

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