

## Headz Are Reddee Pt. II

Boot Camp Klik

Intro:

R-U ready....(to my west coast headz come on)  
Ready...all my headz are you ready  
and to my east coast headz come on  
R-U-ready...I say all my peoples are you ready  
and to my headz thats overseas  
I say are you ready  
all my people are you ready

muthaf\*\*ka had it up to here,  
from my chest to my head  
when the led paint the town red bloodshed your dead  
I groove thru these pavements  
we all together theres no slaveships  
so run these rebels that race this  
be watchful of large cows hovering covering in the dawn  
husk its the storm, I cock back  
relax and drink the henne-vill slugga  
my fleet will see ahead so we will see you sucka  
shake em down for profound sound  
punk your down by lightnin, throw your fists up cuz...

the escapade when its followed, move the shit from Guatemala  
move the Q-U 7 years ago wit my father  
I met shorty whop at a block dice game  
no words where exchanged, body language did its thang  
think I didnt when I did take honey back to the nest  
twist the back as soon as we hit the rest  
me tongue and kisses sway like a fly wind bloom  
seductivly undressed as she layed across the room  
and cocked her seat up on the bed and grabbed her ankles and said  
its been a long time lets see if your ready yet

Chorus

All my peoples are you ready  
R-U..all my peopless are you ready

we the soldiers of misfortune have faught one common cause  
I keep mine in yours for fallen off  
when sources uncontrollable offers coffins for all of you  
soon we'll see it might be too late to come in unity

Yo its on again,  
wack get gone it when Boot Camp begin swarmin in  
so I say all my peoples are you ready,  
are you ready, not the one gas like the Getty let the  
soldiers get busy light this party like a bar-be  
you too late once we start we, nothin gets copy  
when squads meet, oh god we gon last  
when Im rockin you cant escape from me  
from the grass out the smash  
we rock rows, I crash like a drunk driver wit his tire slashed  
punk you dont know the half and if you do  
then maybe you can f\*\*k wit me  
and my W-W-B-C-C

oh, oh its my go, I blow Mc's outta the frame

tell me that it wasnt your last l.p. to blame  
so i got this shit lockdown like terrorists in airplanes  
now that my swear is complete I got no time for games  
(I know)me and rino be like the lone ranger and tonto  
stickin niggas up for they weed and they pronto  
I play the background call me the head honcho  
out to get mine, I aint got no time for your convo  
I got you, hak-2, hit em wit a combo  
me and ville sluggah out a shorty in diablo

#### Chorus

Life is a sound, we a de champions, the champions....yeeeeeah  
listen to sound, we a de numba one sound, de numba ones yeeeeah  
for de people dem, we have to be a little stronger  
all in all the Top Dog you will be wrong-  
to miss, the Storm on CD-Rom  
givin you the bomb, big up to Tawl Sean

From an unknown region, me and my legion  
never believe in the evil ways of a heathen  
I breathe in, out improve on my physical  
trees keep me blessed, prepare for my ritual  
its critical when I belittle fools wit syllables  
I choose to use cuz yall niggas is pitiful  
its difficult to see whose ready  
Nocoturnal journalist racin thru crews like Andretti

As I come back on tracks  
put you in the mood to sit back and relax  
I hope you cop a swat cuz what I got rocks  
your mind body and soul as I take control  
whats the definition of Buck..Force  
I stayed away for 3 years but came back in the 4th  
to stand alone on the throne of course  
Buck be the boss, the rest gettin tossed  
True....

#### Outro:

Buckshot is here to stay you best believe it in  
now you ready for what we got  
gotta give a big big-up  
to the whole conference all  
Tigga, Tek and Sway, the Bay Boys in the place to be  
B double O T-C-A-M-P, an we busy  
Gotta big-up Illanoiz, DJ Swan, The Representativz  
always representin yall