

# Trapped

## Mr. Moods

Big Proof, rest in peace dudey, we love you  
We just wanna keep makin' you proud  
My life is trapped in these lines  
That's why I'm packin' these \*\*\*\*\*  
I got a rap I ain't dyin'  
That's in the back of my mind  
Got a \*\*\*\*\* made of iron  
Can't relax on this grind  
Bendin' over backwards for these slackers  
'Til I'm snappin' my spine  
Natural high I gotta focus  
On these bogus poachers  
Lookin' over my shoulder  
Proof get it poppin' like show'd a hold up  
We nothin' but soldiers  
Slow up  
This car 'n it's loaded  
Roll up

They beef 'n we leavin' 'em \*\*\*\*\*ed up  
If Em say it I spray it  
If he will it I \*\*\*\*\* it  
We kilpatrick 'n ill it  
Yo Detroit, know I can feel it  
Will at this \*\*\*\*\* on my waistline  
At war we don't waste time  
Blow up magic can't take a punch  
And fifty can take 9  
We got schoolcraft  
Here at the seven-eight and Dexter  
I'm up 'n holla spendin' dollas  
Ain't feelin' no pressure  
Yes suh', ya texta' is \*\*\*\*\*  
Bet'chya ya flinch  
When Proof \*\*\*\*\*ot up they crew  
And wet ya whole clique

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