

# 1, 2, 3

## Boot Camp Clik

Ridin' down the A-V-E in the black A-M-G  
With the Mac by my lap and they envy  
The fact that they can't see me  
Dippin' through the traffic, I'm relaxin', smokin' black with ease  
Now my cell phone ringin', it's a breezy  
Let me see, yep, it's this chick I just met and won't let me breathe  
Fuck that, my mind on my movement  
'Cause when your money stop, they get dumbfounded and do this  
"Who this nigga next to me?"  
Like you give checks to me, nigga, it's respect to me  
Let them niggas step to me and I'll handle my biz first  
Then call up my team and they'll handle they biz worse  
This shirt that I wear on my back  
Represent every vocalist you hear on these tracks  
Nigga, and everywhere that I steer my gat  
I steer my whips and you hear where we at, nigga

I said 1-2-3 (Uh-huh, uh-huh) Let me know if you're ready for me, lawd  
(And nowadays everybody murder, bustin' they guns  
The whole hood is corner boys, gettin' they ones)  
I said 1-2-3 (Uh-huh, uh-huh) Let me know if you're ready for me, lawd  
(And now everybody got a sixteen, a beat and 'dro  
The whole hood is gangsta, pimpin' they ho's)

Listen, kick drum, snare and hi-hat  
I pitch jums around here, pa, don't try that  
Louis Satchmo, pull the tool, let the gat blow  
Melon pop, taco meat, extra tobasco  
Little Rascal, buck heat at Buckwheat  
For talkin' dumb, but they all love it when Ruck speak  
Fuck freaks for free, f\*\*k freaks on E  
Probably f\*\*k freaks that you've seen on BET  
Been there, done that, no rubber, got clap  
So it hurt when I piss, this verse is the shit  
Sean is a beast, you can hear me holler at the full moon  
Columbine High, settin' fire to school rooms  
No way, Jose Canseco  
Pop popular guys at the pop of the bank-o  
Sean Price, big knife, ready to shank those  
Niggas at the dice game frontin' with bankrolls

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Now everybody is a hustler, grind to get money  
Remember these same people broke and bummy  
Askin' me for ones, being real hyphy  
You spendin' all the Grant's and givin' Jackson's to wifey  
Now I got haters wantin' to ice me  
I gotta be careful 'fore they secret indict me  
And make me a Mountaineer like West VA boys  
Can't do no crime since I tatted my face boy  
I'll be dead in a lineup, givin' a time-up

Twenty five-to-life, where I sign up?  
But I'm straight, my flight, they even need me  
On the ground at nine, that's more time to grind

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