

## Austin Julian

### "The Dugout"

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[1-900-BOOTCAMP]

\*BEEP\*

'Ello, I would like to meet  
some people from da Bootcamp  
like Top Dawg, Louieville, yaknahmsayin?

..

Whattup all you at Boot Camp, y'know?  
Knowhatl'msayin?  
Yo I just got them new O.G.C. and whatnot  
It's madd, crazy bangin kid  
Yo uhh I just, givin y'all a call  
to tell y'all how dope all y'all are  
You like, one of my favorite groups  
The whole Boot Camp Clik is like  
ya know, just da bomb, y'know?

..

[Louieville]

Is there a caller out there? "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
Speak

[1-900-BOOTCAMP]

Thanks for just makin all this bangin  
music for me to listen to, give me "L-O-U, I-E-Ville  
Slugga"  
somethin to do y'know? And thanks for  
not bein all commercialized "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"

[Louieville]

Right, thank you very much  
Thank you very much  
We gonna keep the good shit comin "L-O-U, I-E-Ville  
Slugga"  
Uh-huh, uh-huh

Chorus: Buckshot and Bootcamp

Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
You gotta let em know  
Gotta let em know "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
(repeat 2X)

[Louieville]

Batter's up! 'Ville Slugga, Clap wit Originoo Gun Wun  
Starang Wondah, D.O.'s on guard  
I hear brothers talk about burners, you know them  
had gat happy, to slap thee 'pon the streets like ?I heat  
papi?  
But peep it, you watch men, get stuffed like stockings  
and wishes, True Two snatch away his Christmas  
No hustle, no game, damn shit do change  
For instance, let this nigga paint the page  
Three men fall, three suffer from withdrawal  
Three hit the top, get stuck, but can't move no more  
Three rise like your eye of Da Storm  
Cruise above and beyond, brother grab your buns  
No fun because it's on

Chorus

"L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga", "L-O-U, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
"Comin for you, so mother-fu-fuckers  
Run.. run.. run for cover"

[Louieville]

Uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh  
In the outfield playin, here we go, continuation  
Street exam on my Headz adjacent (gotcha)  
math, science, algebric  
All you motherfuckers claimin that it's strictly biz-ness  
on your behalf, I'll shape your mass  
Single deuce-deuce you call Boots there'll be no  
tails/tales  
Just beginning, to leave all thy foes trembling  
Remem-bring, that ain't a damn giving  
to this Clik, so, fucks best get off it  
Wasting airtime with rhymes about garments  
You dead, there'll be no war be nuff said  
Jet, baby bro you gwan have to break a leg  
You can't see, weak-ass close as you stand  
That's the type of shit that make you niggaz say,  
"Damn!"  
Think, with your 3-D, ready to broke in Species?  
I feed you fools your own feces  
The battle, Originoo Gunn Clap Two hack fools  
My motherfuckin crew will not have you  
I drop lines to entice minds  
but then recite mines when given the right time  
I put the mood in your groove, you be like  
'Oooh he's smooth I like that dude,' correction --  
No disrespectin the God that's why your heads Bob  
in the dick lick motion, I move these here waves

way back into the ocean, huss bust it off like that  
to the Originoo Gunn Two Clap

Chorus

[Louieville]

Who wanna dose of this, you'll be our guests left  
motionless

Para', I see you shakin in your shadow

You caught up, from our come up, lookin dumb-faceted

Goin for the gold, cause here, it ain't just playin

Chorus (substitute "So motherfuckers run for cover" for  
scratches)

"So motherfuckers run for cover" \*cut and scratch to  
fade\*

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