

Boot Camp Clik, 1-2-3

(Verse 1-Buckshot)

Ridin' down the A-V-E in the black A-M-G
With the Mac by my lap and they envy
The fact that they can't see me
Dippin' through the traffic, I'm relaxin', smokin' black with ease
Now my cell phone ringin', it's a breezy
Let me see, yep, it's this chick I just met and won't let me breathe
Fuck that, my mind on my movement
'Cause when your money stop, they get dumbfounded and do this
"Who this nigga next to me?"
Like you give checks to me, nigga, it's respect to me
Let them niggas step to me and I'll handle my biz first
Then call up my team and they'll handle they biz worse
This shirt that I wear on my back
Represent every vocalist you hear on these tracks
Nigga, and everywhere that I steer my gat
I steer my whips and you hear where we at, nigga

(Hook-Tek (Starang Wondah))

I said 1-2-3 (Uh-huh, uh-huh) Let me know if you're ready for me, lawd
(And nowadays everybody murder, bustin' they guns
The whole hood is corner boys, gettin' they ones)
I said 1-2-3 (Uh-huh, uh-huh) Let me know if you're ready for me, lawd
(And now everybody got a sixteen, a beat and 'dro
The whole hood is gangsta, pimpin' they ho's)

(Verse 2-Sean Price)

Listen, kick drum, snare and hi-hat
I pitch jums around here, pa, don't try that
Louis Satchmo, pull the tool, let the gat blow
Melon pop, taco meat, extra tobasco
Little Rascal, buck heat at Buckwheat
For talkin' dumb, but they all love it when Ruck speak
Fuck freaks for free, fuck freaks on E
Probably fuck freaks that you've seen on BET
Been there, done that, no rubber, got clap
So it hurt when I piss, this verse is the shit
Sean is a beast, you can hear me holler at the full moon
Columbine High, settin' fire to school rooms
No way, Jose Canseco
Pop popular guys at the pop of the bank-o
Sean Price, big knife, ready to shank those
Niggas at the dice game frontin' with bankrolls

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(Verse 3-Tek)

Now everybody is a hustler, grind to get money
Remember these same people broke and bummy
Askin' me for ones, being real hyphy
You spendin' all the Grant's and givin' Jackson's to wifey
Now I got haters wantin' to ice me
I gotta be careful 'fore they secret indict me
And make me a Mountaineer like West VA boys
Can't do no crime since I tatted my face boy
I'll be dead in a lineup, givin' a time-up
Twenty five-to-life, where I sign up?
But I'm straight, my flight, they even need me

On the ground at nine, that's more time to grind

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