

Cession At Da Doghillee

Smif-n-Wessun

I flow fluidly,
Though I be the being of your bee's wax
Ease back, fo' I squeeze that
We don't need that, do we, do we?
Rap style, groupie, a dog like Tin,
That's why you scared to step to me
Do we, have to result in fisticuffs?
See I get swifter myself, that's when the Ruck erupts
So think not, of what I am, and what I do
Just recognize in the murder mic, I rule
How many corny MC gon' try?
Fifty MC, forty of dem done die
Run wit' Heltah Skeltah, through the realms of the dark
If a nigga rift, then I'mma let the 4-4 bark
Everybody knows, where my notty head grows
I turn into a lethal weapon, and start steppin' on toes
I, waste no time, when I move mine
Grab my glock, and then I clear the stuff, like I was code nine [Chorus]
Why you wanna fuck wit my Boot Camp?
Boot Camp, survivin' the preview and
Fuck wit my Bucktown group
And in the night, the night, who roll the tight
Why you wanna fuck wit my Boot Camp?
Boot Camp, survivin' the preview and
Comin' through, representin' Boot Camp Klik
In the night, who roll tight
Wack MC's, have best to beware
That I fears no fears, and that's word to my dry tear
I brake ya whole fuckin' crew in half
Feel the wrath, as the Gunn Clappaz clap that ass
Wontime, for ya mind, hit that ass color blind
Signed on the dotted line, it's how I live my lifetime
Reality hit me at some degrees
Now my eyes bleed (why?)
Because I just smoked a bag of weed
Bringin' forth Heltah Skeltah, be the big Rock, God help ya
I beat more ass, then Mom dukes leather belt
I gets open like doors when I be droopin'
Trademark be bootin', baggin' pants roopin'
Hoopin' and hollerin', nigga shut ya mug
'cause I might have ya swallowin', a whole bunch of slugs
'cause I'm bugged and my dome piece, roam in the streets

Wit my chrome, I'mma blast it, my caps magic, I get that ass quick 'Nough men a die, 'nough men a come try

To test the worry, I me no know why

A new breed of conquerors is on the rise

Step to my Boot Camp and catch black eyes

From the Heltah Skeltah, the Gunn da Clappaz

Smif-N-Wessun comin' through stompin' out all you wack rappers

Wit the crazy dred, the mad boy head fed

Of corny shit that said, so now you bleed like your man bled

We gettin' twisted as our Timb's cover pavement

Flowin' state to state, pickin' up the next payment

Yo thoughts smell, violator to the left

Four slugs hit them chest, no more, no less

So think about it, abort your mission, it's impossible

Or be a vegetable, and ya meant up in the hospital

You silly wabbit, Trix, tricks are for kids, don't you know that?

Fuck wit my Boot Camp, and get your wig pushed back Why you wanna fuck wit my Boot Camp?

Boot Camp, survivin' the preview and

Comin' through, representin' Boot Camp Klik

In the night, who roll tight I be that rude boy, bad boy, comin' from the ville

Step to the Boot Camp, somebody get killed by me

The T-O-P, D-O-G, or my nigga Mr. S-T-are-A-N-G

Some of ya niggas be tryin' to pull the trigga

But I figure, I could bust that ass just a little quicker

Time to catch Wreck, and back to the set

Where all them rules, them cock in check All up in ya muthafuckin' grill, I be Steele

Comin' through wit my Wreckin Crew, so I reckon you keep it real

If not, I'm blowin' spots, on whoever be showin' glocks

And what nots, walkin' around fakin' mad rocks

The only Rock I know is B.I.G., wakin' up and I double

G-H, wit that nigga are-you-see-K

Better be ready to be jetty if you petty

'cause if it wasn't already said, we dangerous and deadly

You better recognize or recollect, I reck a set wit a

Tek, and we askin', we blastin'

Now from this you might think the Steele is trife

I earn my strife, 'cause I deal wit the real in life

And I reveal my knife, to cut you loose

I'm not ruthless, but you get the boots if you useless

'cause, time upon time, I find

If you remain blind, you get left behind

But we, see very clearly, so step up to the front

'cause this is where we, represent on the lovely

For you and get praise due to the father above me

'cause we ain't here to attack, or, when we take the backs off

The wack rappers that jack off

That's all that's it, strictly the bumpin shit
Niggas don't even know what they fuckin wit[Chorus]

Songwriters

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