

Clap Wit Me

Proof

[Chorus]

"You're the lyrics of my liiiife.."

"You're the end, of my storyyyyyy.." [Proof]

Uhh, you know Proof, D12, Shady Records all day

New kids nothin, we skippin through the hallways

All praise I.F., Motor City giants

Name been on bubble since Salam dropped the Pyrex

Out to stack the cake up, my group will never break up

The world been sleep long enough, they better wake up

Don't sport a Jacob, bling just the same

Remain in the D, it's the kingdom I claim

Never leavin the fame, born to be great

Walk to the door of a quarter 'til eight

Haters hate but they late with the jump off

I'm in the game to maintain, no reason to jump off, come on [Chorus] [Proof]

"8 Mile" was dope, Obie brought heat

Emile on the beat, 50 kept us in the street

It's my destiny to be, the truth nevertheless

Nothin new your boy Proof is better than best

Elliot Ness to these fuckin gangsters and killers

Bankin they millions they all wanksters and squealers

My first spit with the Tony Toca

D-Tweezy "Ride to Death" is our only slogan

Dreams of fuckin J-Lo, Hood is on the payroll

Lockland and 3rd Precinct screamin "Free Yayo"

If the beef is set let's squeeze off a tec

And with my last breath still screamin I.F., clap wit me [Chorus] [Proof]

King Gordy brought the pain and Jewels he fought the lames

I played with the wrong cheek in which I got the flames

I'm not ashamed, this is just a glimpse

Denaun drumline made G-Unit pimps (G-Unit!)

Proof is a wolf, shit I told you from jump

In a fast lane, no change of road or the bumps

Game is sold not told so I hold a swollen tongue

In Detroit I don't go by P, I'm Coleman Young

Holdin one with the tongue flow like Tiger Woods

Christina don't do it for me, shh, but Mya could

I am Suge to the rap game, rulin Purple Gang

We blow your mind like Kurt Cobain, knowmsayin? [Chorus - 2X]

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