

Boot Camp Klik "Rugged Terrain"

Visit "[Rugged Terrain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[twanie ranks]

Sometime me shout out, sometime me gon' long
When me big up me chest, call me number one
Me be represent me click, like me represent me gun
Pussy boy, test me, me chop off ya arm
If you weak for the gun, kill it, collection
Mommy do this long time like a barn veteran
Like screech and pac man or james bond
Also top dog, or louieville don
So sit back and watch and spark perfection
Me used to be young, bout know me older
Me spit lyrics wrong just like the twister
So know we go, galley wit the one twanie
Pick up them shoes and rub them for me
Lift up them anger, put them on it
Gimme ya number, girl, before them leave
I'm not sure anymore, whose knockin at my door

[top dog big kahuna]

Is it a mom p, who want hawaiian pie, me
Hit the slim girl, and I deal wit twenty
Oversize, I put my car in overdrive
'cause life is a lot of rules wit lots of signs
I want mines on the dance floor, love the dance hall
My nigga twanie ranks'll make ya pants fall
Last call, for the session
I think that nigga's under the impression
That I may accord to the mp, for some more weed
He told me to pick up some more fine call-eed

[twanie ranks]

The life of the true, live trife up ya life up wit
True, I live trife
We are the one that cough up ya sack
Cop the steele, I bust out the tek
Want one, come out turn the mic down
Gimme money, I lick a pound, vacation
Talkin politickin, I look for convincin
Take a hundred out me pocket, now put down me pen
For are me red, for are me smoke weed-weed and
dred
Me leaf's a bitch now, and leave ya light convent

[chorus: cocoa brovaz]

We are the wickedest, wickedest, manor in town
Wickedest, wickedest, mon we don't care
Wickedest, wickedest, how we do
We are the wickedest, wickedest, duo

[top dog big kahuna]

When jah rocks the party, leave 'em your shorty
I got shorties on watch and they don't wanna hurt
nobody
Worldwide, givin you the chance to decide
If the place to be is on my muthafuckin side
I let it slide, to a whole world of disorder
Give you order, put your ass under water
Despite, we know God don't like ugly
But is it ugly, when nature becomes of me

[twanie ranks]

After the party, gather my target
Me have two, gather, me don't know which one to hit
So sexy, sexy girl in the air
When will ya come, will ya come out wit a stare
Push up ya face and lift up ya feet
And when will they come, I'm comin and creepin
Irie, you my collar irie, when I gotta come to a nation
Give the people what the people want
Watch me now, watch me now, watch me now
'cause me lickin at them head, lickin at they back
Keep the girl locked down just like two partner
Action, ready for injection
Pull up ya leave, put down ya turban
Call me a bad man, and me no bust carbon
A long time me ban, I live in the brooklyn

[top dog big kahuna]

A what do dem, a what do dem dem dem, a who a
dem, a who a dem dem dem
You didn't know-oh, I thought I told you so-oh
I be the three from o.g.c., runnin things wit twanie,
touch me
That's why your skin out be burn, you must learn
While we dub ya assess in the urn

[chorus]

Visit [Boot Camp Klik](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.