AlÃ¬

Amor Fou

[MC Breed]I'm in it witch'all (okay)
Hit big cash, I'll spend it witch'all
Win at the casino bitch, I'm spendin it all (hey)
Leave in my Spreewells spinnin for y'all
I'm in it for y'all, fact is (whattup)
My contents have character, plays the background
while I'm listenin to amateurs with no stamina (uh-uhh)
Compared to my flow
You're more or less recycled, career's on idle
Keep it comin though
If there's anyone or anybody that's potent enough, I wanna know
Gorilla, and I'm iller, than a fifth of
Hennessy and Belve', a big bagger killer
Popcorn popper, won't stop 'til I cop e-nough
trees to get the whole world fucked up
I'm out of M-I, so when I say "Whatupdoe"
Y'all niggaz put it on the flow
[Chorus One: MC Breed]Hey where you gettin it from, I want.. {one too}
Oh you got some of those, I got.. {one too}
You got a fine-ass broad, I got.. {one too}
And I'm drivin a Benz that get..
Oh you got one rolled, I got.. {one too}
And a fat bank roll, I got.. {one too}
You got a house on the hills, I got.. {one too}
And I'm drivin a Benz that get..
[MC Breed]Uhh, nothin but that Cuervo Gold and cold Coronas
Plug with them esse's that live in Arizona
Yeah, put it in your bubble nigga, know I'm on ya
Shake them haters off as soon as they get on ya
Popcorn, all through my perfecto
All I do is chief, it's hard for me to let go
[Proof]Tecs blow like Del Rio - from the land
of Air Force Ones, Detroit scum blow (cuatro cincos!)
If you want it, IF got it, the gettin is good
The best thing movin like a brick in the hood
I'm wishin you would stumble out the club

Fuck your slack (NIGGA) we can rumble out in floods
We fuck by choice but fight when we can

I'm good with the mic, but I'm nice with my hands
I ain't for bangin, unless the ass hangin
My last name ain't Kelly, but give me brain bitch, c'mon
[Chorus Two: Proof]The name of my crew is D.. {one-two}
You got some pills in your pocket, I want.. {one too}
You got a knock baby boy, I got.. {one too}
And I'm ballin on y'all like this is..
You got a Tab in your hand, I got.. {one too}
You got a gun on your waist, I got.. {one too}
You got a Roley on your wrist, I want.. {one too}
And I'm pullin my heat to get..
[Proof]This is high octane that bang within block range
Nothin but cold blood flow in my hot veins
My shot aim with the pistol ain't the issue
Got the title, "Battle Disciple" came to diss you
Let's get to The Source with mics all I need black
Cause 5 mics together, only makes feedback
I'm what every rapper +dread+ like beeswax
Snatch a rapper out his Timbs like stems on weed sacks
(He's back!) Bitch, I never left
Every step has been Proof to the fact that I'm evidence
that Detriot co-co locos
The flame slow flow where the snow blow and they roll 'dro
My tendencies to spit, end MC's real quick
Pass they Hennessy sips, enemies get ripped
The penalty in vially, your memory dissolve
The energy is wild, mentally I'm foul
The entity now, howls instead of growl
Already raw, cookin lookin for shook ones to set 'em down
Don't worry about my record sales
(I know this ain't the same Proof that's in D12!)
Damn skippy, my hands swiftly grab a mic
Any man gifted stand with it, it's battle night
Soon as I get in the booth, spittin the truth
This ain't for the Billboards, this is strictly for you
[Chorus One]

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