

# Out That Boot Camp Clicc (feat. Black Menace)

Mystikal

Chorus: Mystikal  
Bitch I'm out that Boot Camp Clicc  
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I got my rifle and my rocks see. (2X)Mystikal...

Left, your left

Left, your left, dress it right

Left your left, cover down soldier  
Mark time march

Company! (Left!)

Atten---hut!

(Mystikal)

It's strictly representation of the Boot Camp Clicc  
got to find, got you runnin that train!

The M-16 A2 the nine millimeter beretta AIM!

You better be dressed for wet weather soldier I get cold as North Dakota  
I'ma do whatever whenever to run yo muthafuckin' ass **BACK TO THE BORDER!**

Rock and roll ya' I control ya' I can hold ya' lock and load  
thirty round clip, **FLESH GON' RIP**

ain't shit a tourniquet can fix, the booby trap tripped

I drop P's and 203's on you MC's

ranked and hit the rooms, **STAND BACK HEAVE!**

in danger, but in the Ranger I drank King Cobra's

out my canteen and smoked Optimos

in the ashtray, violent, move silent

Five meter hittin single file counter

You in my sights you gonna DIE

you on it tight keep yo head down, **EYE'S RIGHT**

all you dying on the battlefied strictly for survival

(I hope you got your bible) **BITCH! I GOT MY RIFLE!**

Chorus(Black Menace)

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 cuz  
 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 Chorus (Mystikal and Black Menace)  
 It's a runaway 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! Chorus Mystikal:  
 Company (Left!) Grrrrrrrr... HOOOOOOOOOOO!  
 Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight! 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 Black Menace:  
 Big Rob been chillin'  
 Black Menace Aaaaahh Aaaaahh Aaaaahh Heeeee  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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