

Backyard Babies

"The Dugout"

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[1-900-BOOTCAMP]

BEEP

'Ello, I would like to meet
some people from da Bootcamp
like Top Dawg, Louieville, yaknahmsayin?

..

Whattup all you at Boot Camp, y'know?

Knowhatl'msayin?

Yo I just got them new O.G.C. and whatnot

It's madd, crazy bangin kid

Yo uhh I just, givin y'all a call

to tell y'all how dope all y'all are

You like, one of my favorite groups

The whole Boot Camp Clik is like

ya know, just da bomb, y'know?

..

[Louieville]

Is there a caller out there? "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"

Speak

[1-900-BOOTCAMP]

Thanks for just makin all this bangin

music for me to listen to, give me "L-O-U, I-E-Ville

Slugga"

somethin to do y'know? And thanks for

not bein all commercialized "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"

[Louieville]

Right, thank you very much

Thank you very much

We gonna keep the good shit comin "L-O-U, I-E-Ville

Slugga"

Uh-huh, uh-huh

Chorus: Buckshot and Bootcamp

Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"

You gotta let em know

Gotta let em know "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"

(repeat 2X)

[Louieville]

Batter's up! 'Ville Slugga, Clap wit Originoo Gun Wun
Starang Wondah, D.O.'s on guard
I hear brothers talk about burners, you know them
had gat happy, to slap thee 'pon the streets like ?I heat
papi?
But peep it, you watch men, get stuffed like stockings
and wishes, True Two snatch away his Christmas
No hustle, no game, damn shit do change
For instance, let this nigga paint the page
Three men fall, three suffer from withdrawal
Three hit the top, get stuck, but can't move no more
Three rise like your eye of Da Storm
Cruise above and beyond, brother grab your buns
No fun because it's on

Chorus

"L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga", "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"
"Comin for you, so mother-fu-fuckers
Run.. run.. run for cover"

[Louieville]

Uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh
In the outfield playin, here we go, continuation
Street exam on my Headz adjacent (gotcha)
math, science, algebric
All you motherfuckers claimin that it's strictly biz-ness
on your behalf, I'll shape your mass
Single deuce-deuce you call Boots there'll be no
tails/tales
Just beginning, to leave all thy foes trembling
Remem-bring, that ain't a damn giving
to this Clik, so, fucks best get off it
Wasting airtime with rhymes about garments
You dead, there'll be no war be nuff said
Jet, baby bro you gwan have to break a leg
You can't see, weak-ass close as you stand
That's the type of shit that make you niggaz say,
"Damn!"
Think, with your 3-D, ready to broke in Species?
I feed you fools your own feces
The battle, Originoo Gunn Clap Two hack fools
My motherfuckin crew will not have you
I drop lines to entice minds
but then recite mines when given the right time
I put the mood in your groove, you be like
'Oooh he's smooth I like that dude,' correction --
No disrespectin the God that's why your heads Bob
in the dick lick motion, I move these here waves

way back into the ocean, huss bust it off like that
to the Originoo Gunn Two Clap

Chorus

[Louieville]

Who wanna dose of this, you'll be our guests left
motionless

Para', I see you shakin in your shadow

You caught up, from our come up, lookin dumb-faceted

Goin for the gold, cause here, it ain't just playin

Chorus (substitute "So motherfuckers run for cover" for
scratches)

"So motherfuckers run for cover" *cut and scratch to
fade*

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