

Boot Camp Clik

"Bubblin' Up"

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[Chorus 2x: Buckshot (w/ Rock)] Yeah, it's hot on my block (so what) I'm up in the morning with the hustle (and we doubling up) What you do? (Bubbling up) Boot Camp Clik, we plot the plan (and the boss is us)
[Buckshot] What now? Have a seat, calm down This is where we had the meet And the serious inside her, trapped in Cabana Load ya llamas, cuz they coming with traumas Plus I promised that it ain't no coming back, this ain't a game Nigga, quit playing that running back, they ain't planning to run it back Yeah, you know it's real out here Ain't no brass on this field, when they kill out here [Steele] Well the first thing we gotta do is gather the squad Like chessboard pieces, we each playing a part I could move like the bishop, or maneuver the pawn Catch us slipping from a distance, three moves, you gone Check mate, game over, all your mens defenseless I'm plotting takeovers, and we shut down business Shine regardless, shine relentless We putting work out and I ain't talking physical fitness
[Chorus 2x] [Sean Price] Aiyo, I dumbled down my dialect and doubled my dough Ya'll muthafuckas better act like ya'll know Sean Price a scholar, well versed in the field of rap Valedictorian, I don't even feel the track I feel you wack, think you need to step up your game 'Fore I knock you on the floor, pon' step on your frame Listen, your raps are dumb, you rap for fun I don't, rap for fun, I rap for funds, P! [Rock] Hold up, it goes, one, two, three and to the four Hold on, dog, you know the four hold three more So, yo, one, two, three more into the four-four No safety, the way you suckas 'pose to roll, you scared? Heat big as my feet, that'll crack your teeth By mistake, when I back it out, if you standing in reach Stupid, it's war in the 'Ville So I walk with that thing, that thing, like Lauryn Ms. Hill [Chorus 2x] [Top Dog] Yeah I'm tempted, still thinking up plots to get rich Still ride for the team, still ride with the fifth Still some don't get me, still riding my dick D-O still got love for the shit, you punk bitch And I'm, up early in the morning, yawning Dough keep calling, the street team warning me So watch my back, we got, snitches in the cut, ready to attack So I, keep that strap, and keep my

Eyes on the boys, case them boys come back So what?
[Tek] You better move how I move in these streets, it's
hot Know the real from the fake, and get beat, you
think not? If you get it, better keep it alot, go read And
know the hearts of these men you call peeps, now
that's deep Don't take much for a nigga to flip, change
sides Turn the heat up on a bitch, he gonna fold and
hide Perfect the grind game, get dough, stay low Burn
a strip and give it back, move somewhere and get
more My attitude is like [Chorus 2x]

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