

# The Dugout (prod. by Louieville & Boogie Brown)

## Boot Camp Klik

'Ello I would like to meet  
Some people from da Bootcamp  
Like Top Dawg Louieville yaknahmsayin? Whattup all you at Boot Camp why'know?  
Knowhatl'msayin?  
Yo I just got them new O.G.C. and whatnot  
It's madd crazy bangin' kid  
Yo uhh I just givin' y'all a call  
To tell y'all how dope all y'all are  
You like one of my favorite groups  
The whole Boot Camp Klik is like Is there a caller out there? "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
Speak  
[1-900-BOOTCAMP]  
Thanks for just makin all this bangin  
Music for me to listen to, give me "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
Somethin' to do why'know? And thanks for  
Not bein all commercialized "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga" Right, thank you very much  
Thank you very much  
We gonna keep the good shit comin "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
Uh-huh, uh-huh [Chorus: x2]  
Louie Louie, ohh, ohh "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
You gotta let em know  
Gotta let em know "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga" Batter's up! 'Ville Slugga, Clap wit Originoo Gun Wun  
Starang Wondah, D.O.'s on guard  
I hear brothers talk about burners, you know them  
Had gat happy, to slap thee 'pon the streets like ?I heat papi?  
But peep it, you watch men, get stuffed like stockings  
And wishes, True Two snatch away his Christmas  
No hustle, no game, damn shit do change  
For instance, let this nigga paint the page  
Three men fall, three suffer from withdrawal  
Three hit the top, get stuck, but can't move no more  
Three rise like your eye of Da Storm  
Cruise above and beyond, brother grab your buns  
No fun because it's on [Chorus] "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga", "L-O-you, I-E-Ville Slugga"  
"Comin for you, so mother-fu-fuckers  
Run run run for cover" Uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh  
In the outfield playin', here we go, continuation  
Street exam on my Headz adjacent (gotcha)  
Math, science, algebric

All you motherfuckers claimin' that it's strictly bizness  
On your behalf, I'll shape your mass  
Single deuce-deuce you call Boots there'll be no tails/tales  
Just beginning, to leave all thy foes trembling  
Remembering, that ain't a damn giving  
To this Clik, so, fucks best get off it  
Wasting airtime with rhymes about garments  
You dead, there'll be no war be nuff said  
Jet, baby bro you gwan have to break a leg  
You can't see, weak-ass close as you stand  
That's the type of shit that make you niggaz say, "Damn!"  
Think, with your 3-D, ready to broke in Species?  
I feed you fools your own feces  
The battle, Originoo Gunn Clap Two hack fools  
My motherfuckin' crew will not have you  
I drop lines to entice minds  
But then recite mines when given the right time  
I put the mood in your groove, you be like  
'Oooh he's smooth I like that dude,' correction  
No disrespectin' the God that's why your heads Bob  
In the dick lick motion, I move these here waves  
Way back into the ocean, huss bust it off like that  
To the Originoo Gunn Two Clap[Chorus]Who want to dose of this, you'll be our guests left motionless  
Para', I see you shakin' in your shadow  
You caught up, from our come up, lookin' dumb-faceted  
Goin' for the gold, cause here, it ain't just playin'  
"So motherfuckers run for cover"

Songwriters

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