

# Trapped

## Simbiose

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