

Prove Something

Fat Joe

Cool it Dre, oh God
Yeah, got that gangsta, gangsta, gully, gully
Yeah, big business, Joe crack the don
Terror Squad baby, BX Boro, holdin' down to the death
It's nothin' realer than this you heard, uh what, huh
It's like I'm always out to prove somethin'
Every time I stop on the block
I set up shop and try to move somethin'
And I'm talkin' about kilo's and pounds
Fuck a desert eagle
I got shit that spit over 300 rounds
Can tell by the scar on my neck
I spar with the best
Joey boombay-ay, hit hard with the left
Sharp with the right, I don't know why I bother
Y'all not retarded
Man ya know what the squadron is like
And he can get it too
But I let him die slow death I probably just collectin' his food
I'm deadin' ya crew
To tell ya the truth we not stoppin'
I'm like lil' lease from B-street man I keep poppin'
The streets knockin' my shit, the D's watchin' my shift
We can do this however, east glock or the fifth
I leave you chumps to frame, right where you standin'
Daughter slaughtered and maimed you should have paid the ransom
It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right
It's the nigga Joe the Don
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit
It's the T E R R O R squad, nigga get it right
It's the nigga Joe the Don
And the kid flow hard, ask the clique
Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit
It's the killa kid from the Bronx
Holdin' down to the death
You can hear the squad comin'
By the sound of the techs
A hundred rounds in a sec
Leave you on front page
You would think I was down with the ROC
The way I just blazed
I puff haze to keep my mind at ease
Can't wait for the day to see Shyne released
This Hip Hop shit is unjust, who you gon' trust
When most of these record label execs is dumb fucks
I keep a gun tuck under my belly
Only nigga on the island makin' calls from the celly
We watchin' belly on the DV, 60 inch TV

Flat shit attach to the back of the CP
This game need me, I'm like Gotti once I'm gone
All you gonna have left is a bunch of fake dons
Champagne with the women, run a game for the puddin'
It's all the same, still runnin' trains with my hoodmen
A bunch of goodmen, but don't get it confused
We like Dinero in heat nigga, nothin' to loose
I know you seen the shoot out scene
Don't make us reenact
'Cuz I rather be layed up in [incomprehensible] with a featured actress
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Niggas be like you crazy, he got classic shit
Yea, hell yea, uh, brought to you
By the realest motherfuckers in this game
The infamous Terror Squad, yea, real niggas, real dons
Real G's ha, ha, come on, woo, uh
Ton' Montana rest in peace forever, never forget, Big Pun

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