

## **Lind Bob**

### **"Camped Out Anthem"**

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(J-Dawg)

Let's get it straight, boy off top! I ain't no bitch and you know it

Cuz I'm the type of nigga to cock my shit, pop it and throw it

No serial number so FUCK IT

Jump in the bucket and mash

I value life, but when I ride tonight I'm bustin' yo ass  
FUCK A NO MASK!!! Look at my fuckin' face when I blast!

Play the role of Schwarzanegger and start erasin' yo ass

I know you, claimin', but I'm bout to see if you bout it for real

Got a thirty round magazine that's crowded with steel  
Now I'm about to see how you respond, under pressure  
Like elastic, in a big nigga draws, I'm bout to stretch ya  
Tryin' to wet'cha, from the neck up, ain't no vest up there

Ever heard of a gang of niggas who don't give a fuck?  
Well that's us playa

Better roll or get rode on, too late to be hollerin' peace and some truce

I'ma jack ya, before I wack ya bitch now reach for the roof

Hit 'em up with the B-double-M that's, Black Menace  
Mafia nigga

Ask them lil' Providence pillars, Dogg it ain't no stoppin' them niggas

Bitch I'ma, solja

(Chorus: Tim Smooth)

Pimped out how you define us

**HARD IN THE BOOT**

Real niggas is on the line-uh...

**CALLIN' THE TROOPS**

Spanked is how they wind up

**DARK AIN'T FOR YOU**

You gotta respect my mind, bruh

**TIME'S UP**

(Threat)

Hey partna, pump yo brakes and stay the fuck outta mine

Keep that gossip goin' on and Threat'll be up in that iron

For you that's nothin' to find

Niggas begin rushin' time

Fuckin' with mine you outta line believe I'm bustin' for mine

Only I trusted my nine

Still a-ddicted to crime

On the grind, duckin' the swine

Can't put no trust in my kind

Straight up it's all bout design

Don't let it fuck with your mind

Dolla sign be the reason niggas be stuck in the blind

Dog, we so far behind, some still is findin' the block

God as my witness I'm prayin' for this nickel and dime shit to stop

Pour out some wine on the spot, for the ones who couldn't be here

For me here

It's hard as a solja, tryin' to stay sober

Feelin' like life is over

Debatin' with too many haters

Gotta look over the shoulder to say, not too many players

Lay me down to sleep, but I'm just not ready

To rest in peace with no bitch niggas

My figure's not steady

Camped out nigga!!!

Chorus

(Tim Smooth)

I gave you life, what you do? Forget what I did

Made you tight, that's the type of BITCH that you is

It's splittin' my wig, how you even live with no guilt

But hoe shit is what could get a hoe killed

NOTICE, how you jockin' my style cuz I'm a classic

You ain't Tim! You're like Mit trick, you're backwards!

And after, your skirt is exposed you'll get to see me

Hit'cha with these, cuz you're just a bitch to me

Picture this'll be a blow for a hoe

Whoever catch it

It's meant for you sucka, push it up ya and wet it

And set it off when you see me comin'

I'm bout that

Yank that bra off, cuz he a woman

I doubt that you want this here, cuz you just appear to be hard

But'cha lackin' action like a security guard  
Hearin' the noise you're talkin' plus I don't see nothin'  
happenin'  
I'm ready to bust your back in more ways than fuckin'  
rappin'  
Cuz you askin' for somethin' that's too much to  
consume  
On the front line or in your front room  
I'm downin' you, then I'm duckin' out  
And I'm replacin' my name, with my dick in your  
muthafuckin' mouth  
Camped out!!!!  
Camped out!!!!  
Camped out!!!!  
Camped out!!!!  
Camped out!!!!

Chorus

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