

Deus

"Boot 'Em Up"

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[Fiend]

Chorus

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down, shoot 'em down, shoot
'em down

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em down till there's nothin around

Boot 'em up, boot 'em down

Boot 'em up, boot 'em down

Boot 'em up, boot 'em down, boot 'em down, boot 'em
down

Boot 'em up, boot 'em down

Boot 'em up, boot 'em down

Boot 'em up, boot 'em up till they gotta go down

[Fiend]

Which one of you niggas wanna swing something,
swing something

Fuck with me this bumble bee goin sting something

You actin like I ain't a knockout king or something

Ghetto concrete, rings, left, right dubbin

Grab them choppers and weed

Them niggas bout that bleedin and needs

See what the streets go over to our survival, like me

It's called the I-E-G-T can make it bad for ya

Like findin out your momma never had love for ya

I'm a bad muthafucka and bout it bout it to the bone

Some niggas go to clubs but they never make it home

Keep a pistol on me if you want me

Pull in first, so I hope you just ready to settle will just
haunt you

Chorus

One two, No Limit comin for you

Three four, Serv at your door

Five six

[Mr. Serv On]

Muthafucka don't be no bitch
Let it be known, let it be sead
Naw, not like that

I came in this muthafucka to get rowdy
Get the fuck out tha way if you scared
Even though its lovin, I come in the club
Nigga I don't get caught up in that V-I-P trip (none of that)
Cause like to be one of them niggas that like to sit around
And get around with them niggas that buy my shit
So they say them niggas No Limit real, nigga we run this bitch
I ain't one of them niggas in my video who rap about money and fame
Fuck that, I like talking bout niggas that'll die for their street names
From LA to NO from NY to Chi
Till I die I respresent where I'm from
Nigga stand up, here I come
I'm like a twenty one year old Tyson nigga
Knockin niggas out, don't give a fuck, nigga I keep my fingers on the trigga
So when you want it nigga, come and get it
And when I slap it down nigga you wanna know where the fuck I'm from
Third Ward and Uptown
Boot em up

[Fiend]
Chorus

[Mystikal]
Gives a five, funkdafield, call this microphone handler
The billboard spot damager, tarantula in front the camera
From amateur to the actin' animal
More graphic than the ????
And I get's down like Tommy Lee be doin Pamela
Now see what we can break out
I set it off, I let it all hang out
Busta's be formin off the charts talkin bout wooooooah
But I'm a be rhymin me to be talkin bout weeeeeeee
I beat ya up, I cut ya up, I stab ya up, I bust ya up
Take it, you can't do nothin for the reprocussion from this bucka bucka
Round your people, get your issues, get the fuck out

[Fiend]
Chorus

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