

Mystikal

"Out That Boot Camp Clicc - With Black Menace"

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Left, your left, left, your left

(Dress it right)

Left your left, left, your left

(Cover down, soldier)

Mark time, march, company

(Left)

Atten

It's strictly representation of the Boot Camp Clicc

[Incomprehensible]

The M-16, A2, the nine millimeter beretta, aim

You better be dressed for wet weather, soldier

I get cold as North Dakota

I'ma do whatever, whenever to run yo' muthafuckin'

ass

Back to the border

Rock and roll ya' I control ya' I can hold ya', lock and load

Thirty round clip, flesh gon' rip

Ain't shit a tourniquet can fix, the booby trap tripped

I drop P's and 203's on you MC's

Ranked and hit the rooms, stand back, heave

In danger, but in the Ranger I drank King Cobra's

Out my canteen and smoked Optimos

In the ashtray, violent, move silent

Five meter hittin', single file counter

You in my sights you gonna die

You on it tight, keep yo' head down, eye's right

All you dying on the battlefield strictly for survival

I hope you got your Bible

Bitch, I got my rifle

Bitch, I'm out that Boot Camp Clicc

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(I got my rifle and my)

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Bitch, I'm out that Boot Camp Clicc
I got my rifle and my rocks see

I hope you know nobody can take me
Handle my business I'm in this the winter
You fuck the menace and you will be tasting my tennis
And when I get finished you be needing a dentist

I'm ready to end this, niggas defenseless
When I be laying that shit down
Hold up, where the fuck you going?
Nah, nigga, don't quit now

Reachin' up under your shirt
Like you got a strap but you ain't using shit
Fuck bringin' out guns, I'ma start drowning niggas
Like Susan Smith 'cause youz a bitch

Making me believe you other than a bitchcock
It's drama time and I'm playin'
The role of a black Alfred Hitchcock

B double O T C A M P better be known where the best
lay
Now what the fuck that camp like
(It's for life essay)

I got my glock locked the fuck down
And I'm still gonna be pullin' a plug
Much love to my niggas that's full off the buzz
I say, what up, cuz
I buzzed off the suds, partna', I does what I want to
(You tink your pretty C A T smart, don't you?)

That first step's a loo-loo and I'm too through
So chill bailin' straight from the five oh four
So slow your roll and recognize the real

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It's a runaway from home, can't escape the killin'
Feel ready to peel casket feel for real
Twistin' the night away, AK's the weapon
Step into the darkness, this nigga be heartless

With the steel feel me as I duck your guts upon a
corner
Down for the funk, smell the aroma, death, I'm on ya
Erase your blood stains, ghetto train like a pit
Survival kit marks the beast nigga triple six

Minus one up out the chamber, endangered species
Be me, when I'm in anger rearrange your structure
Bustin' at you bustas USA to Russia
Fuck you never trusta', bitch, I'm out that boot camp

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Company
(Left)
Right
(Forward)
Forward, march
(Move left)

Left, go left, left, go left
Left, go left, left, go left
Left, left, inch left

Go left, right, just right
Go left, left, double it down, go left, right, left
Left, left, left, left, left

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