

## Boot Camp Klik

### "World Wide"

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[Verse 1-Steele]

I used to stay in my backroom, listenin' to rap tunes  
Dad in the living room, spinnin' back the old-school  
I guess you could call it soul food  
Music that'll mold you, somethin' you can grow to  
Don't be mad at what the record store sold you  
If you bought some bullshit just 'cause somebody told  
you  
My flow show you that I know what you go through  
Put a gem on your mind, drop a jewel in the vocals  
My speech local, but I reach all regions  
Fly frequent, customs breachin', lah chiefin'  
My son's favorite rapper is me, I know the reason  
The Lord keep us breathin' and y'all keepin' us eatin'  
And though the flag been tattered and beaten  
We still stand, not a man in the family retreatin'  
No set trippin', no slippin', no sleepin'  
Full steamin' ahead on a mission to get this cream,  
man

[Hook-Steele]

New York, Chi-Town, Georgia, Texas  
Cali, Florida, VA, Connecticut  
New Jerz, DA and Mass be reppin' it  
Maryland, we gettin' love in Canada, we respect it  
Tour the World and it's back to the essence  
To the block's we be reppin' where you need protection  
So, this goes out to you, this goes out to you

[Verse 2-Sean Price]

Hey yo, blam, blammer, innocent bystander  
Sean Price, I'm nice with the grammar  
Y'all niggas can't rhyme, y'all need to go back to the  
lab  
Formula one, get a pen and a pad  
Let's start with the basic, A-B-C, one-two-three  
My g-u-n in your f-a-c-e  
Break your body down, collapsin' a clown, clap with the  
round  
Highway to heaven where Michael Landon standin'  
around

Understand I got my hand on the pound, I fuck you up  
Niggas standin' around nervous, like "Yo, what up with  
Ruck?"

None of your biz, fuck around, throw one in your wig  
Then proceed to the nearest high school, put one in  
your kid  
Sean Price, man, I'm done with it kid  
You ain't tough, you bluffin', plus you left your fuckin'  
gun in the crib

[Verse 3-Louieville Sluggah]

I'm an NC king, a BK boss  
He can floss, 'cause he came off  
With big black, housin' bags of money  
Shit, I had to get it, ain't a damn thing funny  
When your money lookin' funny, they play you for a  
dummy  
Yeah, they play you for a dummy  
And I ain't havin' that, go grab my gat  
You gotta respect it, I'm well connected, you know

[Hook-Steele]

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[Verse 4-Buckshot]

We be the movement, new and improved and  
Fuck the hammers, y'all niggas is screwed in  
Leeway, go 'head and play, see if I  
Joke around, one stroke around that four-fifth I  
Might start gettin' that vibe again  
Forget lookin' at yours, thinkin' it's mines again  
(Gimme that)  
I see you get the bigger picture  
And now that I'm in your frame, I wanna maintain with  
ya  
You know, chop it up for a bit  
Build for a little while, get a plan to make some real  
chips  
'Cause, gee I've been down for a while  
But I'm Duck Down, so now, I'm only down for a smile  
When the check come, respect 'em, we ain't stop  
But you workin' over there though, huh, that's hot  
Me, I'm worldwide, jumpin' from block-to-block  
Lovin' it, 'cause everyone I hit 'll pop the top, ugh

[Hook-Steele]

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[Verse 5-Rock]

Mr. Alkatraz, ain't no escapin' when my arms go, heard  
me  
Been on more rap tours then Soran O'Jersey  
Recruit a beast in every city, my squad so dirty  
I'm the beast master don, pa, y'all gon' learn, B  
Stunned on the new improved Boot Camp  
You gon' look real small like a deuce-deuce in Bruce  
Bruce hands  
How many niggas eatin' off us? We the new food  
stamp  
We go World Wide with this wild shit, we do, you can't

[Hook-Steele]

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