

Smif-N-Wessun**"Sound bwoy bureill remix 232"**

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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 gasta/
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/naw 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

