

Boot Camp Klik

"Everybody Knows Now"

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[Hook-Buckshot]

Everybody Know Now, how that go now
They never big you up when you goin' down
So, when I rise to the come up
Recognize and don't run up or you might get hung up

[Verse 1-Louieville Sluggah]

Look, fake smiles, fake hugs, fake love
Yup, all this fake shit just make a nigga thug
They think a nigga bug, I'm on some kind of drug
But, middle finger in the air, I don't give a fuck
Everything peachy when you got that cash flow
But when it's all gone, you the world's biggest ass
Told him, you ain't doin' enough, steady chasin' cash
But if you let them tell it, you was on your ass
That's just not me, I'm a fly, slim nigga
Fuck with mines and I'ma move a few triggers
Me and a few niggaz, stacked a few million
Buy a few buildings, open a few stores
Catch a few fights like cock suckers
Where you at? 'Cause it's on tonight
Do it like it was never done before, you came to me
I'm guaranteed, you gon' remember the name, Henny!

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[Verse 2-Tek]

I never thought in my wildest dreams
That I would be a gangsta with get money schemes
Who knew snitches be involved
Along with some stolen cars and some battle scars
Gang bangin' hard body without the signs
And there's no profit seen without the grind

Had to shape up and ship out, give samples, get clout
Take a loss here and there, yeah, no doubt
But it wouldn't be the streets without a hustle
And I wouldn't be your man without a struggle
So while you re-in, if you ain't seein' double
Just wastin' your time, livin' life on a chumble

[Verse 3-Steele]

Son, I might need a muzzle, I'm a beast in this concrete
jungle
When I speak, got the streets in a huddle
Real subtle, if the beef is amongst you
Keep the grief when I come through, put your peeps in
a puddle
Yeah chief, I be humble but I rumble
Like a water con, get your arms, get involved, get in
bomb
Get a track, get a song, get a block, get a bomb
Get a spot, get a squad, get your gat, get it on

[Hook-Buckshot]

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[Bridge-Buckshot]

Listen, I'm not slackin', by my nuts saggin'
Is my shotgun, got one for your cabbage
You back stabbers get at this
Y'all niggaz ain't real, you actors
I'm not slackin', by my nuts saggin'
Is my shotgun, got one for your cabbage
You back stabbers get at this
Y'all niggaz ain't real, you actors, ha, ha

[Verse 4-Rock]

Hey yo, I'm from the beast of the east, where we speak
to you with heat
Beat your feet, fuck outta here tryin' to preach the
Jesus
I do dirt, muscle the hustlers, bang out smokers
Munchers or mufflers, so what if you suckers don't fuck
with us
Good, don't fuck with us, and while you at it, don't fuck
with us
I got nothin' but slugs for your fucker love

Where was the love a couple of years ago?
Oh, now I'm back in your stereo, and here you go
You big schlong saddling straddling, switch side and
dick ridin' and scramblin'
Lookin' for the next Sasha to slam in your maggot ass,
male groupie actin'
Hoochie fanatic, Stan look-alike, bandwagon jumpin'
bitch bastards
You are lookin' at one of the realist gorillas
Y'all some chinchillas, you soft niggaz
If I wanted your support, I would just take it
But we NFL, No-Fake-Love, keep the fake shit

[Hook-Buckshot]

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