

And So

Boot Camp Klik

[Intro: Tek]

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

[Verse 1: Tek]

I do what I do, like I do for the hood
Pop tools, pop jewels burn Backwoods
Slay DJs who think they untouchable
Renegade, never been afraid MCs 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 B.I.G. and Aaliyah
Watch how the pound of the four-fifth leave ya

[Verse 2: Sean Price]

I guess I'm back where I started
Opening up for Buckshot and just rapping retarded
I hate the life that I'm living; I need it
Don't believe me, ask my wife and my children
See I'm back on the street, packing the heat
Royalty checks equal to crack in the street
Niggas like, fuck crack, Ruck, rap to the beat
I'm like, All right I'll be back in a week: listen
From day one I had bad start
To eat, Moms stole meat out of Pathmark
I ain't playing, I went from
Depraved in the street to blazing heat
To blazing heat to Hazen Street
Did a couple of months and came home
Thought about what I did
Did the same shit, I ain't come back home
Niggas like "Why you done that homes?"
"I don't know — shit, fuck — I don't know"

[Verse 3: Buckshot]

The saga continues
The motherfucking drama continues
Buck brought a bomb to ya interview
And blew off the main topic
What's up with Boot Camp Klik son? They ain't knocking
They ain't hot 'n' ain't dropping 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 you blind when the mind get lost
Rhymes are enforced with action
'Cause everybody looking like
Is they slacking? Are they back in? What's cracking?
Nigga, I'm hip-hop like the back-spinning
Never change the fact that I did it back then

[Verse 4: Steele]

Way before this all began
Back when I wasn't rapping, I was scrapping for ends
Stopped crime, started rhyming
Knapsack and my Tims
Chart climbing, y'all comp can get a gat 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 clapping 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 your 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 your chin
My dudes destine to win, fuck ya thoughts
Wanna brawl dog my team love the sports
And so ya thinking I'm "The One" like Jet Li
Test me Steele will leave you resting

[Verse 5: Top Dog]

I can't take this
Blood boiling pressure rising
Open my eyes and we narrowed down to seven guys
And so you ask about the god D.O
I'm top notch, holding my spot, gun by my crotch
You think not I'm respected and feared around here
And so, I must be prepared around here
You know everything that glitters ain't gold
You hoe getting pimped by niggas 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-double-O-T C-A-M-P
'Cause I'm Top D-O-G, Number Three
You know me from the O.G.C.s, that blow trees
Fucking with them Cocoa B's
(We OGs) Fucking with them Cocoa B's

[Verse 6: Buckshot]

Fuck everything you been told

Shit like Buck ain't never went gold
He never have a platinum hit
He on that underground backpack rapping shit

[Verse 7: Tek (Steele) & Sean Price]
If you for real than you know the deal
(I do or I die, and I never ran never will)
And sooo — you still peeping my words
Words that get niggas locked up in 73rd

[Outro: Top Dog]
You forgot who we are?
Have you lost all your respect for my squad?

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