No. T. Lose

Proof

[repeat 2X]
There's nothing, there's nothing
There's nothing, no there's nothing
Won't lose it, can't lose it
There's nothing but this music

[Proof]
My mind is broke, too many lines of coke
Open mind for beefin, no reason I'ma choke
Time to quote somethin you never heard
Pour my heart when I talk and spit it with every word
We ain't playin no more, sayin no more
No games no mourn, on the grind and we came for yours
In a four-double, Billboard trouble
This industry ain't ready for no more rebels
Kill at will, with the will to kill
Keep it real with steel, these pills'll feel
Proof for poppin, they used to joggin
I take out your block cause my future callin
Don't confuse it y'all, I used to brawl
(pop pop, pop) 'Til your producer fall
Who's involved? They don't wanna do nothin
Whoop style, I make 'em all move some'n
Clap the mag up, back the gas up
Leave 'em scrapped and smashed up, then wrapped in plastic
Ask the hood, this the platinum classic
Now quit the yackin bitch and pass the acid, c'mon

[Chorus: King Gordy]
What they want right now is a nigga with nothin to lose
- Ohh nothin to lose
He got no shame in his game about the stuff that he do
- Ohh the stuff that he do right now
Jump off stage right now nigga start punchin a fool
- Ohh punchin a fool
Y'ALL BITCH, that's why we ain't fuckin witchu!
- We ain't fuckin witchu, no no

[Proof]

Hit the metal with devilistic tongues
Just frontin for the ghetto kissin misfits to hum
Along with red and yellow biscuits to munch
Just think before you was never meant to come
Forever rich and dumb, brawl out any day
You heard Slim, we some all out "Renagades"
To the end of days, put the scare away
Who better than D12? That's a sin to say
Can you follow this? Y'all swallow shit
Of politics, I like the {?} wrist
Taste the motherfuckin dust in this laced blunt
Take the world with me fool nigga like Pacewon
Ain't none ready slapbox for kicks
Pack box to spit and smack cops with dick
This is narcotics and dark knowledge that's symbolic
Sin sonic demonic and my heart's rotted
Make plans, on insanity sands
I'm like damn, too much in me Incredible Man
And I got a Grammy to chant in enemy land
I'm bustin off on your block like Yosemity Sam

[Chorus]

[Proof]
Uhh, sittin in here with a blunt and a ice cube
Plottin with Satan, to snatch guys light fuse
Didn't like school, I never liked you
I'm burnin Bibles while I'm sniffin on this white glue
Fight, dudes, blacks to white fools
Then act cocky, I'm Rocky, shit I might lose
What I got it I'm bout it bout it, about it
Lonely in life or see Christ without it
Victory is meant to be
Where my father has been has been a mystery
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma live it up
Gettin drunk, get in clubs and I'm sellin off prescription drugs
And I miss you Bugz! I'm almost steady now
Proof is here, the world ain't ready now
If you gay you gay, you straight you straight
You violate today in the mistake you make, hey
Are you swallowin? Hey lil' finger pop
Don't need a greasy college to see you drop
Proof the king of bars hit the pretty coffin
I'm like a sucker punch (why?) Cause I ain't seen it often
Genius artist, so retarded

Broken hearted, my soul's like a open target
And I'm ready to leave Earth
You step to my death next year on my T-shirt

[Chorus]

[King Gordy]
That Derty Harry, well well
King Gordy, well well
Dirty Dozen, WELL well
Fat Killer, Fat Killer!

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