

## Boot Camp Klik "Whoop His Ass"

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f/ Rufus Blaq

[Buckshot]

Yeah, this one for all you motherfuckers dissing me  
And don't I'm listening, well I'm listening you listen

I went from rags to riches, riches to rags  
On my face & pocket to the one on gat  
For the ones that be up back like anybody did it  
Fronting like fake digits look Kenyta did it  
Prolific hard-core shit I gotta spit it  
The hardest admit it put my heart in it  
I ain't trying to see broke all wanna do is see notes  
A few mill with an ill speedboat  
And I quote Buck ain't daily good  
Fuck words, I spits shots till you feel good  
Love rap & I love mc-ing  
Shit but still love killing every nigga in sight  
No reason, we in duck season, watch out  
Elmer bud, smoke the fuss pull the glock out  
Jack in box two shots pop out  
Still money on the dow pitch stock out  
It's Duckdown I-N-C for niggas who be D-I-C-K ride I-N-G  
Don't hate just holla and you can follow pitbull &  
rottweilers  
Who wear chain tight collar  
Benz to Impalas  
Friends who just gotta grab they dick, cause they love  
Hip Hop like Big Poppa  
Dog, Heh I know it's hard to see  
But I'm Whoop your Ass my squad & me

[Rufus Blaq/Chorus]

That nigga on block slanging  
Whoop his ass  
Talking bout how he banging  
Whoop his ass  
Nigga felt your girl ass  
Whoop his ass  
He fronting on your cash  
Whoop his ass

If he get up in your face  
Whoop his ass  
Put him back in his place  
Whoop his ass  
Don't be playing with these niggas, man  
You better Whoop his ass [repeat]

[Steele & Tek]  
Who dem niggas over there [Steele]  
Some broke dude fronting thinks I was scared [Tek]  
Man., get that thang what he moving onions [Tek]  
Stop playing I'll show you how to this younging [Tek]  
See we about biz feed the kids, no apologies [Steele]  
Pushing for you industry niggas no stopping this

[Steele]  
Been pissing whores before R.Kezzy [Tek]  
We number one stunners like Baby & Wezzy; [Tek]  
Do like it's easy want me, see me [Steele]  
Fuck talking, we squeezing my lips is greasy [Steele]  
My neck, My back [Tek]  
Y'all I'm gonna light this head crack [Tek]  
My neck, My back [Tek]  
Suck my dick & nut sack [Tek]  
Bitch! [Tek]

[Chorus]

[Buckshot]  
Who this flapping like he started something  
Acting like you hard or something  
Man, listen you can sell drugs for life  
I'm a hit-man for hire sell slugs for life  
And you that right anybody left goodnight  
Run you down your last sight is the headlight  
In the Halo niggas better watch what they say yo  
Cause I don't play no bank broke O.K. so  
Up the world like I saw your girl  
Fuck yours I throw up Crowhill you throw up Earl  
I keep a mac by my dog precious  
So I can bark & bite at the same time  
Y'all test up I spaz out ass-low I never ass out  
Keep a gun I be the first one to pull the brass out no  
doubt  
So I ain't to prove you nothing  
But I can prove one thing is that you two-way fronting

[Chorus]

