World Wide

Boot Camp Clik

I used to stay in my backroom, listenin' to rap tunes
Dad in the living room, spinnin' back the old-school
I guess you could call it soul food
Music that'll mold you, somethin' you can grow to
Don't be mad at what the record store sold you
If you bought some bullshit just 'cause somebody told you
My flow show you that I know what you go through
Put a gem on your mind, drop a jewel in the vocals
My speech local, but I reach all regions
Fly frequent, customs breachin', lah chiefin'
My son's favorite rapper is me, I know the reason
The Lord keep us breathin' and y'all keepin' us eatin'
And though the flag been tattered and beaten
We still stand, not a man in the family retreatin'
No set trippin', no slippin', no sleepin'
Full steamin' ahead on a mission to get this cream, man

New York, Chi-Town, Georgia, Texas
Cali, Florida, VA, Connecticut
New Jerz, DA and Mass be reppin' it
Maryland, we gettin' love in Canada, we respect it
Tour the World and it's back to the essence
To the block's we be reppin' where you need protection
So, this goes out to you, this goes out to you

Hey yo, blam, blammer, innocent bystander
Sean Price, I'm nice with the grammar
Y'all niggas can't rhyme, y'all need to go back to the lab
Formula one, get a pen and a pad
Let's start with the basic, A-B-C, one-two-three
My g-u-n in your f-a-c-e
Break your body down, collapsin' a clown, clap with the round
Highway to heaven where Michael Landon standin' around
Understand I got my hand on the pound, I f**k you up
Niggas standin' around nervous, like "Yo, what up with Ruck?"
None of your biz, f**k around, throw one in your wig
Then proceed to the nearest high school, put one in your kid
Sean Price, man, I'm done with it kid
You ain't tough, you bluffin', plus you left your f**kin' gun in the crib

I'm an NC king, a BK boss
He can floss, 'cause he came off
With big black, housin' bags of money
Shit, I had to get it, ain't a damn thing funny
When your money lookin' funny, they play you for a dummy
Yeah, they play you for a dummy
And I ain't havin' that, go grab my gat
You gotta respect it, I'm well connected, you know

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We be the movement, new and improved and
f**k the hammers, y'all niggas is screwed in
Leeway, go 'head and play, see if I
Joke around, one stroke around that four-fifth I
Might start gettin' that vibe again
Forget lookin' at yours, thinkin' it's mines again (Gimme that)
I see you get the bigger picture
And now that I'm in your frame, I wanna maintain with ya
You know, chop it up for a bit
Build for a little while, get a plan to make some real chips
'Cause, gee I've been down for a while
But I'm Duck Down, so now, I'm only down for a smile
When the check come, respect 'em, we ain't stop
But you workin' over there though, huh, that's hot
Me, I'm worldwide, jumpin' from block-to-block
Lovin' it, 'cause everyone I hit 'll pop the top, ugh

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Mr. Alkatraz, ain't no escapin' when my arms go, heard me
Been on more rap tours then Soran O'Jersey
Recruit a beast in every city, my squad so dirty
I'm the beast master don, pa, y'all gon' learn, B
Stunned on the new improved Boot Camp
You gon' look real small like a deuce-deuce in Bruce Bruce hands
How many niggas eatin' off us? We the new food stamp
We go World Wide with this wild shit, we do, you can't

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Other Boot Camp Clik songs

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