

## Boot Camp Klik

### "The Chosen Few"

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[ VERSE 1: Starang Wondah ]

Hey yo, I remember Paula, a female baller  
We hit down south, I would call her  
She was lonely, strippin, had a job at the Shoneys  
The only one who showed me the real from the  
phoneys  
Stayed hangin out with her best friend Tony  
Eyes stayed red with a head full of pony  
Always jokin sayin she wish she could clone me  
Actin all friendly, I hooked her up with Henny

[ VERSE 2: Louieville ]

Then she told me for me and Foul to come OT  
You know me, baby girl, show me the money  
Doin 90 down 95 South  
If we don't move it out, then the town'll have a drought  
Pushin, pedal to the metal  
Once we get there the worries'll get settled  
Chillin, fallin back for the week with  
Money that counts and shorty bop's a freak  
Toast to the dogs in the war  
The one's who've been there, through rich and the poor  
This bitch gotta twist up and hit  
Ain't that some shit, I gotta ask, ain't that a bitch  
But a nigga gotta keep the shit rollin  
Keep the shit potent, Hennyville stay smokin  
And a nigga ain't crackin no jokes  
Smackin up your folks  
Cause a nigga know broke

[ VERSE 3: Sean Price ]

Hey yo, I rhyme all day, I rhyme all night  
I got to sleep, wake up, and rhyme some more  
Starvin like Marvin, niggas screamin, "I'm so poor"  
Hit records, bangin videos but I'm so poor  
Yo, can I hold somethin? I'm fucked up, duke  
You can tell by my jeans and my scuffed up boots  
In the meantime, smoke a Newport down to the green  
line  
Leave mine alone in the zone tryin to feed mine  
Know y'all hope Sean fall with the words

Fuck you pa, Pope John, call him the Third  
Follow the god, bitches wanna swallow the god  
Hit my man off worse than you can polish the god

[ Tek ]

I told you to walk with me  
You wanna lose your money, gamble with me  
But if you all about your paper, hustle with me  
Then come on  
Come on  
Listen  
Listen

[ VERSE 4: Tek ]

All I need is one night, one whore, one million dollar  
score  
Tell God to look out for one more  
Matter of fact maybe more than one  
So I can kick my feet up and sit down my gun  
Just gimme one line, one role, complete with one lick  
And one motion, collect it all from 1-6  
This a painting of the barrio I'm givin to you  
Readin a lifestyle a Harry-O see in his views  
I'm tatted, only God can judge me, I know that I'm ugly  
Who's my enemies and who don't love me?  
My young'uns and my family all know that they could  
Call the crib, same number, same hood, it all good

[ VERSE 5: Buckshot ]

I say it now like I said it back then  
Bucktown's the state of mind that I'm trapped in  
So I walk with the mind of many  
My mind is designed to put rhymes in lines combined  
with semis  
Spray any, plus I got the brain of a soldier  
My son started but I stay till it's over  
We click-click-click, it's Hamburger Hill  
And saving Private Ryan out this bitch  
I'm tryin to chill but we dyin quick  
So my tactic to survive is a practice  
Killin gus with my eyes, so how real am I?  
And even if I'm finna fly I don't look the part  
Cause in my hood we seperate the ballers and the  
crooks apart

[ VERSE 6: Steele ]

Ghetto livin, parallel to prisons  
Cursed soul, from hell I've risen  
We rebel from the system, Bloomberg cuttin millions  
from children  
So we resort to the streets, I walk with my peeps

OG's responsible for my speech  
Co-D's make me comfortable enough to preach  
Tony Montana was deep, we all follow the script  
Recipe to turn powder to bricks  
Devour the script, the game the same, the players  
change  
Homie, you gotta maintain if you wanna remain  
Let God give guidance, may the hood provide us  
With the necessities to get by this  
Niggas fallin victim to mirages  
We rep the hardest but the sweat gon' drip regardless  
Behind enemy lines we chargin  
The traget: gettin at all you niggas in the market  
Got trees, spark it, got B's, then park it  
Bucktown, where all the d's like to hawk us  
Walk what you talk and gotta stay focused  
Beware of this rap industry and the hocus pocus  
Many are called, few are chosen  
I choose to die for a cause and ride with my soldiers  
Many are called, few are chosen  
I choose to die for a cause and ride with my soldiers

[ all ]

We live for this, we die for this  
Since some for die for this, we ride for this

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