

Proof (Prod. Ayo & Keyz Of The Upperclassmen)

Chris Brown

Yo

I know it's hard

Hard to trust me and

And hard to love me You know what it's gon' take

So stop playing with your boy

Stop acting like I never made changes for your sake

Why flipping the script won't mean that she forte, yeah

We gotta fix this baby, aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah

Been through some shit this year

You been working tryna up your net worth, shawty

Doing the leg work, shawty

'Fore you leave, give me sex first shawty

I gotta get you wet first, shawty, naw naw You gotta love me and

And baby we can call it a truce

You know I don't got shit to prove

This is something you always do

You know I only give my love to you

Ain't got a God damn thing to prove, nah nah nah

You got my heart, this proof nah nah nah

How could you ever cut me loose? Nah nah nah

Here's your proof, nah nah nah Damn, girl you better stop it

You told me tell them other girls to stop calling and I did

Always think I'm with another broad when you're not here

It's the truth, why would I lie to you?

What are you doing? Worry 'bout what I'm doing

Say you got that proof, girl you blind to it

I'mma pour it baby had to let you know it baby

Thought you knew it all

Chopped down, screw it up

Guess I gotta to slow it up for you this time

Yeah always thinking 'bout you and I

Don't ever question if I'm down for you and I

'Cause girl you know I'm down for ya

Whenever shit got deep, I woulda drowned for ya

Come be a queen, I got this crown for ya

I love all the way that I'm chucking downs for ya You better love me and baby we can call it a truce

You know I don't got shit to prove

This is something you always do

You know I only give my love to you

Ain't got a God damn thing to prove, nah nah nah
Yeah that's my blood, she proof, nah nah nah
Girl I'm not tryna win or lose, nah nah nah
Here's your proof, nah nah nah Oh no no
Bounce with it oh
I'll come out to Fruittown with it, (500)
Her body calling my name, ey oh
Say my name, say my name baby, oh This is something you always do
You know I only give my love to you
Ain't got a God damn thing to prove, nah nah nah
Yeah that's my blood, she proof, nah nah nah
Girl I'm not tryna win or lose, ah nah nah
Here's your proof, nah nah nah Yeah nah nah nah
Nah nah
I'm not tryna win or lose, nah nah nah
Here's your proof, nah nah nah

Songwriters

Christopher Maurice Brown Published by

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