Cession At da Doghillee

Smif-N-Wessun

[Ruck]
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[Starang Wondah]
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: Buckshot]
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 Clik
In the night, who roll tight[Louieville Sluggah]
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[Rock]
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[Tek]
Nuff men a die, nuff 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 thru 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[Chorus: Buckshot]
Why you wanna fuck wit my Boot Camp?
Boot Camp, survivin the preview and
Comin through, representin Boot Camp Clik
In the night, who roll tight[Top Dog Big Kahuna]
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-R-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[Steele]
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 R-U-C-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 to end]

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