

## 3LW F/ Lil' Wayne "Sound Bwoy Bureill"

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X-amount a tings  
Boot Camp Click Blackhart Scavenger ridin through

Proceed mean forward  
gunshots mean rewind  
you requested it so re-rewind re-rewind  
oh..cocoa brothers pon de borderline  
tess my sound and your dead same time...

Verse One:

Boom bye bye in a botty bwoy head  
the shottie fly now the botty gon lie dead  
2 shots dead to him chin enemy a friend  
fake the funk I put the junk to an end  
Now who da rude bwoy wan tess the top dawg  
I find his family to i.d. him in the morgue  
I bet you never thought I bust led  
To prize/I'm a fortified blunt head just like a dread/

You cant tess the champion sound/You gettin bucked  
down/  
recognize my boot camp click/outta Bucktown/  
Gun thirsty little bastard/always blasted/  
from the sess of cocoa/from mutha gastein/  
You say you number one wicked selecta/  
I say you punani/and I wetcha/  
Keep the bull/before I pull this here trigga/  
cause you don't wanna tess me/when I'm tipsy off the  
liquor/  
Like a punk they call McGirt/got his feelings hurt/  
showed his true colors/had to yank up his skirt/  
now he's in misery/tryin to cop a plea/  
led to his head/from gun clapper number 3/  
see/lick off a shot you no dick rida/  
lick a shot punani/not gun fire/

Now every man wan be dongongon/  
all around New York niggas be talkin/but we be stalkin/  
in the docks when the gun starts buckin/  
but in the day/be wary of where you be walkin/

### Chorus

You see Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
Its the Boot Camp Click  
and you your gettin done  
me sing Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
it's the Blackhart Scavenger you know your gettin done  
me sing Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
tess Smif N Wessun rasta know your gettin done  
but me say Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
tess de Boot Camp Click and you know your gettin done  
me sing....

### Verse Two:

Me naw sex/me ruff like the wicked you fe me/  
the the other half/that be buggin over truth you see/  
original/criminal/run in town/crime pays/  
thats when I practised/your act if/you wan get blasted  
by my nine shot/come around my block/pon the night  
spot/  
in the Pine box/Murderah...Botty bwoy killa/L in power  
filla/  
we bout to get illa/

Sound bwoy/ya got nuff reason to worry/  
cummin wit my troops/we about to bury/  
betta pack ya dubs and move in a hurry/Ease off seen/  
Lookin at my pager/it's about that time/  
to load up the 9/and do my derelict crime/  
warriors/conquerors/the man before ya/  
Mr. Ripper/a.k.a. the enemy killa/  
my man wit the weed/is my man in deed/  
and all you sucky-ducky niggas catch nots wit speed/

### Chorus

You see Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
tess de Boot Camp Click  
you your gettin done  
me sing Sound Bureil and we dont take dat fi fun  
tess de Smif N Wessun and you know your gettin done  
me say..

### Verse Three:

Laud!/Some bwoy wan get dead tonite duke/  
as I retrieve the 2-5 from my timboots/  
Target pon sight/trick up and cock/  
adjust your pupils to see a dead bwoy walk/  
Nuff pussyhole gwan die dis year/

here comes the bootcamp/slide it to the rear/  
Its the rain/hurricane still lickin shots/  
more untouchable than niggas wit the chicken pox/  
dreads and fros out to get the dough like this quick  
from now until Louisville still packs the biscuit  
Nighty now..Smif N Wessun, O.G.C.'s its the beast from  
the east  
wit gun clapper number 3

We bring the realness/feel this/boom it's Black Moon  
reveal  
this/  
we come to let you know/what the deal is/  
Straight up we serve justice/so if you can't be trusted/  
may you return where the dust is..

There is many sound thats goin around/and goin on/  
and gwan like a clown/but I'm tellin you..Clean up your  
act/  
and come to de livestock cuz you a deadstock from  
mornin to de  
evenin/now everthing changed...

Outro:

You know..Sound Bwoy dead so we lick off dem head  
man for real  
its Smif N Wessun long side Blackhart Scavenger  
ridin through and when we look a when we look and  
say...  
tell dem fi come if a trouble dem want  
boy we a go lick dem wit de finesse and charm  
Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a look  
take a look take a look in a Camp lyric smoke  
Tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a want  
boy we a go lick dem wit de finesse and charm  
tell dem fi come if a trouble dem a look  
take a look take a look in a Scavenger lyric smoke  
cuz every page full a style  
and full of a fashion  
we don't believe in pirate material  
my lyrics no rush and  
well original christen and stamp  
wit de seal of approval....Original true posse  
give me de siganl  
put dem to bed and give de bureil  
me say Sound Bureil and we don't take dat fi fun(fades  
out)

