

## **Boot Camp Klik "Go for Yours"**

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It be the B.T.J's, wit' lyrics for all  
We be on point wit' the joints  
'Cause we takin' no fall  
So I'ma go for mine  
(So son, go for yours)  
Yo, I'ma go for mine  
(So son, go for yours)

My crew be in the mix, like name brand kicks  
The kids that only deal wit' that type of nonsense  
You can't get wit', D.K.S. self evident  
Adolescence, reign the supreme court, in any, every,  
meant

The time was approximately 11:43  
When the D called me and told me  
We must be lyrically the best that he says  
The K N O C K and S and K, it's spray  
Comin' away, the B.T.J., it be they

I'ma hold it down, wit' sounds  
Like clowns, walk the trey pound  
Now in the underground, B.T.J. just entered  
Remember, the S comes last like December  
Once shit cock it's time to Rock like the Monsta  
In reality, B.T.J., is lyrically responsible for all  
difficulties

My lyrics oppose a threat to the best M.C. yet  
And appears nightmares for those who slept  
Also the biters, claimin' they writers  
They need to think about what they talk about

When you exposin' your dirt, that's when you dummin'  
out  
Dwellin' in the Pj's, all day hangin' out wit' nothin' to do  
Them rebellin' niggas is mad, 'cause I'm tellin' the truth  
Hittin' yo wit' mind craftin', flows to molecular cord  
graphin'

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Aiyo one day it was me and the D  
Walkin' down the street, some niggas stepped to me  
Said are you Lil' R U T I Z?  
He said I heard you nice on the muthafuckin' M I C  
Battle me, battle right here and let's see

So we kicked a verse that didn't hurt  
So I hit 'em worst to let him know I don't play those  
games  
Save 'em for the jerks, D. Verbs said, "Son, let me get  
some"  
I said, "No, 'cause he's a victim and he probably in my  
premises  
You know when I open my book wit' my lyrics I'm endin'  
this"  
(No question)

All this shit he poppin' in my ears  
Fuckin' ejected, he can't hang wit' my style  
Look now, here's man fillin' it, back to like what I was  
sayin'  
I start extortin', I'm not playin'

You want Lil Knock? I come on your block  
Cock and then start sprayin', lyrics  
So don't start what you can't finish  
'Cause I will be sure to end whatever you created

Mentally you can't function  
Physically you dead wit' the push of this button  
Explosion be corruptin', from the expert of execution  
I met Lil Knock at the junction  
He was talkin' about walkin', to the tree spot

We took the L to New Rox, we got stopped by two cops  
Talkin' about "Where the two glocks?"  
We doo wops how was I to glocks? Man, it's too hot

And I'm cold, so let me go, I never hold  
Whoever told you, that I do la?

Lil' Sha, fuck a do or die  
Nigga die because of what they do, I do what I do wit'  
my crew  
Po-po was hype, they was like, "You bite, stick wit the  
mic device"  
Drivin' off, said, "Have a good night", personally I  
might  
And all that shit I said was a psych'

So who's the crew that give nightmares to those who  
slept?  
(D.K.S.)  
Constantly flown wit' finesse  
(D.K.S.)  
Puttin' all comp' to rest  
(D.K.S.)  
Be the best so you can't contest

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