

Trapped

Exude

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