Out That Boot Camp Clicc

Mystikal

Bitch I'm out that boot camp clicc
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I got my rifle and my rocks see
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Left, right, left
Left, right, left, rasiride
Left, right, left follow around soldier! (Left, right, left)
One time march! (Boot camp clicc)
Company! (Left!)
OOOOOOOOOOO! HOOOOO
It's strictly representing about the boot camp
Got to find, got you runnin that train
The M-16 A2 the nine millimeter beretta BANG
You better be dressed for wet weather soldier it's cold as North Dakota
I'ma do whatever whatever to run your muthafuckin' ass BACK TO THE FLOOR
Rock and roll ya' I'ma show ya' blocked and hoed ya' rock and roll
Dirty round clip, FLESH GONE DIP
Shoulda turn and get you fixed the booby trapped shrimp
I dropped p's and q's and c's on you MC's
Wait and hit the road STAND BACK PLEASE
Banger and the ranger I dropped king cobras
On your canteen and smoked all the rolls
On the cash train buy it who drives
5 Meter hittin' single file counter
You in my sights you gonna DIE
You on it tight get your head thaaaaat's RIGHT
All you dying on the left still struggling for survival
(I hope you got your bible) BITCHI GOT MY RIFLE
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I got my rifle and my rocks see
I got my rifle and my rocks see
I hope you know nobody can take me
Handle my business I'm in this the winter
You fuck the menace and you will be tasting my tennis
And when I get finished you be needing a dentist
I'm ready to end this niggas defenseless when I be laying that shit down
Hold up, where the fuck you going? Nah nigga don't quit now
Reachin' up under your shirt like you got a strap but you ain't using shit
FUCK bringin' out guns I'ma start drowning niggas
Like Susan Smith cause youz the bitch making me believe
You other than a BITCHCOCK it's drama time and I'm playin
The role of a black ALFRED HITCHCOCK
B double O-T C-A-M-P better be known
Where the best lay now what the fuck that camp like
(It's for life ess-say) I got my glock locked the fuck down
And I'm still gonna be pullin' a plug
Much love to my niggas that's full off the buzz I say what up 'cause
I buzzed off the suds partna' I does what I want to
You tink your pretty C-A-T smart don't you
That first step's a loo-loo and I'm too through
So chill bailin' straight from the five-oh-four
So slow your roll and recognize the real
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I got my rifle and my rocks see
I got my rifle and my rocks see
It's a runway from home can't escape the killin
Feel ready to peel casket feel for real
Twistin' the night away AK's the weapon
Step into the darkness this nigga be heartless
With the still feel me as I duck your guts upon a corner
Down for the funk smell the aroma death I'm on ya
Erase your blood stains ghetto train like a pit
Survival kit marks the beast nigga triple six
Minus one up out the chamber, endangered species
Be me when I'm in anger rearrange your structure
Bustin' at you bustas USA to Russia
Fuck you never trusta' bitch I'm out that boot camp

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I got my rifle and my rocks see
I got my rifle and my rocks see
Company (left!) Grrrrrrrr hooooo
Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight! Hee! (Forward)
(Mystikal)
Forward MARCH! (Move Left)
Left. go left
Left. go left
Left. go left
Left. go left
Left, left inch left
Go left right just right
Go left, left double it down go left right left
Left, left, left, left, left
Big Rob been chillin'
Black Menace aaaahh aaaahh aaaahh heeeee

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