

Go For Yours (feat. The B.T.J.'s)

Boot Camp Klik

It be the B.T.J's, wit' lyrics for all
We be on point wit' the joints
'Cause we takin' no fall
So I'ma go for mine
(So son, go for yours)
Yo, I'ma go for mine
(So son, go for yours)My crew be in the mix, like name brand kicks
The kids that only deal wit' that type of nonsense
You can't get wit', D.K.S. self evident
Adolescence, reign the supreme court, in any, every, meantThe time was approximately 11:43
When the D called me and told me
We must be lyrically the best that he says
The K N O C K and S and K, it's spray
Comin' away, the B.T.J., it be theyI'ma hold it down, wit' sounds
Like clowns, walk the trey pound
Now in the underground, B.T.J. just entered
Remember, the S comes last like December
Once shit cock it's time to Rock like the Monsta
In reality, B.T.J., is lyrically responsible for all difficultiesMy lyrics oppose a threat to the best M.C. yet
And appears nightmares for those who slept
Also the biters, claimin' they writers
They need to think about what they talk aboutWhen you exposin' your dirt, that's when you dummin' out
Dwellin' in the PJ's, all day hangin' out wit' nothin' to do
Them rebellin' niggas is mad, 'cause I'm tellin' the truth
Hittin' yo wit' mind craftin', flows to molecular cord graphin'It be the B.T.J's, wit' lyrics for all
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(So son, go for yours)
Yo I'ma go for mine
(So son, go for yours)It be the B.T.J's, wit' lyrics for all
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(So son, go for yours)
Yo I'ma go for mine
(So son, go for yours)Aiyo one day it was me and the D
Walkin' down the street, some niggas stepped to me
Said are you Lil' R U T I Z?

He said I heard you nice on the muthafuckin' M I C
Battle me, battle right here and let's seeSo we kicked a verse that didn't hurt
So I hit 'em worst to let him know I don't play those games
Save 'em for the jerks, D. Verbs said, "Son, let me get some"
I said, "No, 'cause he's a victim and he probably in my premises
You know when I open my book wit' my lyrics I'm endin' this"
(No question)All this shit he poppin' in my ears
Fuckin' ejected, he can't hang wit' my style
Look now, here's man fillin' it, back to like what I was sayin'
I start extortin', I'm not playin'You want Lil Knock? I come on your block
Cock and then start sprayin', lyrics
So don't start what you can't finish
'Cause I will be sure to end whatever you createdMentally you can't function
Physically you dead wit' the push of this button
Explosion be corruptin', from the expert of execution
I met Lil Knock at the junction
He was talkin' about walkin', to the tree spotWe took the L to New Rox, we got stopped by two cops
Talkin' about "Where the two glocks?"
We doo wops how was I to glocks? Man, it's too hot
And I'm cold, so let me go, I never hold
Whoever told you, that I do la?Lil' Sha, fuck a do or die
Nigga die because of what they do, I do what I do wit' my crew
Po-po was hype, they was like, "You bite, stick wit the mic device"
Drivin' off, said, "Have a good night", personally I might
And all that shit I said was a psych'So who's the crew that give nightmares to those who slept?
(D.K.S.)
Constantly flown wit' finesse
(D.K.S.)
Puttin' all comp' to rest
(D.K.S.)
Be the best so you can't contest

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