

# Yeah

Boot Camp Clik

It's the chalk cracker, street rapper, x-factor  
Smokey Lah, your girl ass slapper  
Trap rider, nipple biter, spits fire  
The coptic hitman for hire  
The rate proper, pound copper, dime chopper  
Don't get it twisted, you'se a cock blocker  
I'm a nigga double-darer, nigga, I double dare ya  
To act like you want it, touch this boy's a ton wearer  
Me the semi popper, SL shot ya  
Tell mo' deep call the copper  
'Cause you wanna flip mo', Bucktown sicko  
Ask my nigga Kicko 'bout Miami strip shows  
Real deal, PNC Steele  
True warrior, I'm not Holyfield  
In the words of Marvin Gaye, "What's Going On?"  
Black mask, black glove, B-I-G love

Yeah, that's how I like it  
High with a hangover, me and my mic get  
Might just take a little day off to lay off  
Niggas like you that don't pay off, you fake boss  
This ain't a rap, this reality  
You sad to see I set up a salary, you mad at me?  
Well, Duck Down is the home  
Where we put it down for two-thousand and on  
And anybody gettin' gully is us  
So anybody gettin' money is us, the rest is up  
Not really worth the mentionin'  
When the last time you heard a rapper with a pension?  
And mention him, B-U-C-K  
Look on my grill, duke, do you see play?  
Nah, I come fully equipped  
One rubber, one key to burn rubber, one rubber grip

Is Boot Camp the best to do it? (Yeah)  
Tell me, do you love our music? (Say Yeah)  
Can I talk to you for a minute? (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)  
Allow my mans to get off in it (You say Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)  
Can I talk to you for a minute?  
Allow my mans to get off in it (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Is Boot Camp the best to do it?  
Tell me, do you love our music?

Niggas ain't ready for the shit we got  
The Clik we got, the heat we bust, the beats we rock  
The street not Pop, but don't think a T won't pop  
A team that I've got got a mean pump shot  
Sleep not, me no speak to cops  
But not nothin', not one dime drop  
Stop snitchin', clock digits, clock chicken  
Block sizzlin', cops sniffin', pop biscuits, leave not one witness

Niggas be shakin' like pits when they lock on, I rock on  
Calm, in these streets or in jail, gettin' my high rocks on  
Even though I rock with the red, gettin' my pop on  
I'm a D-E-C-E-P-T-Icon  
You mutha f\*\*kin' right, Pa, I fight hard and I like crons

It ain't my fault I don't like y'all [Word], stop actin' like broads  
Fold yo' bitch ass up, you a tripod  
We don't need no cameras for this version of "Die Hard"  
Oh my God! Oh my goodness, no, say "Oh my Rockness"  
I'm a God to y'all, Rock, damn it, all of y'all my kids  
All of y'all doin' shit I done did years ago  
So all y'all suck my dick in stereo

You'se a bullshitter, I'm a big-dream go-getter  
Then I go get her, let the whole crew hit her  
Then I send her back room to ya  
Where you kissin' her and eatin' her, and niggas finish beatin' her  
You'se a Jackass, your new name is Steve-O  
Ray, Ray, Ray, niggas don't believe you  
I take care of niggas I f\*\*k wit  
But you on the other hand, Uncle Tom ass nigga  
Callin' me a brother man, damn  
You would've had me if I ain't know no better, man  
Believe half of what you see and none of what you hear  
In one ear and right out the other  
You can't fool me, a G schooled me  
Man listen, my life is somethin' like a movie  
And you just a mouse tryin' to get a crumb, get him some  
But you ain't gettin' shit, or put back on the strip

Headz Ain't Redee for the shit we got  
Headz Ain't Redee, man, I swear they not  
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