-huh, uh-huh

Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
You gotta let em know
Gotta let em know "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
(2x)

Batter's up! 'Ville Slugga, Clap wit Originoo Gun Wun
Starang Wondah, D.O.'s on guard
I hear brothers talk about burners, you know them
Had gat happy, to slap thee 'pon the streets like ?I heat papi?
But peep it, you watch men, get stuffed like stockings
And wishes, True Two snatch away his Christmas
No hustle, no game, damn shit do change
For instance, let this nigga paint the page
Three men fall, three suffer from withdrawal
Three hit the top, get stuck, but can't move no more
Three rise like your eye of Da Storm
Cruise above and beyond, brother grab your buns
No fun because it's on

Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
You gotta let em know
Gotta let em know "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"

"L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga", "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
"Comin for you, so mother-fu-fuckers
Run run run for cover"

Uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh
In the outfield playin', here we go, continuation
Street exam on my Headz adjacent (gotcha)
Math, science, algebric

All you motherfuckers claimin' that it's strictly bizness
On your behalf, I'll shape your mass
Single deuce-deuce you call Boots there'll be no tails/tales
Just beginning, to leave all thy foes trembling
Remembering, that ain't a damn giving
To this Clik, so, fucks best get off it
Wasting airtime with rhymes about garments
You dead, there'll be no war be nuff said
Jet, baby bro you gwan have to break a leg
You can't see, weak-ass close as you stand
That's the type of shit that make you niggaz say, "Damn!"
Think, with your 3-D, ready to broke in Species?
I feed you fools your own feces
The battle, Originoo Gunn Clap Two hack fools
My motherfuckin' crew will not have you
I drop lines to entice minds
But then recite mines when given the right time
I put the mood in your groove, you be like
'Oooh he's smooth I like that dude,' correction
No disrespectin' the God that's why your heads Bob
In the dick lick motion, I move these here waves
Way back into the ocean, huss bust it off like that
To the Originoo Gunn Two Clap

Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"
You gotta let em know
Gotta let em know "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"

Who want to dose of this, you'll be our guests left motionless
Para', I see you shakin' in your shadow
You caught up, from our come up, lookin' dumb-faceted
Goin' for the gold, cause here, it ain't just playin'
"So motherfuckers run for cover"