

Boot Camp Clik "What You See"

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[Sean Price] Hip hop grip glocks and hit cops And tell everybody on your block to get gwops Coward, fuck is you Cunningham Howard? No more happy days, the gat clap at your grays Deligating, regulating, never have to use a gun Rock is the opposite, pop a clip, bitch, you shooting son Sean Price got the icon flow Run up the wall and backflip, Tae Kwon Do Hidden Dragon, Crouching Tiger, Kung Fu Hustling Sell weed to Chinese niggas who keep a Dutch in 'em [Chorus 2x: Sean Price (Buckshot)] What you see is what you get now Don't you forget now, this is it now (You better watch who around you Cuz niggas will pound you, and wanna trey pound/come pound you) [Tek] It's been a long time, I shouldn't have let you Without something you can want to step to Yeah, I see how the game done changed Niggas talking real tough, like they built that way But up north, up north, you was known as a chump chaser Now you home, you wanna look at me like you a gangster Everybody told me you as fucking them boys Yeah, your name was making noise, but you was fucking them boys I see you let your zoota grow in, and your looks changed Oh, you a Muslim, now? On my dope game Look man, gun control, just mean both hands Nah, I never hit ya man with no grams Damn, we trying to bring a nigga down there How I'mma do Ludacris said Move, bitch, get out the way 'Fore the forty cal spray, put your head a block away [Chorus 2x] [Steele] Two step, Timb check, gun up under the jacket Hoodie on, gets it on, with any one of you bastards The streets watching, ain't no time for relaxing Block hugging, paper chasing, on the grind trying to stack it, man Camera leave the 'ville on your tactics Be the blade you gave us, dude, to use to stab in ya back with Alot of you be looking at the game backwards Thinking it's a game until your body laying in the casket [Starang Wondah] Aiyó, I'm sorry if you never been on a safari Army green Ferrari, sitting on Bergatti Yo, hit the hood, I pull up in a new Jag Same color doorag, nigga, you mad Bitches like 'who that', all trying to eye us And ya'll dick riders, fiending to sit by us Yo, sideline niggas is so ridiculous You don't roll wit

Dougie, so you can't be vicious, listen [Chorus 2x]

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