

## Boot Camp Klik

### "Don't You Cross The Line"

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[Intro-Sean Price]

Pen my mutha fuckin' rhyme, yeah, what up, what up?  
Boot Camp in the house, Sean P, set it off, yo

[Verse 1-Sean Price]

Hey yo, the arm bone connected to the hand bone  
Nigga, the hand bone connected to the damn chrome  
Sean is a killer, Monkey Barz, Sean a gorilla  
Great ape in the flesh, the Great 8 is the best  
Duke, I spit bodies and take name, and take aim  
At wack-ass rappers who be thinkin' that they the king  
Stop with the lies 'fore I put a knot on your eye  
Pop a popular guy, pa, plot your demise  
It's not just a rhyme, it's a actual fact  
That the God would actually clap at any rapper that's  
wack  
Internet niggas usin' my image, you not Sean  
Triple-w-dot-get the fuck on-dot com

[Verse 2-Top Dog]

I'm still G'd up, G.C.'d up  
B.C.'d up, blaze the weed up  
Henny in my cup, jump in my truck  
Knuck if you buck and bust if I don't trust, so...  
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or the gun's in my hand, the gun goes "blam"  
My shit don't jam, murk you and your fam  
In a military stance, got you pissin' in your pants

[Verse 3-Rock]

Yo, I roll with a bunch of gun dumpers  
You're a fag, you roll with a bunch of butt munchers  
I will ghost you, but won't nobody call no Ghostbusters  
Bet if you live, next time you'll call some toast busters  
I'm so gutter, since you really shook, I whoop bouncers  
My reputation precedes me, they know I could and  
would  
Out countless hood pouncers, I beat fire out of niggas  
like you  
My right hand's a recliner, lean back off that  
Track of the pack of your cabbage, fall flat

Smack of the earth, with your staff's jacked before that  
Happen, I'm Boot Camp, what you expect from me?  
I ain't askin' for love, you fuckers better love me

[Hook]

So Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy  
Don't you walk around like you raw  
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy  
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy  
Don't you walk around like you raw  
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy

[Verse 4-Buckshot]

Buck is mass murder, I murder the masses  
New or old school, I shoot up they classes  
Niggas need glasses when you lookin' at I  
To recognize BDI, I'm a crook 'til I die  
Fuck y'all, why? I was on the low with no dough  
And y'all was like, "Nah, I don't no go"  
When y'all had yo flow, now my attitude is so-so  
You jealous and you wanna tell po-po, for what, yo?  
I don't sell no crack  
I don't sell no cocaine, weed now or none of that  
But, I am here for runnin' rap  
I tell you one thing, fuck with that, gun in your back  
Boo-ya-ka! Who ya nah?  
Buckshot, I was here before Tupac died  
No doubt, One Nation, I'm done wastin' time  
Now my gun facin' while you wastin' lines, we rise

[Hook]

So Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy  
Don't you walk around like you raw  
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy  
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
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[Verse 5-Tek]

This little nigga went out for a night on the town  
With a cone-head hoodie and a black four-pound  
Ran up to the door, told 'em "open it now  
'Fore I cock back the hammer and blow the shit down"  
Now you see how bad niggas on my dick  
Sayin' what you did to me when you ain't do shit  
'Cept hide behind your man, cop a plea to my dude  
Y'all niggas is sweet, easily become food

So stay in your lane, homes, before them thangs drawn  
And it be you and all of your mans gone

[Verse 6-Louieville Sluggah]

Look, ain't nobody doin' a got-damn  
Forever B-C-C is the fam  
So sucker niggas hate if you want  
Get your chest blown out, crack a nigga blazin' a skunk  
I'm high as Cheech, levels you can't reach  
Sippin' on that 'Nac, tighten up the strap  
Fuckin' with this 'Bad Bitch' and her name ain't Trina  
Just a thorough bitch, told me "Stack and keep your  
feet up"  
I'm on mines double time, yeah, your boy gotta shine  
And my life consist of more then just rhymes  
Niggas hatin' on the bankroll  
But nigga, front if you want, stand under the halo

[Hook]

So Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy  
Don't you walk around like you raw  
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy  
Don't You Cross The Line, understand?  
Or you'll get this, boy, this shit, boy  
Don't you walk around like you raw  
Or you'll get hit boy, click, click, boy

[Verse 7-Steele]

Yeah, if you cross me, that'll be costly  
Lose a lung or a limb, slug puncture your artery  
Go thatta-way, you're startin' to bother me  
When I'm frustrated, guns blazin', no apologies  
Fuck what they told you, I don't know you  
I don't owe you a damn thing, fuck what you go through  
I got issues of my own, pistols made of chrome  
Specially used to some dudes like you back home

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